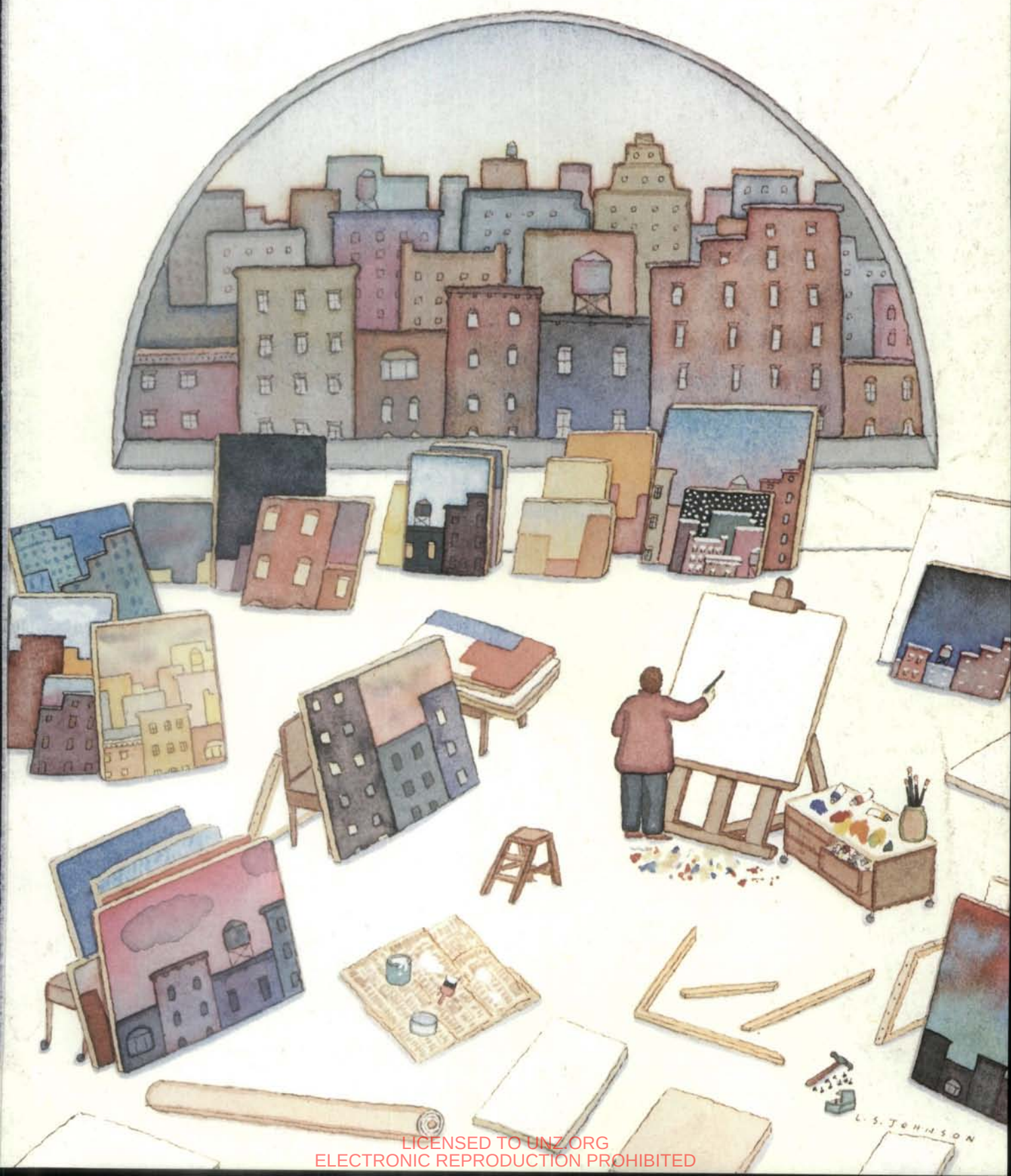


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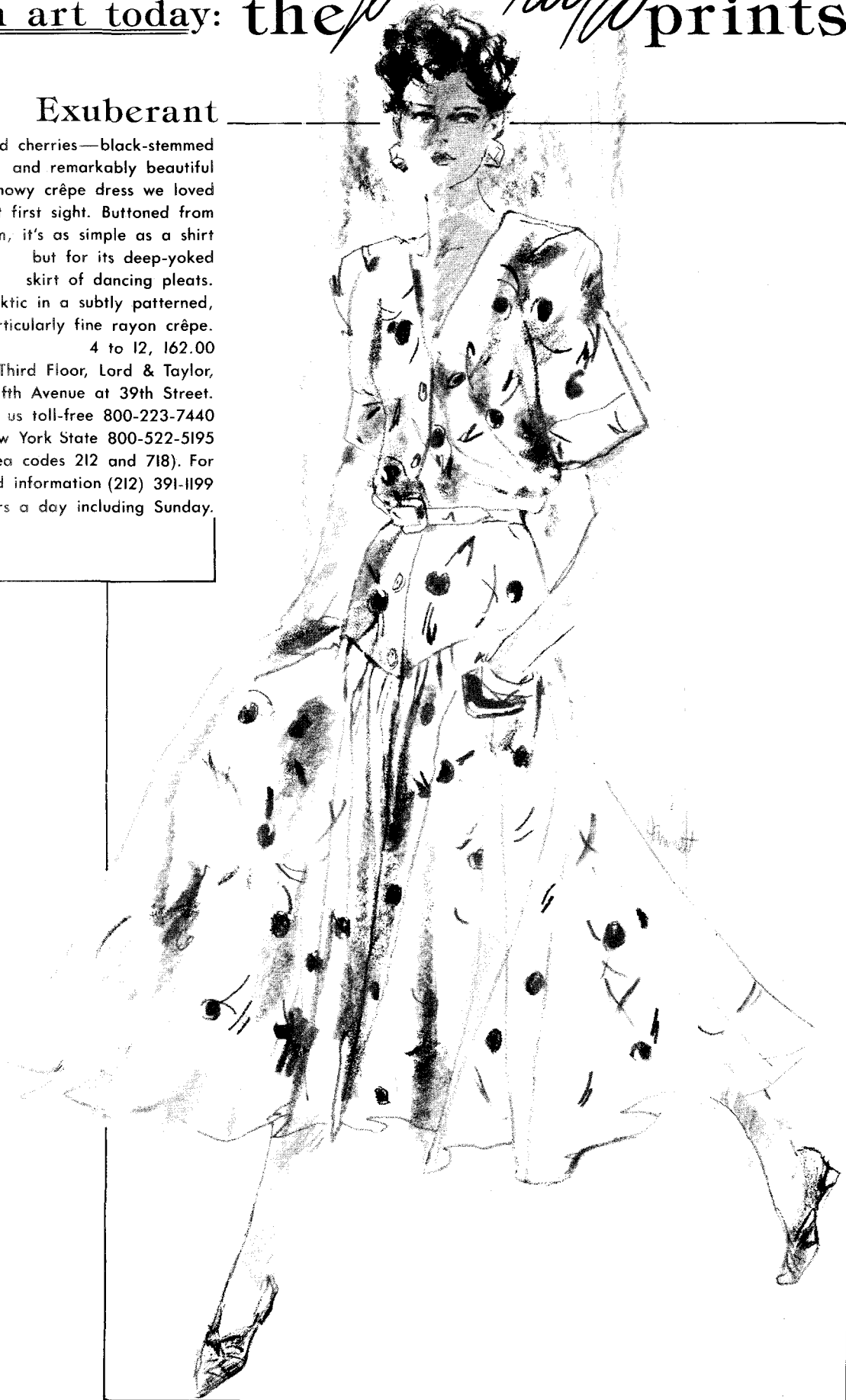
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AVNER THE ECCENTRIC—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by William M. Hoffman, *AS IS*, is the fourth in this season's series of productions. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COMING OF AGE in SoHo—Albert Innaurato's very humorous, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/18/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DIAMONDS—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of *VERY WARM FOR MAY*, a musical by Jerome Kern (score) and Oscar Hammerstein II (book and lyrics), is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE FOREIGNER—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HITCH-HIKERS—This play by Larry Ketron, based on a short story by Eudora Welty, makes an engrossing theatrical evening. It is very well acted by the whole company, to a subtle jazz and blues accompaniment. Dann Florek was the excellent director. (3/11/85). (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

HURLYBURLY—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner is as charming as ever, and so is the show that he has been starring in since the Civil War. Attendance is obligatory. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednes-

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days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KUNI-LEML—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfajn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A KURT WEILL CABARET—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Saturday, March 13-16, at 7:30; Sundays at 7; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 19-23, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, March 24: Gilbert and Sullivan's *THE MIKADO*. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

THE LOVES OF ANATOL—Ellis Rabb and Nicholas

Martin have made a sorry literary hash of Schnitzler's study of a young Viennese amoralist. With Stephen Collins and Philip Bosco. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS—A musical version of a Gertrude Stein novel of the same name, composed by Al Carmines and with a libretto by Leon Katz. It was originally staged in 1972 as a production of the Judson Poets' Theatre. (St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 9:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

MANOA VALLEY—The current production of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre is a domestic comedy from Hawaii, with Alvin Lum in the leading role. Edward Sakamoto was the dramatist. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago—sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street

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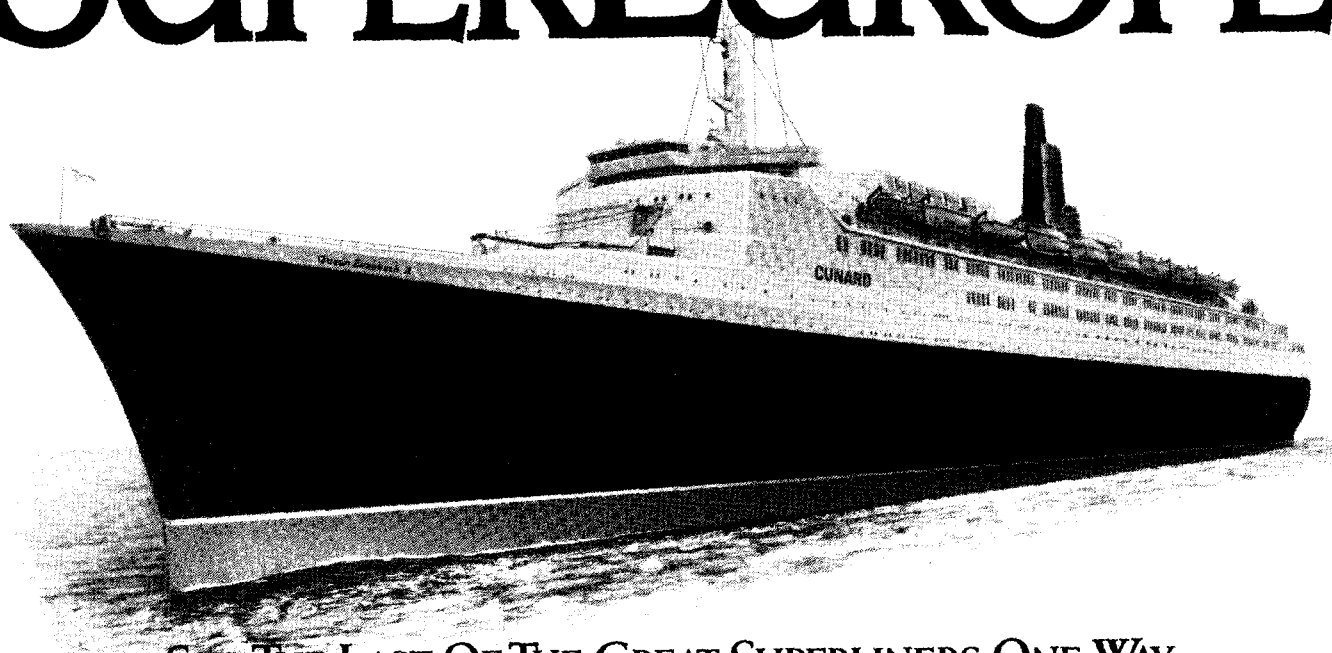
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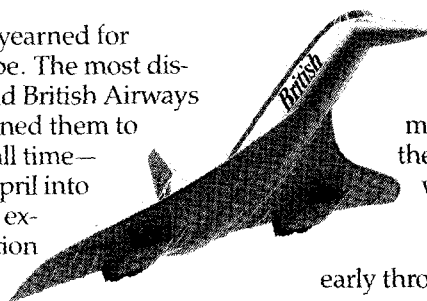
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MIRROR REPERTORY COMPANY—The first three in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. **VIVAT! VIVAT REGINAL!** A play by Robert Bolt. Previews Wednesday, March 13, and opens officially on Thursday, March 14, at 6:30. **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others (2/11/85). **CLARENCE**: A disastrous production of Booth Tarkington's play (2/25/85). (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5, and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Frances Foster (a charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in **HENRIETTA**, and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

THE OCTETTE BRIDGE CLUB—P. J. Barry has written a sour comedy about a huge and dreary Irish Catholic family in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1934-44; surely the least promising subject matter stumbled upon in our time. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ONCE ON A SUMMER'S DAY—A musical composed by Jeff Lunden, with book and lyrics by Arthur Perlman. It was presented earlier this winter at the Ensemble Studio Theatre. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

PACK OF LIES—A modest domestic melodrama about a pair of professional spies and the effect of their capture on the lives of their closest friends, who have suspected nothing. The cast includes Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGeehan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. The author is Hugh Whitmore. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—A very poor production of John Millington Synge's comedy. (3/4/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

SAMUEL BECKETT TRILOGY—The American premieres of the author's plays "Theatre I," "Theatre II," and "That Time." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's failed attempt at a tragic play has been turned into a near farce by its English director, Keith Hack. The cast of this misadventure is headed by Glenda Jackson and Edward Petherbridge. (3/4/85) (Nederland, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

3 GUYS NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN—John Kasir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TRACERS—The eight good actors are Vietnam



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veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

VIRGINIA—Edna O'Brien has arranged selections from Virginia Woolf's diaries and letters into an autobiographical monologue interspersed with scenes involving Leonard Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. Kate Nelligan, an unlikely choice for the title role, nevertheless gives an arresting performance, and Kenneth Welsh is very good as Leonard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St., 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES: A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CATS: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DREAMGIRLS: Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 10,352 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FOOL FOR LOVE: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays

through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

42ND STREET: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?: A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NOISES OFF: Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject... but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE REAL THING: A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwrighting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. Starting Tuesday, March 19, Nicol Williamson will replace Mr. Irons. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE: Robert Westenberg and Maryann Plunkett as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE TAP DANCE KID: A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, who stars in the Monday through Wednesday performances. Philip Astor stars in the Thursday through Saturday performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

EKKEHARD SCHALL—The leading actor of the Berliner Ensemble performing two programs of songs, poems, and scenes by Bertolt Brecht. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Final performances. Program 1: Wednesday, March 13, and Saturday, March 16, at 9:30. Program 2: Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 9:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Final performances of **THE MIKADO**. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 8; Saturday, March 16, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 873-8660.)

JEROME KERN FESTIVAL—A concert version of the composer's 1919 musical "Zip! Goes a Mil-

lion," with lyrics by Buddy De Sylva, will be the last in a series of revivals of shows originally created for New York's Princess Theatre. Conducted by John McGlinn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 22, at 8:30; Sunday, March 24, at 2 and 8:30; and Monday, March 25, at 8:30.)

WALL-TO-WALL RICHARD RODGERS—A free twelve-hour marathon paying tribute to the Broadway composer. With appearances and performances by, among others, Beverly Sills, Billy Taylor, Celeste Holm, and Josh Logan. John Mauceri will conduct an orchestra. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 23, from 11 to 11.)

PARLONS FRANÇAIS II: UN EXERCISE DE STYLE—A new comedy by Eugene Ionesco, with a cast from the original Paris production. Introduced by Mr. Ionesco and performed in French. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 3. For information about tickets call 355-6100.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday evening, March 13: "Cloven Kingdom," "Hexameron" (New York premiere), and "Le Beau Danube." ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 14: "Italian Suite," "Transfigured Night," and "Rodeo." ... ¶ Friday evening, March 15: "Les Patineurs," "Illuminations," "Monotones II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 16: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "The Moor's Pavane," "Confetti," and "Rodeo." ... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 17: "Hexameron," "Cloven Kingdom," and "Le Beau Danube." ... ¶ Sunday evening, March 17: "Les Patineurs," "Illuminations," "Monotones II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 19: "Kettentanz," "Round of Angels," and "Jamboree" (New York premiere). ... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 20: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "The Moor's Pavane," "Confetti," and "Rodeo." ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 21: "Hexameron," "Love Songs," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." ... ¶ Friday evening, March 22: "Kettentanz," "Round of Angels," and "Jamboree." ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 23: "The Taming of the Shrew." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, March 31.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Native Green," "Doubles," and "Phrases." ... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "Locale," "Quartet," and "Pictures." ... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Doubles," "Quartet," and "Pictures." ... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Native Green," "Phrases," and "Roadrunners." ... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Doubles," "Native Green," and "Phrases." ... ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 2: "Native Green," "Phrases," and "Pictures." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

SYDNEY DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 31. Wednesday, March 20, at 7:30: "Wilderness," "Homelands," and "Black and Blue." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 21-22, at 8, and Saturday, March 23, at 2 and 8: "After Venice." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

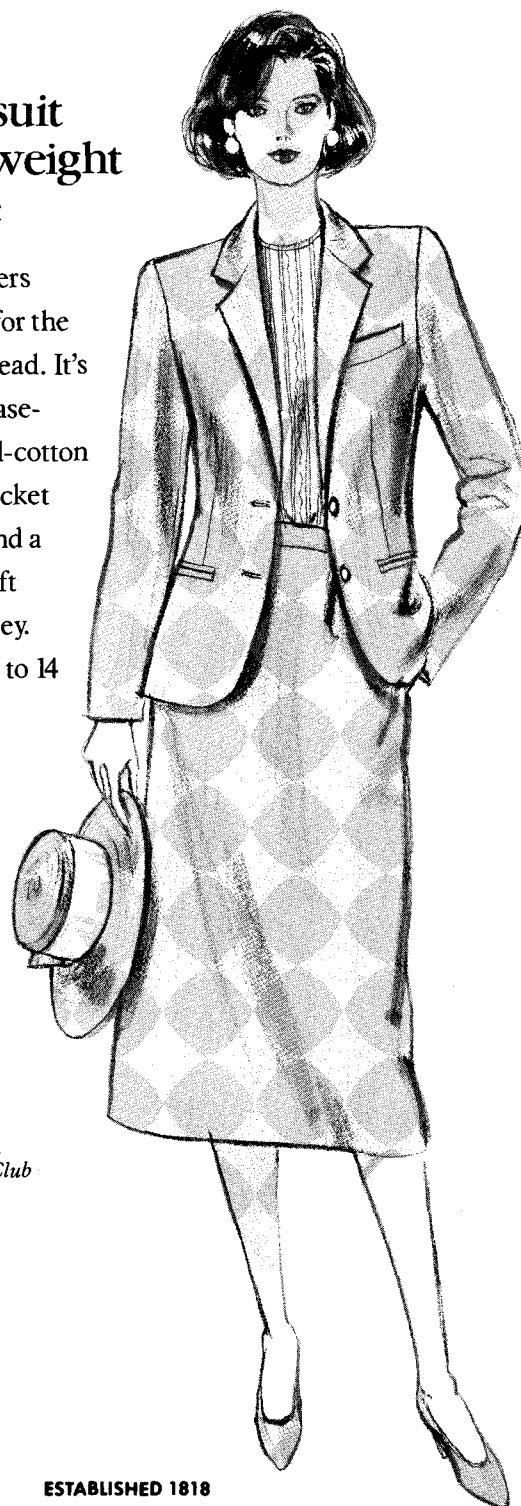
HAMBURG BALLET—Wednesday and Thursday, March 13-14, at 8, and Saturday, March 16, at 2 and 8: "The Chairs" (with guest artist Marcia Haydee), "Tristan," and "Bach Suite No. 3." ... ¶ Friday March 15, and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 19-20, at 8: "Kinderszenen," "Mozart 338," and "Mahler's Fourth Symphony." ... ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 7: "Saint Matthew Passion." ... ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8, and Saturday, March 23, at 2 and 8: "Mahler's Sixth Symphony." (Brooklyn, Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, March 24.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday and Thursday, March 13-14, and Saturday, March 16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday.)

PILAR RIOJA—Opening performances of a seven-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 28. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-

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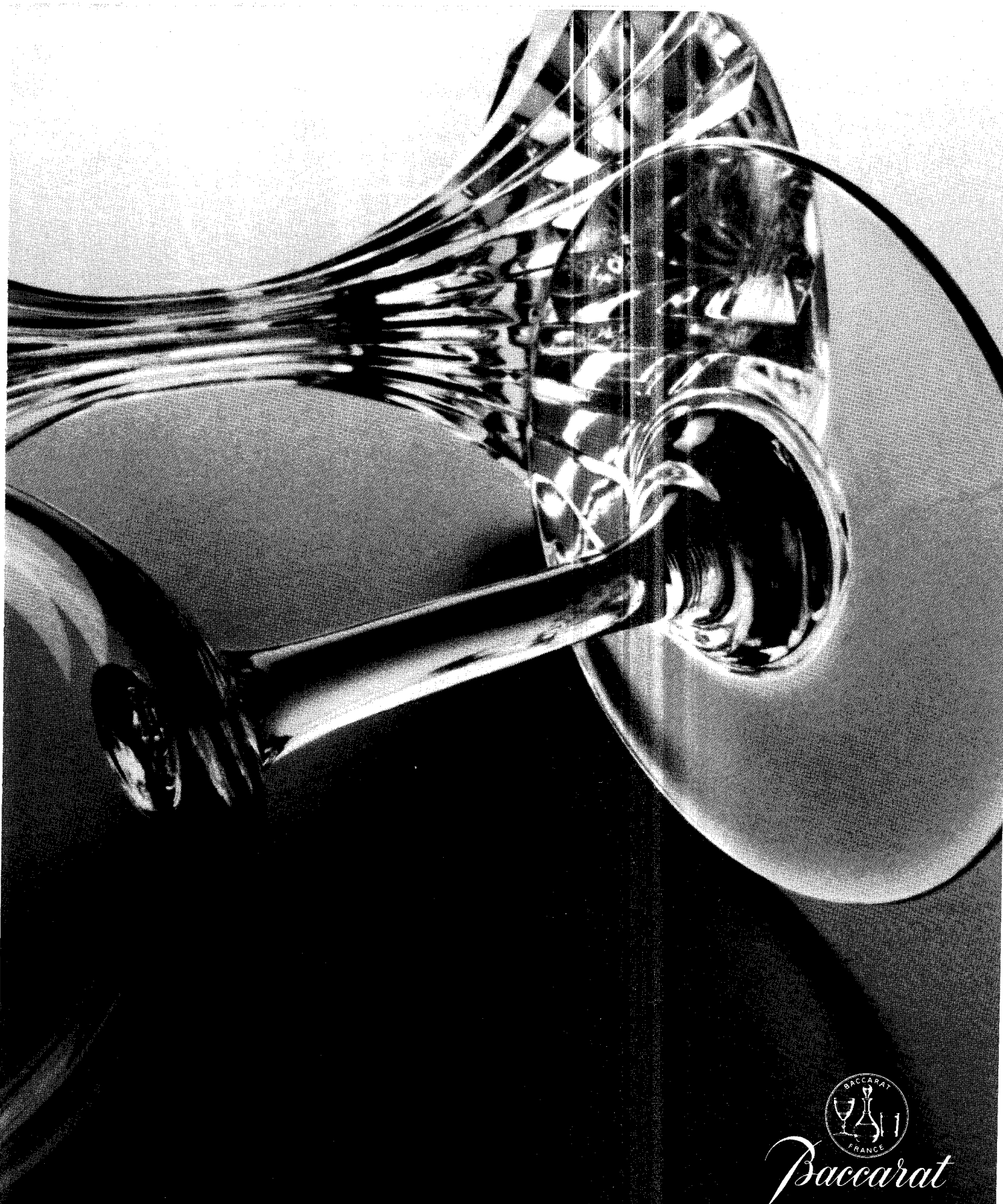
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2850. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

MARGARET FISHER—Presenting "Ag Nature," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 14-16, at 8; Sunday, March 17, at 3; and Monday, March 18, at 8.)

ALOK DANCE COMPANY—A company from Tokyo, appearing here for the first time. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

WONG KYUNG CHO—A program of classical Korean dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Sunday, March 17, at 2.)

DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—The first two of four performances of two premières—"3rd Rotation" and an untitled work—and "Elbow Room." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 23-24, at 8. For tickets, call 673-2207.)

JOYCE THEATRE—Performances by two companies. **JOAN MILLER DANCE PLAYERS**: Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30; Friday, March 15, at 8; Saturday, March 16, at 3; and Sunday, March 17, at 3:30. **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY**: Thursday, March 14, and Saturday, March 16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 2. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderful singer, is doing an all-Sondheim program here in the Oak Room. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A chatty, nautical music bar. The great drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** is here with pianist **HILTON RUIZ** on Friday and Saturday, March 15-16; violinist **BERNIE CHARLES** will perform on Sunday, March 17; and Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, will be claimed by pianist **Richard Shulman**. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesday through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER**'s trio works with blues vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** through Sunday, March 17; and on Tuesday, March 19, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will head up his macho Latin-jazz quintet opposite guitarist **KENNY BURRELL**'s trio. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, March 13, **Richard Thompson** and the **Têtes Noires**; Friday, March 15, **Neil Innes**; Saturday, March 16, **Buskin & Batteau** and the **Têtes Noires**; Tuesday, March 19, mandolinist **DAVID GRISMAN**; Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, **BUDDY RICH** and his big band; Friday, March 22, the **La Bamba** and the **Hubcaps**; and Saturday through Monday, March 23-25, the bands of **BILLY COBHAM** and **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and, right now, some very good piano-bass teams. **HAROLD MABERN**, a bluesy, loping pianist, plays duets with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, March 16; and on Mon-

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day, March 18, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will take over with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, doles out at least one portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per night in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. **VINCE GIORDANO & the Nighthawks** provide dance music. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano over in the **Belmians Bar**. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditional, authentic Chicago-style jazz most nights. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** is in charge of the twelve-piece **BIG BAND**, composed of some musical heavyweights, through Sunday, March 17; and on Tuesday, March 19, guitarist **JOE PASS** will arrive to astound his admirers. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, March 13, **Kryptic Doggerel**, **Betsy Straton**, **Eric C. Reinhardt**, and **Tom Duval**; Thursday, March 14, **Gayle Marie**; Friday, March 15, Irish music with **TOUCHSTONE** and singer **TRIONA NI DHOMHNAIL**; Saturday, March 16, comedienne **Jane Brucker**; and Sunday, March 17, the **IRISH TRADITION**. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**Alicia Sherman** sings with pianist **Peter Madsen** and bassist **Dean Johnson** Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE**, a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. **BROOKS KERR** also works Sundays from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-

3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **NEVILLE DICKIE**, who is a bit of all right as a stride and boogie-woogie player, owns the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **Jane Jarvis** works on Sundays, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge of the keyboard on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKEBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**JUNIOR MANCE** is back in action at his piano along with his bassist and sidekick **MARTY RIVERA**. They can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degenerated Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, March 13, guitarist **Roy Buchanan**; Thursday, March 14, **WHO IT IS**, an R. & B. outfit that includes guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, saxophonist **DAVE SANBORN**, bassist **WILL LEE**; and drummer **DAVE WECKL**; Tuesday, March 19, **CHRIS HILLMAN**; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, **JUNIOR WALKER** and his latest batch of All-Stars. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who sounds wonderful whether he's playing wailing spiritual-enlightenment music or just good old regular hard bop, leads a quartet through Sunday, March 17; Monday, March 18, will belong to singer **SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN**; and on Tuesday, March 19, the **MINGUS DYNASTY** band will take charge. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A musical revue, "Offbeats," runs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and is performed by its composer, **ARTHUR SIEGEL**, its writer, **TONY LANG**, and its director, **MIRIAM FOND**. On many Mondays, **Woody Allen** plays celebrity clarinet from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

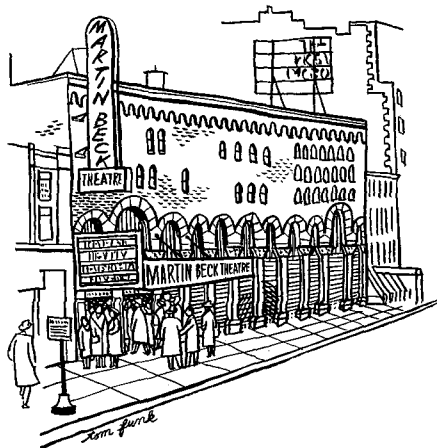
MIKEL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The jazz and R. & B. lineup: **Diane Green**, Thursday, March 14; **WHO IT IS**, with **CORNELL DUPREE**, **RICHARD TEE**, and company, Friday and Saturday, March 15-16; and **Ron Granger**, Tuesday, March 19. Music from about ten. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS**, an uplifting, on-the-beat ensemble, make it absolutely impossible not to want to Lindy through Sunday, March 17. On Tuesday, March 19, **Jack Morgan** and the **Russ Morgan Orchestra** will move in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday, March 15, **Wild Mojave** and **Eastern Bloc**; Saturday, March 16, the **Reducers** and the **Lower East Side Rockers**; Sunday, March 17, **Dominique** and **Sussman Lawrence**; Thursday, March 21, the **Cucumbers**; Friday, March 22, the **Têtes Noires**; and Saturday, March 23, **Pillow** and the **Foreign Legion**. Shows usually begin after eleven. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **WOODY HERMAN** and his **Woodchoppers** can be heard Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday, March 13, **New York City Burn**; Thursday, March 14, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB**; Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, **HIRAM BULLOCK**, **MIKE STERN**, **MARCUS MILLER**, and **LENNY WHITE**; and Tuesday,



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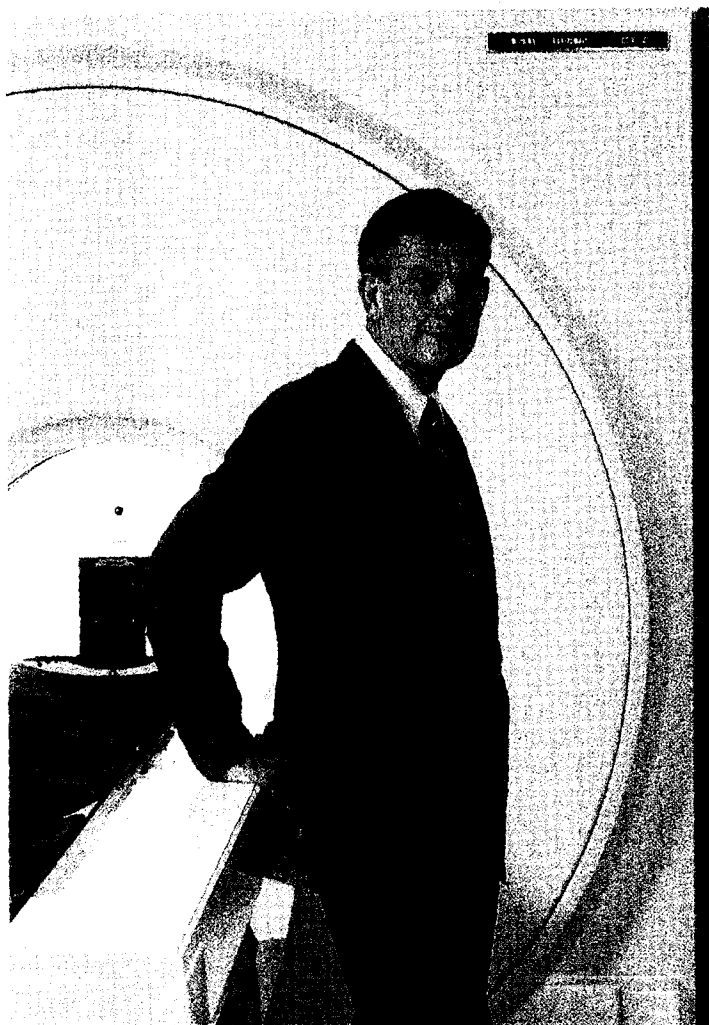
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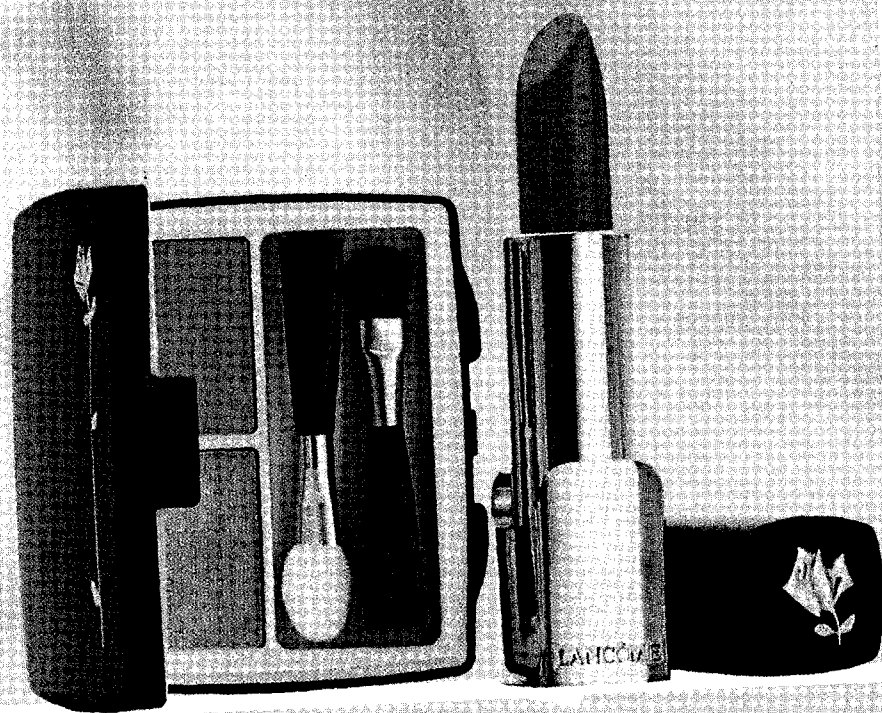


Morgan officer Bruce Underwood develops tax-exempt private placements, which have included financing modern hospital equipment like the CT scanner shown above.

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that outperforms BMW 528e and Mercedes 190E.*

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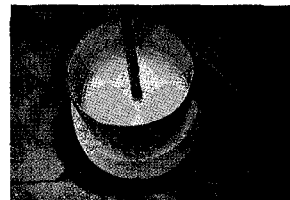
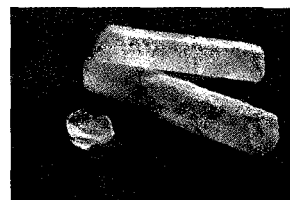
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 19, saxophonist **STEVE SLAGLE**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, March 13-14, flutist **HERMETO PASCOAL**; Fridays and Saturdays, March 15-16, and March 22-23, **PE-DE-BOI**; Sunday, March 17, **GUANABARA**; Wednesday, March 20, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; and Thursday, March 21, **MUTABARUKA**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Super bassist **RON CARTER** leads a quartet through Sunday, March 17; Sunday, March 18, will be given over to the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**; and on Tuesday, March 19, drummer and father figure **ART BLAKEY** will arrive with his latest crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS**. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on March 18, **CHARANGA AMERICA**, with **COSTA BRAVA**, and electric violinist **MICHAEL URBANIAK**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **SHARON FREEMAN** performs with bassist **ANTHONY COX** through Sunday, March 17; and beginning Tuesday, March 19, **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will provide piano-bass duets. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. The **RED RODNEY-IRA SULLIVAN QUINTET** winds up its stint on Sunday, March 17; and on Tuesday, March 19, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** will begin co-piloting a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND Blast-Off Nights**. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speak-easy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** through Saturday, March 16; pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** starting Tuesday, March 19; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist **Jim Roberts** and bassist **Brian Torff** on Mondays. Music week-nights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JOHNNY MATHIS AND DIONNE WARWICK—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Saturday, March 13-16, at 8.

JEROME COOPER—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 16, at 8.

PALMIERI BROTHERS, JORGE DALTO, AND HILTON RUIZ—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call 947-5850.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, March 17, at 7:30.

MICHEL LEMIEUX—Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, March 19, at 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, March 24, at 2.

THE TEMPTATIONS AND THE FOUR TOPS—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 24, at 3 and 7.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—With Barney Kessel, Tiny Grimes, and Bucky and John Pizzarelli. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

EDDIE MURPHY—Radio City Music Hall. Friday

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through Sunday, March 22-24, at 7:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-life and landscape paintings from the past ten years. Through Saturday, March 16. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Two shows of paintings. Through Saturday, March 16. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. . . . Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

KARL GERSTNER—New paintings and sculptural models based on mathematical systems. Through April 6. (Staempfii, 47 E. 77th St.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—Colored drawings, all but a third of which were conceived as studies for sculptures. Through Saturday, March 16. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings and drawings. Through April 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

LOIS LANE—The oils are handled more loosely than in previous paintings, but the images—of calves, angels—are her usual ones. Through April 13. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973)—Black-and-white lithographs of American cities, particularly New York as it was in the twenties and thirties. Through March 30. (Vanderwoude Tanagerbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

ROXI MARSEN—New abstract oils. Through March 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

RAOUL MIDDLEMAN / WILLIAM UMBREIT—Landscapes of Baltimore's waterfront; groups of figures—friends of the artist—in mythological settings. / Abstractions of farm tools in wood and metal. Through April 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Recent paintings. Through Thursday, March 21. (Knodler, 19 E. 70th St.)

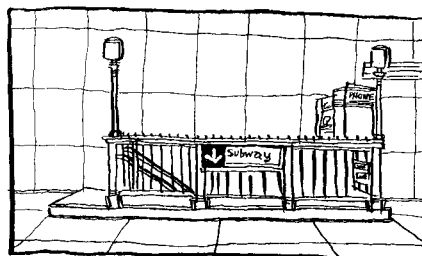
DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through March 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: Objects made by Nigeria's Igbo-speaking population, for everyday tasks and communal rituals, the latter represented by life-size mannequins in ceremonial masquerades. Through June 16. (Open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Of fifteen works, eight big paintings and four works on paper are by Picasso. Also, Masson, Dufy, Rouault. Through April 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MICHELÉ AMATEAU—Paintings on canvas and paper, derived from Middle Eastern and Mediterranean wall mosaics. Through Wednesday, March 20. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

BENNY ANDREWS—The genesis of the artist's



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three monuments for Washington, D.C. (here in the form of maquettes, drawings, rough sketches), was L'Enfant's original plan for that city. Through March 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

HELEN BERSHAD—Abstractions combining acrylic stains, pastel stick, and collage. Through March 30. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

DAVID BOMBERG (1890-1957)—Charcoal drawings by an English painter. Through April 13. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

KAREN BREUNIG—Figurative paintings that allude to works by Egyptian tomb painters, de Chirico, Beckmann, and others. Through March 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SCOTT BURTON—A new series of sculptures entitled "Geometric Granite Furniture," which includes a chaise longue and a bench-and-table set. Through March 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

CAREN CANIER—Paintings of the landscape around Gubbio, Italy, and of figures in interiors. First solo show in New York. Through March 27. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

LAWRENCE FANE—Freestanding sculptures and reliefs, in welded steel, wood, and bronze, that suggest rock formations and other natural phenomena. Through March 30. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Recent paintings. Through March 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID HARE—New paintings in a series the artist has named "Lionscapes." Through April 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Paintings and pastels of Vermont landscapes, most pared to semi-abstraction. Through March 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ / LEE KRASNER (1908-84)—Images of couples painted on two-dimensional aluminum cutouts. / Charcoal nude sketches from the late thirties. Through March 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—New paintings. Through March 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

SIMEON LAGODICH—A religious aesthetic underlies these landscape paintings. Through March 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

TERENCE L'ANOUÉ—Abstract paintings characterized by heavily worked surfaces. Through April 6. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

FRANK LOBDELL—Four paintings executed between 1958 and 1972, in addition to gouaches and lithographs from the same period. Through March 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD MAISNER—Small abstract paintings. Through March 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Collage paintings in mixed mediums, all dated 1982. Through April 6. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

PHILIP MCCracken—A series of symbolic representations of plants, consisting of "Potato with Eyes," in faceted cherry wood, and several works on paper; also, carved-wood sculptures of animals, real and imaginary. Through March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

JAMES B. MOORE—Austere, representational still-life paintings in oil on canvas. Through Saturday, March 23. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Huge matte-black wall reliefs. Through Saturday, March 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD NONAS—Minimalist industrial-steel sculptures. Through March 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

IZHAR PATKIN / JOHN BOWMAN—Expressionist compositions of figures and dense patterns, worked in oil crayon applied to and pushed through mesh screens, which are stretched and framed as canvases would be. Also, encaustic figurines. / Realist didactic oils. Through Saturday, March 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LAWRENCE POONS / KENNETH NOLAND—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 23. / Painted monotypes. Through March 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD REDER (1897-1963)—Charcoal studies

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for sculptures, and woodcuts. Through Saturday, March 23. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAN SAWKA—Two related exhibits. Paintings. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St. Through March 27.) ... Paintings and constructions. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Through March 30.)

RICHARD SERRA—Models for new outdoor sculptures by the author of the controversial public sculpture "Tilted Arc," in Federal Plaza. Through April 13. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ERIC SLOANE (1905-85)—Rural scenes and cloud studies in oil on board by this artist, who died last week. Through Saturday, March 23. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Sixteen canvases, including three large oils of winter landscapes. Through Saturday, March 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

TIMOTHY WOODMAN—Cutout aluminum wall reliefs on many of which contemporary genre scenes are painted—a man descending the stairs to the subway, for instance. Through March 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

TROELS WÖRSEL—Paintings mixing abstractions with familiar objects. Through March 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT—Fifteen new works on canvas and wood. Through Saturday, March 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

CAROLYN BRADY—Red tulips blooming in the artist's garden, and other watercolors. Through Thursday, March 21. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

D. CAPOBIANCO / LINDA BESEMER—Works in mixed mediums centering on abstract forms. / Abstract paintings. Through March 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

ARTHUR COHEN—Paintings and prints. Through Wednesday, March 20. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

RONNIE CUTRONE—Paintings of pop-culture images in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 16. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

SUSAN DAYKIN—Torsos rendered in impastoed acrylics, and oil-stick drawings. Through Wednesday, March 20. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PORFIRIO DI DONNA / EUGENE LEROY—Recent abstractions on paper. / Impastoed oils by a French artist. Through April 6. (Thorpe, 103 Prince St.)

RON ISAACS—Trompe-l'oeil painted-plywood constructions of one of the artist's frequent subjects—antique clothing and accessories. Through April 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

KOMAR & MELAMID—Paintings in mixed mediums, the result, the artists say, of "trying out all the styles we've known since kindergarten." Through Saturday, March 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH / RALPH GIBSON—Gnomic texts in color photographs, new works by a Conceptualist. / Thirty photographs. Through Saturday, March 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUISE KRAMER—Wall reliefs using brass, steel, and plywood, and paying homage to working women. Through March 30. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

JOHN LAVELLE—Paintings in which big, blocky nude figures are sitting among, and dwarfing, TV sets, stoves, refrigerators. First one-man show in New York. Through March 30. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

THOMAS LAWSON / WALTER ROBINSON—A few recognizable objects seen through a haze of brushwork. / Paintings dignifying an arsenal of cold remedies—from honey to Vicks Vaporub. Through Saturday, March 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Large-scale color drawings for outdoor sculptures. Through March 30. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

GERHARD RICHTER—Two related exhibits of paintings of abstractions and landscapes. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through March 26.) ... Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Through March 30. Open Mondays.)

JOAN WITEK—Uniform lozenge shapes applied to raw canvas with black oil stick and graphite.

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Through March 30. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Paul Laster's carefully made collages using figures cut from comic-book pages, and Paloma Cernuda's charcoal abstractions are among the works in the current show. Through Saturday, March 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **WEBER**, 142 Greene St.: An early and a recent painting or sculpture apiece by Minimalist artists—Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Agnes Martin, Brice Marden, and others. Through March 30.

SCULPTURE—Three contemporary British artists: David Mach, who has contrived to make a collection of empty and filled transparent bottles represent a disturbing underwater scene; Bill Culbert, who uses fluorescent tubing where tubing is inappropriate—poking out of luggage, for instance; and Tony Hayward, whose wall reliefs of found objects include a tangible expression of "everything but the kitchen sink." Through Saturday, March 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

ARCH CONNELLY—Paintings and sculptures combining fabrics and fake jewels. Through Sunday, March 17. (Fun Gallery, 254 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

DAVID RABINOWITZ—Low-lying rolled-steel floor sculptures. Through April 13. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

CARTOONISTS ASSOCIATION—Original cartoon drawings by fifty-one artists. Through March 29. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), will be mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PETER CAMPUS—Photographs of Hudson River landscapes. Through March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JUDY FISKIN—Photographs of middle-class housing in New York and California. Through April 7. (Wyatt, 202 E. 10th St. Open Sundays.)

RICHARD MISRACH / JOANN VERBURG—Desert landscapes and the series "Three Days at Edwards Air Force Base: The Shuttle Landing." / The artist starts with 11 x 14 contact prints, slices them up, and mounts the finished prints in several frames, which are displayed together. Through April 13. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

AARON SISKIND / AUGUSTIN VICTOR CASASOLA (1874-1938)—A large retrospective. / Photographs spanning the four-decade career of a photo-journalist, and documenting the Mexican revolution of 1910-20. Through March 24. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. ... A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 2. ... Chinese paintings and calligraphy promised to the museum by John M. Crawford, Jr., whose collection is being shown in two parts—this is the second. Through June 30. ... Twenty statues, portrait reliefs, and busts by the nineteenth-century sculptor John Quincy Adams Ward, including a study in bronze for the statue of George Washington that is in front of Federal Hall National Memorial, on Wall Street. Through May 19. ... Linoleum cuts by Picasso. Through May 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of drawings by Henri Matisse, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. ... Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings, including his first documented work, 1886, and his final one, "The Dream" (1910). Through June 4. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Last sections of the Atget survey. Starts Thursday, March 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," the third and final exhibit in a series (held at two-year intervals) surveying the influences on this painter, himself one of the most influential artists of his generation, in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Klee, Albers, and others. Through April 14. ... A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

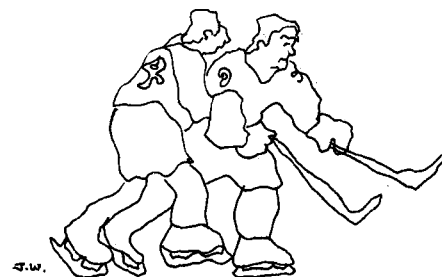
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). The second floor and the film and video galleries are ready; the fourth floor and the lobby gallery will open Thursday, March 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of works in a variety of mediums, primarily photography, by Robert Fichter. ... Thirty-one of Irwin Kremen's collages. Both shows start Friday, March 15. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirty contemporary American artists, who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A hundred and twenty Old Master prints by (with four exceptions) German and Dutch artists, such as Dürer, Rembrandt, Schongauer, Goltzius, and others. From the collection of the late Leo Wallerstein. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays



through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Winslow Homer's depictions of croquet as a "game of love" (an idea said to derive from the fact that women and men played the game together, unusual in sports of the mid-nineteenth century) can be seen in this show of five paintings, two chalk drawings, and six prints. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Two exhibitions: paintings by John Hull; and sculptures by Mia Westerlund Roosen, whose six massive abstract works are in concrete with lead, encaustic, or bronze. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—John Durand's six oil portraits of the Colonial Beekman family are some of the works from the society's collections in an exhibit documenting childhood in New York, 1709 to 1984 (no less). Mounted in honor of the two-hundred-and-seventy-fifth anniversary of the Trinity School, the show also includes prints, photographs, toys, samplers, and manuscripts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Donna Henes (performance), Thursday, March 14, at 8:30; Bill Gordh and others (performance with music), Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Two programs of Super 8-mm. films and related performances, Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, with featured films at 9:30, and additional films shown before and after, at 8:30 and 11 each evening. Friday, March 15: Lydia Lunch reading and introducing a film she made with Richard Kern. Saturday, March 16: Scott B's new film, "Last Rites," with Rosemary Hochschild, who will also present a solo performance. Another solo performance will be given by Eric Bogosian. . . . **Jim Self and Dancers**, with Richard Elovich, Thursday through Sunday, March 21-24, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Charles Moulton Dance Company, Thursdays through Sundays, March 14-17, and March 21-24, all at 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . **Thursday**, March 14, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . **Friday**, March 15, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . **Saturday**, March 16, at 12:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeg-gander, Heribert Steinbach, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . **Saturday**, March 16, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . **Monday**, March 18, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . **Tuesday**, March 19, at 8: "Ernani," with Aprile Mollo, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Thomas

Fulton. . . . **Wednesday**, March 20, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . **Thursday**, March 21, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeg-gander, Heribert Steinbach, Anthony Laciura, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . **Friday**, March 22, at 8: "Ernani," with Aprile Mollo, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Thomas Fulton. . . . **Saturday**, March 23, at 2: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . **Saturday**, March 23, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli.

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Gounod's "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, March 16, at 7:30; Sunday, March 17, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 7:30.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Dmitri Shostakovich's "The Nose" (New York premiere), conducted by David Gilbert and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 749-2802, Ext. 504. Wednesday, March 20, and Friday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 2:30.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Victoria Bond conducting the first two of four performances of Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour." Staged by Frank Corsaro. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, March 23, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting Thursday through Saturday, March 14-16, at 8, and Tuesday, March 19, at 7:30 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and Werner Klemperer, narrator). . . . **Rafael Kubelik** conducting the first three of eight performances of an all-Bach program on Thursday, March 21, at 8; Friday, March 22, at 2; and Saturday, March 23, at 8 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudia Catania and Birgit Finnilä, mezzo-sopranos; Philip Creech, tenor; Wolfgang Schoene, baritone; Charles Rex and Kenneth Gordon, violin; and the Westminster Choir).

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . **Thursday**, March 14, at 8.)

RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF BERLIN—Ricardo Chailly conducting, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

ATLANTA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Robert Shaw conducting, with Tom Krause, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

ORCHESTRE DE PARIS—Daniel Barenboim conducting—**CARNEGIE HALL**: Monday, March 18, a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8. . . . **Tuesday**, March 19, an all-Ravel program, with Mr. Barenboim also acting as piano soloist. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**: Wednesday, March 20, a Saint-Saëns-Wagner program. . . . **Sunday**, March 24, a Beethoven-Debussy-Scriabin program, with Mr. Barenboim again also acting as piano soloist. (Evenings at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducting a Bach-Handel-Scarlatti program, with Ruth Waterman, violin; Elizabeth Brown, flute; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

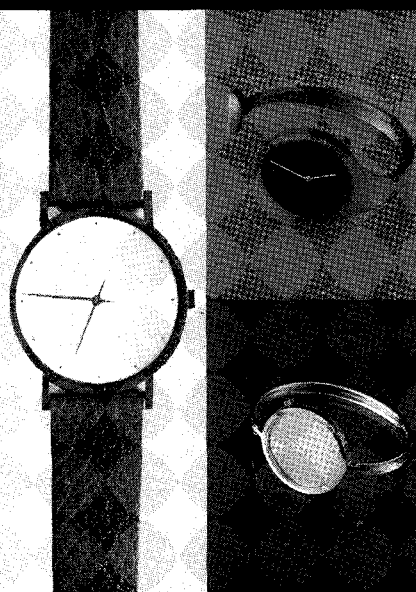
MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, March 18, at 8.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Paul Dunkel conducting, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Caroline Sebron, contralto; and Paul Sperry, tenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 19, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8, an all-Bach program, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano, and Lionel Rogg, organ/harpsichord. . . . **Kaufmann Concert Hall**, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 23, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 3, with the American String Quartet.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting

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the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs. This one is devoted to works inspired by Bach, in honor of the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. With Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Malcolm Goldstein, violin; and the Doublers Saxophone Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, March 21, at 8. . . . ♫ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 205.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC'S GRANDE BANDE—An all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a Maurice Duruflé-Charpentier program, with Linda Mabbs, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; and Simon Estes, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Amy Kaiser directing a program of music by American composers. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directing an all-Handel program, with Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Peter Stewart, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 17, at 8.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

ARLEEN AUGÉ—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

MAUREEN FORRESTER—Contralto. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—The last in a series of programs, each performed two times. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 8.)

NEW YORK CAMERATA—A program of music by Bach, George Crumb, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 15, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

PIERRE AMOYAL—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

KRONOS QUARTET—A program of twentieth-century music. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Friday, March 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 618-1980.)

BYRON JANIS—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

SHERILL MILNES—Baritone. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The last in a series of concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

CZECH CHAMBER SOLOISTS—A chamber orchestra under the direction of Miroslav Matyas. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 2.)

PINCHAS ZUKERMAN AND MARC NEIKRUG—Violin/viola and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The tenth in a series of programs, this one a performance of "Ester," an oratorio by Alessandro Stradella. (Corpus Christi Church, 520 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

MICHAEL PARLOFF—Flute. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. Sunday, March 17, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

KATHRYN SELBY—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 17, at 5.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER TRIO—A program that includes the premiere of a work by Ronald Calabiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 8.)

CARLOS PRIETO—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 18, at 7:30.)

JAAP SCHRÖDER—Baroque violin, in a program of Bach sonatas and partitas. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, March 18, at 8.)

SERGIO AND ODAIR ASSAD—Classical guitar duo. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 18, at 8.)

RAPHAEL TRIO—The second in a series of three Mozart-Schumann-Fauré programs, each with a guest violinist, this one with Steven Tenenbom. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 19-20, at 8.)

BOSTON CAMERATA—The last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 19, at 8.)

AROUTIUN PAPAZIAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

MUSIC TODAY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Stockhausen, Gerald Levinson, Witold Lutoslawski, Miriam Gideon, and Nicholas Thorne. With Constantine Cassolas, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in a performance of Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

TREVOR PINNOCK—Harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 21, at 8, an all-Bach program. . . . ♫ Saturday, March 23, at 8, a joint concert with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute.)

LINDA KOBLER—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

GUILD OF COMPOSERS—Jacques-Louis Monod conducting an ensemble, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

KEITH JARRETT—Piano, in a Bach-Handel-Scarlatti program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

ANDRAS SCHIFF—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

ARMINDA CANTEROS—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music by Haydn, Britten, and Beethoven. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—With Paul Neubauer, viola; Carter Brey, cello; David Jolley and William Purvis, horn; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 5.)

SAMUEL RHODES—Viola, in the second of three all-Hindemith concerts, this one with Cynthia Raim, piano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Joel Krosnick and Bonnie Hampton, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 2.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano, in a Beethoven-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

GABRIELI QUARTET—A Mozart-Elgar-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Joseph Swensen, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.



Saturday, March 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 24, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, March 14, at 7:30. . . . ♫ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, March 16, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30. . . . ♫ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, March 17, at 1. . . . ♫ Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, March 20, at 7:30. . . . ♫ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 22, at 7:30.

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 15, at 7:30.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . ♫ Rangers vs. Devils, Sunday, March 17, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, March 16, at 5:05. . . . ♫ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, March 19, at 8:05. . . . ♫ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, March 21, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, March 14, at 7:35. . . . ♫ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, March 21, at 7:35. . . . ♫ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, March 23, at 1:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 16; the Ruthless, Sunday, March 17; and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 23.

TENNIS—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Carling Bassett, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Friday, March 18-22, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 23, at 1; consolation singles match Sunday, March 24, at 11; and final singles match Sunday, March 24, at 1.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Gail Godwin reading from her own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, March 14, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ♫ Mark Strand and Gjertrud Schnackenberg reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 18, at 8.) . . . ♫ Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gloria Foster, Malachy McCourt, and Joseph Wiseman reading from the short stories of Roald Dahl, Bernard Malamud, James Stephens, and Alice Walker. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 20, at 6:30.)

LECTURES—Bernard Malamud talking about his own fiction. (Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, 1230 York Ave., at 66th St. Thursday, March 14, at 8. For free tickets, call 598-3687.) . . . ♫ Derek Walcott speaking about the influences on his poetry, some of which he will read. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 19, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

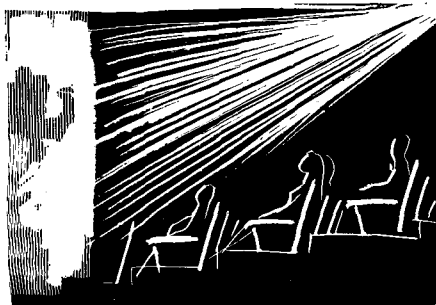
NEW YORK FLOWER SHOW—Sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York, this show will feature two main garden exhibits—"Paradise in the Sun" and "The Garden of the Pools." (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 20-23, from 10 to 10; Sunday, March 24, from 10 to 8. For tickets, call 888-9000.)

AUCTIONS—Christie's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Thursday, March 14, at 10: Paperweights, from the collection of the late Ambassador R. Henry Norweb. . . . ♫ Friday, March 15, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ♫ Six sales of Japanese art. Wednesday, March 20, at 10, armor; at 10:30, approximately, sword fittings; at 11:30, approximately, prints, from the collection of Sidney A. Tannenbaum; and at 2, more prints. . . . Thursday, March 21, at 10, works of art, from the collection of Mary Louise O'Brien; and at noon and 2, more works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Allonsanfan" (1974; directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through March 14: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
From March 15: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through March 14: "A Soldier's Story" (†); and "The Dresser" (1983; Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.
March 15-21: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Ulrich.
From March 22: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 2: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Amadeus" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through March 14: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
From March 15: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier). No evening performances on Wednesday, March 13.

Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†). No evening performances on Wednesday, March 13, Monday, March 18, and Thursday, March 21.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Blood Simple" (†).

CINEMA 1 AND 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through March 14: "Lovelines" (Rod Amateau). From March 15: "Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.

Theatre 2: Through March 14: "The Mean Season" (†). From March 15: "The Natural" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 2: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through March 14: "Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; in Hebrew).

From March 15: "Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"A Passage to India" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Places in the Heart" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through March 14: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

From March 15: "Heartbreakers" (Bobby Roth), with Peter Coyote and Nick Mancuso.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Private Function" (Malcolm Mowbray), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through March 21: "Birdy" (†).

From March 22: "The Wild Duck" (Henri Safran), with Jeremy Irons and Liv Ullmann.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Stop Making Sense" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).

From March 22: "Amadeus" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "Amadeus" (†). From March 22: "The 400 Blows" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Theatre 2: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 4: "Witness" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: From March 15: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

Theatre 2: From March 15: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

Theatre 3: From March 15: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 4: Theatre closed.

Theatre 5: Theatre closed.

Theatre 6: Theatre closed.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.

Theatre 2: "Birdy" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 14: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis. March 15-21: "Hellhole." From March 22: "Baby ... Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. From March 22: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning."

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald. From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Theatre 4: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Vision Quest" (directed by Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine. From March 22: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Theatre 2: "Into the Night" (John Landis),



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Mrs. Samuel Parkman Peabody,
Chairman of the Board, Dance Theatre of Harlem,
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 5: Through March 14: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich. March 15-21: To be announced. From March 22: "Vision Quest."
Theatre 6: Through March 21: "Zombie Island Massacre" (John N. Carter), with David Broadnax and Rita Jenrette. From March 22: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 21: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
From March 22: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 4: "Starman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Witness" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through March 21: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).
From March 22: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 14: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams. From March 15: "The Mack."

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis.
Theatre 2: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through March 14: "Lovelines" (Rod Amateau). From March 15: "Hell-hole."
Theatre 2: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 13: A program of Isabelle Adjani films.

From March 14: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 14: "Falling in Love" (1984; directed by Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep; and "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson.
March 15-16: "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

March 17-19: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

March 20-21: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

March 22-23: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir); with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

March 13: "Papillon" (1973; Franklin Schaffner), with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman; and "Bullitt" (1968; Peter Yates), with Steve McQueen, Robert Vaughn, and Jacqueline Bisset.

March 14-16: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

March 17-18: To be announced.

March 19-20: "Cross Creek" (†) and "The Yearling" (†).

March 21-23: "The Little Drummer Girl" (1984; George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton, Klaus Kinski, and Yorgo Voyagis; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 14: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham) and "Staying Alive" (1983; Sylvester Stallone), both films with John Travolta.

March 15-16: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke.

March 17: "An American in Paris" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

March 18-19: "Supervixens" (1975) and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979), both directed by Russ Meyer.

March 20-21: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "The Exorcist" (†).

March 22-23: "Cujo" (1983; Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace; and "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

March 13: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine; and "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

March 14: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French); "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French); and "A Propos de Nice" (1930; Jean Vigo; in French).

March 15-21: "Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (1983; Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary; and "Image Before My Eyes" (1981; Josh Waletzky), a documentary of pre-Second World War Jewish Poland.

March 22: "Purple Rain" (1984; Albert Magnoli), with Prince; and "Streets of Fire" (1984; Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

March 23: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 13: "The Pleasure Garden" (1925; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty; and "Jamaica Inn" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara.

March 14-16: "Family Plot" (1976; Alfred Hitchcock), with Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane; and "Frenzy" (1972; Alfred Hitchcock), with

Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.

March 17-19: "Spellbound" (†); and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

March 20-23: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Marnie" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 13: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954; Luis Buñuel), with Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez.

March 14: "Nanook of the North" (1921; Robert Flaherty); "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Man of Aran" (1932; Robert Flaherty).

March 15: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

March 16: "Gospel" (1983; David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

March 17: "The Seduction of Mimi" (†); and "All Screwed Up" (1974; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

March 18: "Cover Girl" (1944; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair.

March 19: "Midnight" (†); and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

March 20: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill.

March 21: "Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary; and "The Henry Miller Odyssey" (†).

March 22: "Despair" (†); and "The Station-master's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

March 23: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "The Mad Adventures of Rabbi Jacob" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 13: "Sunny" (1930; William A. Seiter), with Marilyn Miller; and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier and Merle Oberon.

March 14: "The Painted Veil" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky), with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

March 15-16: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

March 17: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (†).

March 18: "Elvira Madigan" (†) and "Intimate Lighting" (†).

March 19: "The Front Page" (1931; Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933; James Cruze), with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.

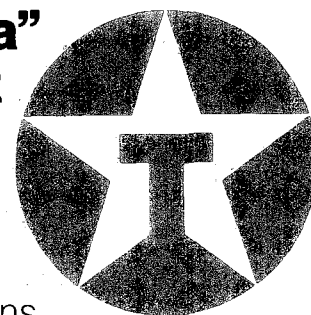
March 20: "The Night of the Hunter" (†); and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

March 21: "Beast of the City" (†); and "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow.

March 22-23: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The



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Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 14 at 2:30 and 6: "The Saw-mill" (1922) and "Nanook of the North" (1922; directed by Robert Flaherty), both silent films. . . . March 15 at 2:30: "Nell Gwynn" (1934; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Cedric Hardwicke. . . . March 15 at 6 and March 16 at 2: "Spring in Park Lane" (1947; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding, and Tom Walls. . . . March 16 at 5: "Nell Gwynn." . . . March 17 at 2: "Downhill" (1927; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with

Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans. . . . March 17 at 5 and March 19 at 2:30: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Binnie Barnes, Robert Donat, Elsa Lanchester, and Merle Oberon. . . . March 19 at 6: "The Dawn" (1936; Thomas G. Cooper), with Tom Cooper, Eileen Davis, and Brian O'Sullivan. . . . March 21 at 2:30 and 6: "The Navigator" (1924; Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp; a silent film). . . . March 22 at 2:30: "Royal Cavalcade" (1935). . . . March 22 at 6: "Downhill." . . . March 23 at 2: "The Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltán Korda), with Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez, and John Clements. . . . March 23 at 5: "Royal Cavalcade."

THEATRE 2: March 14 at 3: "The Ascent" (1977; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . March 14 at 6:30: "You and I" (1971; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . .

March 16 at 2:30: "Heat" (1966; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . March 16 at 5:30: "The Ascent." . . . March 17 at 2:30: "Wings" (1968; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . March 17 at 5:30: "Heat." . . . March 19 at 6:30: "The Swedish Mistress" (1962; Vilgot Sjöman; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Per Myrberg, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow. . . . March 21 at 6:30: "Mountain Music of Peru" (1984; John Cohen), a documentary. . . . March 22 at 6:30: "Wings." . . . March 23 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of animated films by Co Hoedemem.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—From March 13, a series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gyping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang-Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Plaza.)

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown, but the dancing lovers have infectious grins and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. The songs include "I Got Rhythm," "Embraceable You," and "S Wonderful," and Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch and Oscar Levant. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 17.)

BEAST OF THE CITY (1932)—Walter Huston as an idealistic chief of police who tries to clean out his vice-ridden city. Undistinguished melodrama, though Jean Harlow turns up. Charles Brabin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 21.)

BEVERLY HILLS COP—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State. . . . Embassy 1; starting March 22.)

BIRDY—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pietà after another. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and New Yorker. . . . Cinema 3; through March 21.)

BLOOD SIMPLE—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John

Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (D. W. Griffith, Waverly, Cinema Studio, and Embassy.)

CHOOSE ME—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Genevieve Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema; through March 21.)

THE COTTON CLUB—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

CROSS CREEK (1983)—Very loosely based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' semi-autobiographical tales of her years in an orange grove in the Florida swamps, this movie, directed by Martin Ritt, suggests a child's storybook version of women's liberation. The heroine is envisioned as a muted, passive artist who soaks up the local color, and the audience is left to watch her soak. As Mrs. Rawlings, Mary Steenburgen is withdrawn; she comes across as a lyrical stiff. But Rip Torn plays a Cracker on a grand scale; he's too powerful for sweetening. With Dana Hill, Alfre Woodard, and Peter Coyote. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 19-20.)

DESPAIR (1979)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (Thalia; March 22.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity, set in the late nineteenth century. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves

off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. Based on an actual double suicide; Widerberg wrote the script, directed, and also edited. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in people's faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception. Neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. With Linda Blair, Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Jason Miller. A huge box-office success. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 20-21.)

THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (34th St. East, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . Coronet. No evening performances on Wednesday, March 13, Monday, March 18, and Thursday, March 21. . . . Movieland; through March 21. . . . Criterion Theatres; starting March 22.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre L  aud. In French. (Lincoln Plaza; starting March 22.)

THE HENRY MILLER ODYSSEY (1974)—About Henry Miller, whose reputation makes him seem more cock-a-hoop than this film does. At eighty-odd, he emerges as a man of sweetness and funniness who sees through the hypocritical politesse of his highborn contemporaries and the matching tone of a mandarin language that was making a social flunky of literature. "When we left high school, I was asked what I wanted to be, and I said a clown," says this Rabelaisian man who has struggled with orthodoxy all his life but always managed to make a game out of the combat. (Thalia; March 21.)

INTIMATE LIGHTING (1965)—A satirical folk comedy about a young cellist with the Prague Symphony who takes his big-city girlfriend with him when he goes to visit a friend from his days at the Conservatoire. The musician from Prague is to be the soloist at a concert

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the small-town orchestra that the friend now conducts. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in tiny, match-flare-size details; he shows us lives that have become a negotiation of small irritants. Day-to-day living in the town is like a prolonged silent-movie comedy. The people are frustrated in petty ways, and they're so fidgety that it's no wonder they make a botch of the music; everything in their lives is the opposite of the music they try to play. The movie builds to a freeze-frame closing gag that's so funny and so completely dotty that you're not likely to forget it. In Czech. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18.)

THE KILLING FIELDS—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his debut as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, a teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Tom Berenger. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 21-23.)

THE MAD ADVENTURES OF 'RABBI' JACOB (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. In French. (Thalia; March 23.)

THE MAKIOKA SISTERS (1983)—This Kon Ichikawa film has a triumphant simplicity about it. You don't just watch the film—you coast on its rhythms and glide past the precipitous spots. Ichikawa celebrates the delicate beauty of the four Makioka sisters—the four heiresses of an aristocratic Osaka family, who move as if always conscious that they must be visual poetry—and at the same time he makes you feel that there's something amusingly perverse in their poise and their politesse. Set in 1938, the film is based on Junichiro Tanizaki's novel, originally titled "A Light Snowfall," and it's like a succession of evanescent revelations—the images are stylized and formal, yet the quick cutting melts them away. The venerable Ichikawa is doing what so many younger directors have claimed to be doing: he's making visual music. And he's doing it without turning the actors into zombies, and without losing his sense of how corruption and beauty and humor are all rolled up together. The themes are worked out in shades of pearl and ivory for the interiors and bursts of color outside—cherry and maple and red-veined burgundy. In Japanese. (3/11/85) (Quad Cinema; starting March 15.)

MARNIE (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Regency; March 20-23.)

THE MEAN SEASON—It starts out huffing and

puffing about opportunistic journalism, but it turns out to be nothing more than an inept thriller about a Miami reporter (Kurt Russell) who gets hot tips from a serial murderer about where to look for fresh corpses. And it has an unintentional, bottomless source of hilarity: the reporter's schoolteacher girlfriend, who screams helplessly in emergencies, is played by the six-footer Mariel Hemingway. The director, Phillip Borsos, and the cinematographer, Frank Tidy, sustain a lively, stormy gothic atmosphere, and most of the cast is good, but the script, based on John Katzenbach's "In the Heat of the Summer," and credited to the pseudonymous Leon Piedmont, is hopelessly moralistic and self-important. The film is at its worst when the heroine scolds the hero (she even scolds the killer), and it's at its near worst when the hero and heroine play scare pranks on each other while the Lalo Schiffrin score builds ominously. It's at its best when Richard Jordan is onscreen as an insanely clever sociopathic killer. Jordan has put on some heft, and the fleshiness makes his smoothly handsome baby face more imposing; he has a Brando-like look about him here—with his pampered quality and his big, deep voice, he has finally become *weird*. With Andy Garcia (he's quietly effective as Martinez) and Richard Masur. (3/11/85) (Gemini, and Quad Cinema; through March 14.)

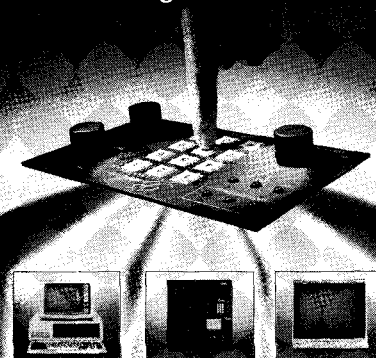
MIDNIGHT (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with rich, aristocratic John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper gigolo Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, Elaine Barrie, Rex O'Malley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Thalia; March 19.)

THE NATURAL—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? There isn't a whisper of surprise in Redford's performance, and he's photographed looking like a wary, modest god. Directed by Barry Levinson, in a picturesque, prose-poetry style, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. With Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, John Finnegan, Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosh. (5/28/84) (Gemini; starting March 15.)

THE NIGHT OF THE GUNTER (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse; adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). This shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 20.)

A PASSAGE TO INDIA—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

PLACES IN THE HEART—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Festival.)

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER—Adapted by Hugh Whitmore, and directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, when she was twenty-five, isn't great or exciting, but it's very enjoyable. With its re-creation of an era when Freudianism was new, it's like a piece of intellectual history, and it gives you the feeling that you sometimes get when you read an "advanced" novel of the twenties and are touched and charmed by its streamlined Victorianism. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life, and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? Julie Christie is a ravishing camera subject who knows how to use her beauty against herself—as Chris's wife, she's so outrageously vain that she's funny. Glenda Jackson takes Rebecca West's literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding. Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but her bone structure has an aristocratic quality, and she acquires herself with likable dignity. And in a role that could seem ludicrous Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Cinema I.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round-robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious about his cold wife and his Cranach-faced mistress. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Thalia; March 17.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rolins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 14.)

SPELLBOUND (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at

by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is one of the analysts, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet with all the obvious ingredients for success "Spellbound" is a disaster. Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll. (Regency; March 17-19.)

STARMAN—Karen Allen is a young widow with sad, glazed eyes, and Jeff Bridges is a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. Directed by John Carpenter. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Embassy.)

STOP MAKING SENSE—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (Lincoln Plaza, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

STRANGER THAN PARADISE—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk

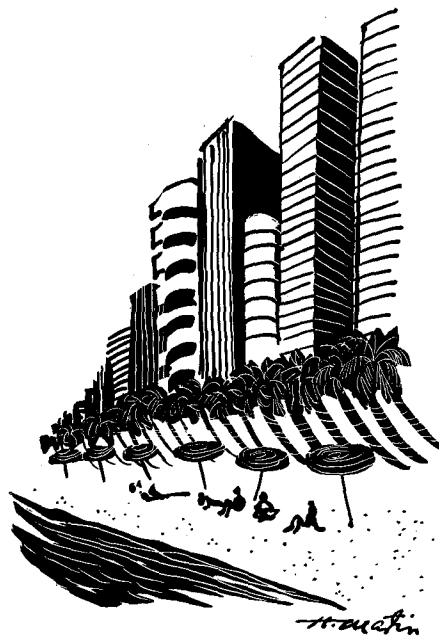
picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 22, tentative.)

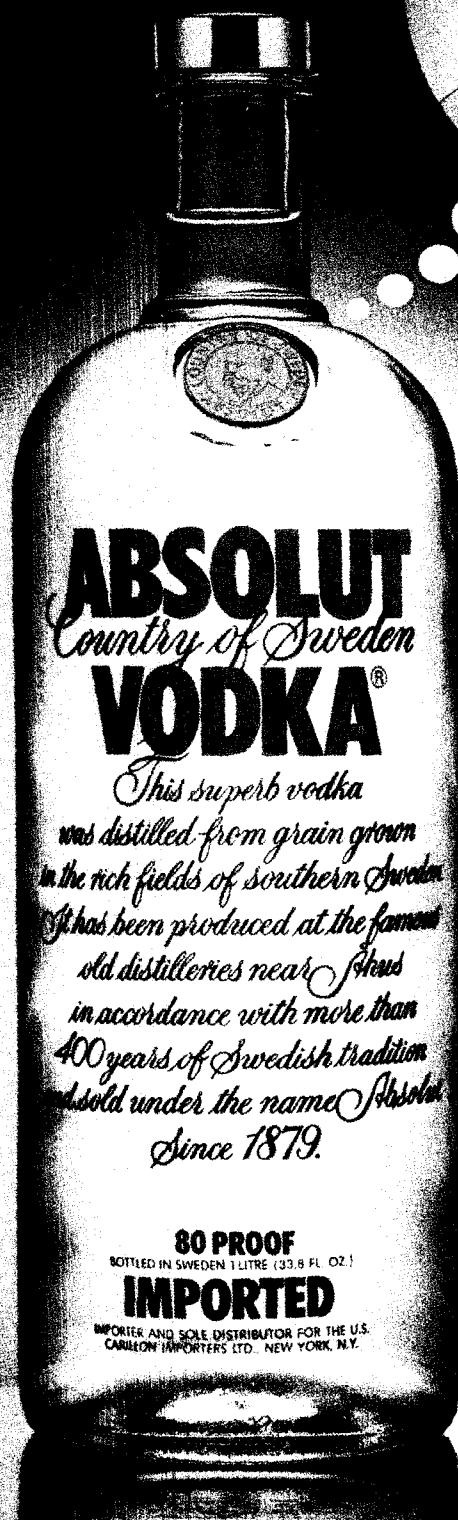
TWILIGHT ZONE—THE MOVIE (1983)—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." What they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect; it has an insane atmosphere—it's eccentric and unsettling, with startling good things in it. (Among them is the alert, graceful Kathleen Quinlan as a strong-willed schoolteacher.) The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated, squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. The whole episode is about this one passenger's freaking out. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. This episode is a comic orgy of terror. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 22-23.)

WITNESS—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology in a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17.)

THE YEARNING (1947)—A capital adaptation of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel, in spite of a couple of oversweet boy-meets-fawn sequences. With Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, Jr.; directed by Clarence Brown. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 19-20.)





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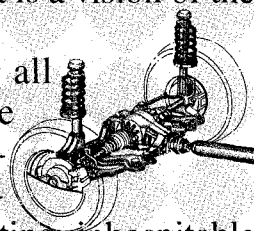
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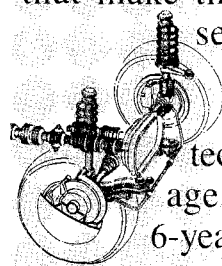
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

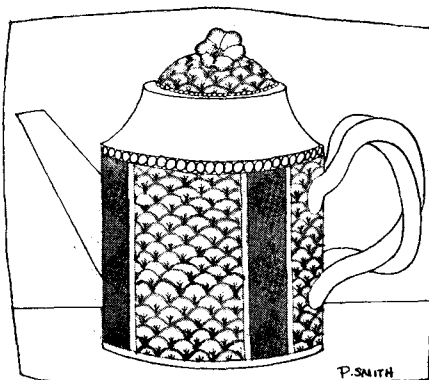
A YOUNG woman writes: Washington has always seemed to me to offer one, essentially heroic profile, an image designed to circumvent the little currents of affection and curiosity that ought to pass between the visitor and the city and strike deep into memory, and for that reason, I suppose, until almost the end of a recent stay I never really felt at ease there: I never really felt moved by it. Even in the mornings, when the avenues were brisk with three-piece-suited young men and two-piece-suited young women, all bearing briefcases, and it was misty enough so that the red lights blinking at the apex of the Washington Monument enabled me to feel for it the fondness I'm inclined to feel for lighthouses, the city seemed to maintain its basic reserve—to keep its willed and formal distances intact.

In this mood, not disliking the city but not reluctant to leave it, either, I went along the Mall the other afternoon, before my flight home, looking for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial—I'd never seen it. The first thing I noticed was the crowd, which had a Midwestern look: young fathers with the chins of sleeping babies propped on their corduroy shoulders; young mothers with cameras slung loosely about their necks, with sneakers, sunglasses, and guidebooks, and with balloons straying along on strings. There was also a group of leggy young men in Georgetown T-shirts, shorts, and battered Nikes, walking single file toward the Memorial, one of them breaking ranks now and then and waltzing forward to tease the others, who had the self-absorbed nonchalance of long-distance runners cooling down. The wings of the Memorial were visible on either side, for it is shaped like a long, open hinge, its leaves

cut vertically into the ground, which descends very gradually toward the vertex, the effect as you come near being a little like facing a huge open book with black pages, just over ten feet high, that embrace you in a barely perceptible angle and slant away as gleaming walls for about eighty yards. Because the crowd was densest toward the center, I walked around and began at the tip of the wing to the east, where there was a long triangular wafer of polished black granite, apparently as thin as a mirror, set into the ground, its upper edge horizontal below a rim of grass, clipped short and golf-course-vibrant, and its lower, slanting edge met by grass and by paving stones that were somewhat uneven, like squares in an old quilt, and pleasant to walk on. The feeling wasn't as if the granite wafer had been set there, exactly, but more as if it had been exposed by some gentle falling away, some erosion that, without disturbing the grass above or below it, bared this odd and exact black shape—a triangle so attenuated that it managed to be at once as inevitable as bedrock and cunningly frail.

The vertical edge of the triangle was met by a quadrangle of the same black granite, which matched it and widened, its upper edge resolutely horizontal and its bottom declining, so that to follow the course of this second

shape I descended slightly, almost imperceptibly—the rim of grass now at my knees, now my thighs, as if I waded into water—reading as I went, for the long, long quadrangle bore lines of names. The names had, like any such list, a great, provocative power. A list is an excerpt from reality, pure data that haven't been tampered with, and as Americans we trust such excerpted reality, we almost instinctively treat it with seriousness—we like the propriety of sheer information. In a way, it's what we're at home with. A list seems to represent a face of reality which is, for once, candid and free of emotional clutter; it's a kind of virgin territory. In a way, we wish to believe that our own perceptions are sufficiently good, clear-eyed, and sound, that our interpretation of the data, not someone else's, is what matters, and the closer we are to the unmanipulated, undoc-tored source the better—the greater the likelihood that some truth will be obtained. This is democratic. It's American to distrust incantations and obscurities, to want to go straight to the heart of the matter. That, I thought, was partly why this list inscribed in black granite had such power: because in the nimble shifts of syllables, constantly compounded, in the rhythm of the names, first, middle, and last, first, middle, and last, and in the sparks the names struck from each other, the friction of inadvertently beautiful or deliberately composed sounds, there was a quiet, cumulative force, like that of long lines of poetry wavering out from some central, spurring sense of sorrow and continually retreating to it, carrying it forward another line, seeing it through another stanza of incised lines, and another, and a wall of them. I wanted to read them more deeply, to crack the code. I wanted to find the configuration that bound them, but the only configura-



tion, the only conceivable thing those names had in common, was death. They had been typeset from a computer tape of the official Vietnam casualty list.

I said them to myself. Nearly everyone facing the wall was saying the names, often aloud, confiding them to someone near, sometimes laughing, struck by something peculiar in a name, or reciting a single line of names several times, because of the way certain names fitted together; other people told how many names they'd found of those they'd known—counting them up, pleased to have found them, the way you can be pleased at locating on an unfamiliar map some place you know exists. There was a queer catharsis in this finding, queer because it opened into another sort of yearning, or maybe a yearning that simply was, and, by the finding of a name and the fraction of an instant of recognition, the eye's delight in reading what it knew, was made clear as something that would endure, that could not be eased by the finding of a name so much as thrown into relief by it, exposed. There seemed to be an almost irresistible impulse, when one found a name, to touch it, to stroke the length of the inscription, to impress upon the reflective black something as slight as the ghostly humidity of one's handprint; to

cover the name for a moment, to shield it, to make it private; to separate it for a moment from the locked vertical mass of the almost endless others. The number of the dead, in the mounting lines of inscriptions with rigid left-hand margin and ragged right-hand margin (this is reversed on the west wall: there the right-hand margin is the rigid one), was suddenly clear in a physical way, for you had to search among them, you had to pass by thousands of names to find one that meant something to you, and if you glanced away an instant you'd miss it, as surely as you'd miss a wedding ring on a beach; yet those names you passed by—skimmed in order to dismiss them or considered briefly for something out of the ordinary—worked on you as well, inflicting a steadily growing, almost subliminal pressure, which was your awareness of the uncannily great number and the irreducible singularity of the lives that had been lost. In the deep panels of polished black the readers were mirrored, their reflections facing them from the list of names, so that you could see yourself, in a sense, in among the dead, and realize what infinite freedom it was simply to move on from one panel to the next, to keep reading, while the dead were fixed, locked in place, locked in the order in which they had died—in with their friends, possibly, or with someone they

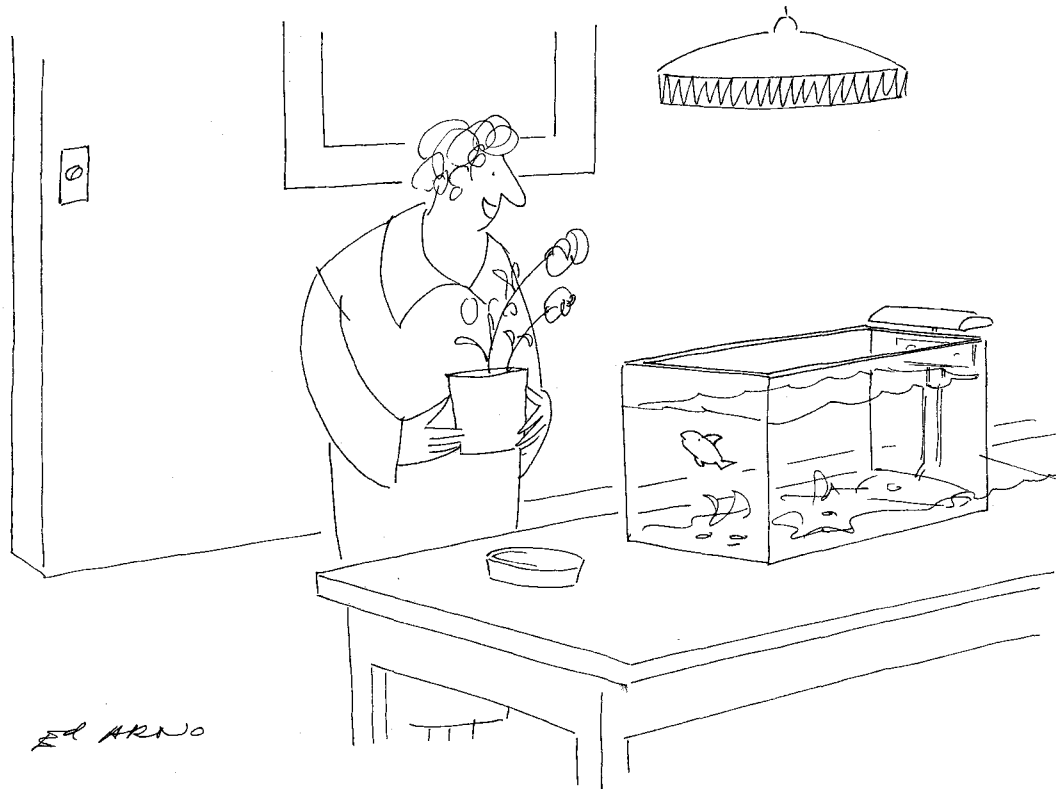
hadn't known who had happened to die on that same day, or on the next. The dead had a context: the names had been transcribed from the computer tape in chronological order, the order in which the deaths had occurred. There was for me something in the walls which was reminiscent of an archeological site in the Midwest that has a deep and rather dangerous shaft, its sides as rich and narcotic and cold as newly excavated coal, where things—bones and shards and slender projectile points of white quartz—are fixed in the order in which they were buried. One of the archeologists there had a habit of taking a freshly unearthed quartz point in his palm and licking it until it gleamed. Now his habit, which isn't at all unusual among archeologists, seemed to me to be, at its root, very like the impulse to touch or stroke a name inscribed on the Memorial's wall, once it had been found; it was the attempt to bring a bit of life back to life.

Nothing, really, kept me from returning to the world—only my desire to stay inside the flanking black walls until I had understood them, understood something. It was possible to hear the cries of a baseball game going on above, perhaps a quarter mile away, and there was an encompassing sunniness, a brilliance in the way the light came through the rim of tended grass above the granite, that caused a restlessness—luxury of the living. One woman knelt, with her Nikon, not two feet from the wall, and everyone backed away to give her room and quiet to concentrate. She was photographing a name in the granite just above the edge of the grass. When the camera clicked, she sighed. Huddled with the camera on her knees, she'd been holding her breath, as if the name could vanish.

• •

Intrusion

WHEN we heard last month that the Mercedes I, a five-hundred-ton Venezuelan freighter that crashed against the seawall of Mollie Wilmot's Palm Beach estate back in November, was about to be removed by a salvage crew,



"Fauna, meet flora!"

we decided to give Mrs. Wilmot a call. Mrs. Wilmot, who has a low, gravelly voice that sounds like Lauren Bacall's and rises with words such as "marvellous" and "totally," gave us the following report:

"I didn't hear the crash; there was a storm raging that night, and, besides, my bedroom doesn't face the ocean. My maid came in to wake me around nine that morning and told me there was a barge outside. The problem, you see, was that Slim Aarons, from *Town & Country*, was arriving to photograph the gazebo, and he wouldn't be able to do it with an old barge sitting there. When I saw the ship, I was absolutely struck. It was awesome. The Coast Guard and the police had been here for two or three hours. There were twelve crew members, plus the captain; the owner had abandoned the ship. The crew hadn't been paid;

nor had they been fed; and they didn't speak English. I gave them water and food, and had Cuban friends over to translate. The ship is a rust bucket; it never should have been on the seas to start with. The immigration authorities couldn't find any cargo aboard; they still don't know what the ship was doing in the area.

"It moved tremendously last night—a hundred and some feet. I think it was the media that got it moved, by covering the story constantly over the last three months. Every detail has been reported in the national news. Tom Brokaw, Dan Rather, and Peter Jennings covered it. It got a whole front page in the Sunday New York *Daily News*, which I believe is the largest-circulating Sunday newspaper in the country. Palm Beach became bored very quickly. My friends hardly mention it now. But New York, Paris, and London are infinitely more interested. I've just returned from Paris, where people were saying, 'My God, it's incredible!' In London, it was in the *Daily Mail*. Cable News Network

broadcast it to Japan. A friend of mine just returned from Tokyo and said, 'I was shaving one morning in my hotel room and the television was on, and there you were!' I suppose it's held the public interest because the situation is totally unique and totally bizarre. It's a glamorous house with a rust bucket sitting in front of it. There have been postcards, T-shirts, and chocolate boats with 'Mercedes' written on them. Everybody's been exceedingly supportive: the salvors, the police, the media—a group of totally nice people.

"Except for a total lack of privacy on the ocean side of the house, my life really hasn't changed. I went out of town for three weeks, and when I'm in Palm Beach I still go out as much. I just haven't invited people here. The house is infested with salvors, media, police; it's simply not conducive to entertaining. When the ship leaves, I'll have to meet with the engineers and the contractors, so that the house will be ready by the end of the season. In April, I'll go abroad, then to New York, where I have an apartment,

then on to Saratoga, for July and August. I have a house there, and I breed and raise horses. I haven't been able to see the ocean this season. Now I have better than half my view back, and it's marvellous. When the ship is finally gone, I'll breathe a sigh of relief. I'll have my beach back, and my pool back. I can finally lead a normal life again."

Honest Work

"I COULD be cynical, I really could," said Gary Epstein, whose business it is to clean cars with fine lotions and buffers and toothbrushes and Q-tips for a hundred and forty-five dollars a crack. "Sometimes when you're around people who have things you don't, like really nice cars, then a jealous thing can happen. But clean hearts make one less cynical. We work so hard on the cars that we start to care about their owners; there's no room for put-downs. It's a little Zen."

Epstein recently opened the East Coast branch of Steve's Detailing, a



"At ten-thirty, you have an appointment to get even with Ward Ingram. At twelve, you're going to get even with Holus Wentworth at lunch. At three, you're getting even with the Pro-Tech Company at their annual meeting. And at five you're going to get even with Fred Benton over drinks."

Newport Beach car wash that has prospered for twelve years. "Steve, the legendary Steve—he really exists, he's not just a legend," Epstein said as we stood in a damp Eleventh Avenue garage—his headquarters—watching his staff work over a good hundred grand worth of auto. "There are a lot of car guys out there in Southern California—guys who were raised with their heads under the hood of a Corvette. Steve was one, and he just figured out this technique for cleaning. It was big out there, and now it's big here. Philip Johnson came last week. Frank Stella—Frank Stella just tossed me his keys."

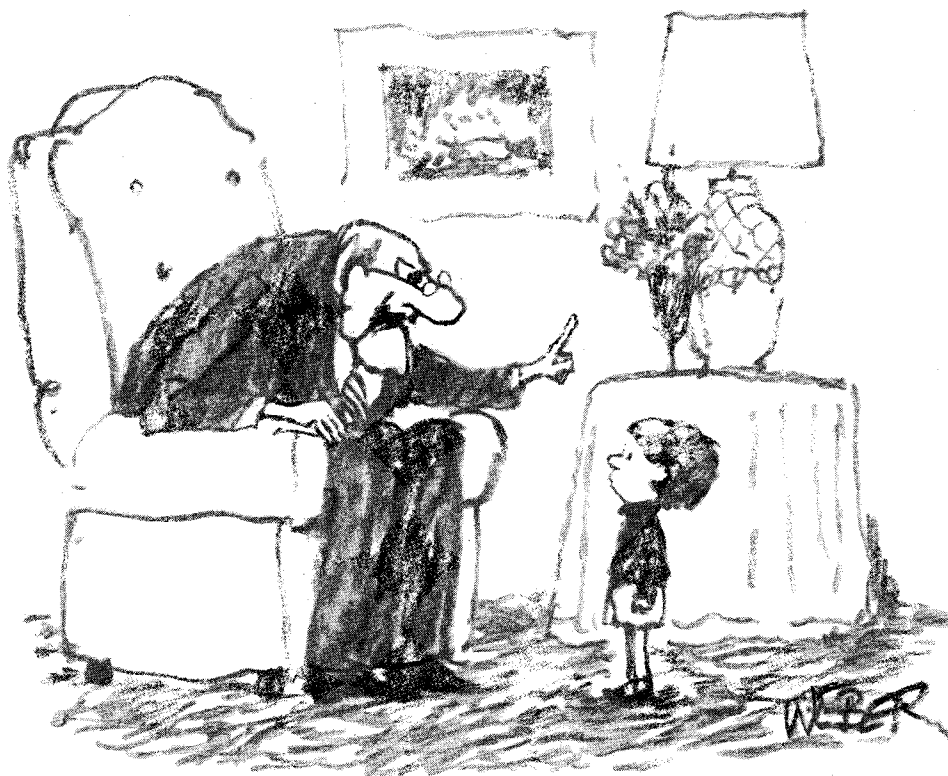
To really clean a car, you need to take a toothbrush to the wire wheel spokes (side to side, not up and down), and wrap a popsicle stick in a towel to get at the air-conditioner vents. "We hand-clean the engines. We oil the paint—it's like rubbing in a hair conditioner. The lustre—it just changes. It shines, shines, shines." After seven or eight hours of work, you have to inspect everything one last time. "That one piece of lint, that one strand of towel string on the driver's seat—it really takes the edge off," said Epstein, who used to be a Fulbright scholar. "Then the owner comes back. Mostly, it's people who have European cars—Teutonic cars, like BMWs. It used to be that rich people bought

Caddies, and traded them in every year or so. What's happened recently is that they've started buying Mercedeses and Alfa Romeos. Those cars were designed to last, so they take care of them. A guy with a thirty-five-thousand-dollar Jaguar—the whole thing now is to keep it ten years. You can understand it, too, once you've sat in these cars, even if it's only to drive them into the garage. You sit in that nice leather, turn on that stereo. The damn things are sweet. It's like if you go in a nice old hotel, even if it is overly ostentatious, you still have to be awed. And the car owners are great—at least, to us. It's like we're confidants, same as the old-time barber." The chat is nice, and the hundred and forty-five dollars is nice, but the shine brightens Epstein's eyes. "On a black or a dark-red car, once you've waxed it the big thing among car buffs is to take it out in the sun and look at the finish. If you haven't done it just right, you can see *swirls*. The mark of an expert—the mark of an expert is nothing."

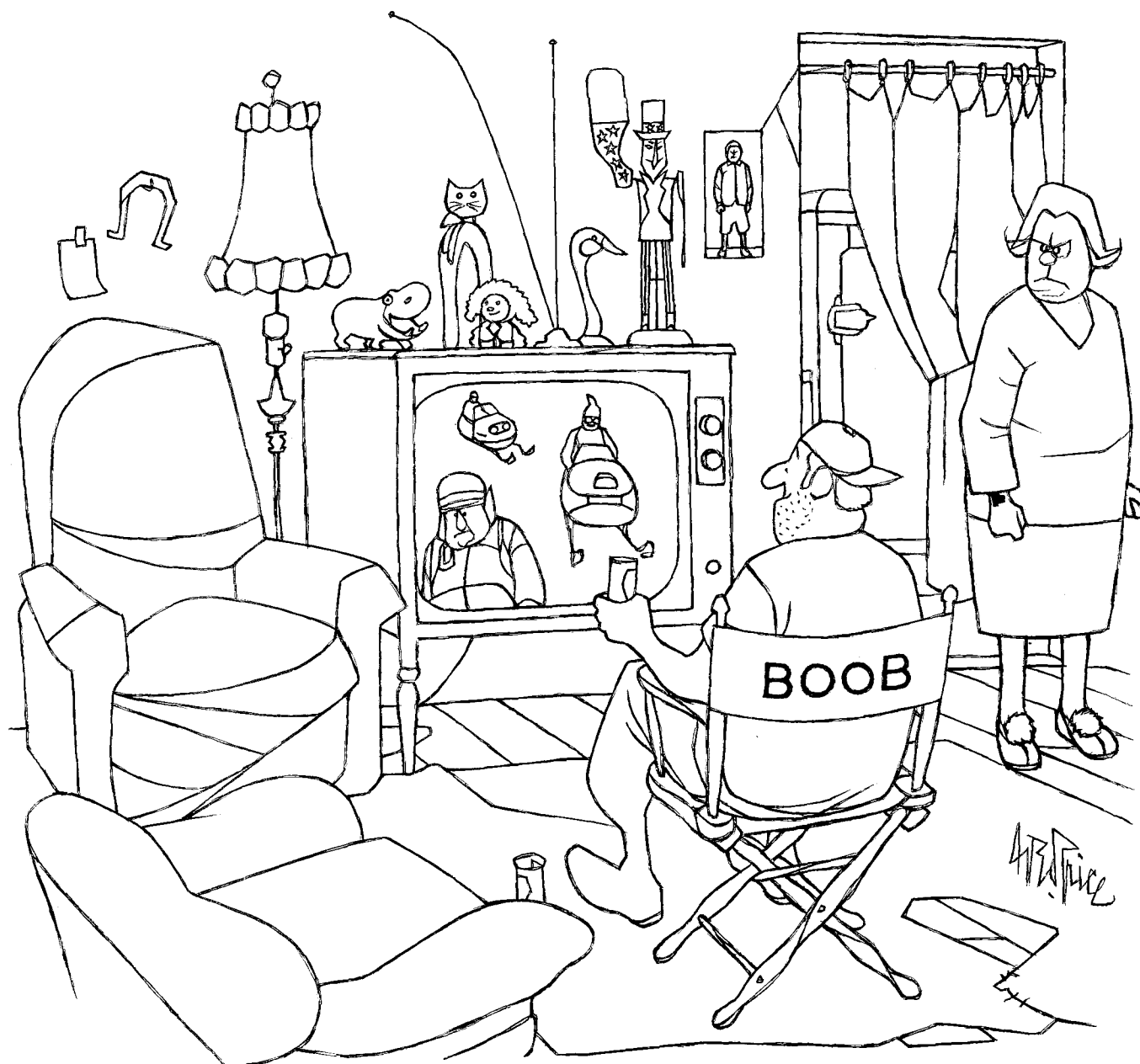
A SMILE on his face, David Barnhart sat in his second-story office in the Hudson River village of Cold Spring. Why the smile? (These are, after all, the nineteen-eighties.) Was it because a leader of a foreign

country had given him an airport hug? He hadn't been break-, or even slam-, dancing—his corduroy jacket would probably prevent him from *aerobicizing*, much less joining the hip-hop culture. He wasn't wearing jellybean shoes; he hadn't run a half marathon; he hadn't even cooked himself an *al-macho* meal, or been to electronic church. The incognoscenti hadn't asked him to dinner, and Volckernomics hadn't lined his pockets, and he wasn't driving a shiny new world car. On the other hand, no one was forcing him to watch rock-jocks play sandwich music, and he seemed healthy, even without resistance training. Perhaps he'd been inhaling trimix, or driving himself to new planes of ecstasy with a touch tablet, or using a transaction card to take lots of money from the bank. But that's not what he said. What he said was "Rail gun"—twice, loudly. "I read the *Times* today because there was an article on 'Star Wars' technology. And they used the term 'rail gun,' which also appeared in a *Time* article. That's a fair amount of exposure, right there. A rail gun is a device for destroying warheads, and it's not in the dictionaries—not even the dictionaries that specialize in new words. A good term like 'rail gun,' or 'pop-up defense,' which was also in the *Time* article, makes me feel wonderful. It's what the *Companion* is here for."

The *Companion*—The Barnhart Dictionary *Companion*—comes out four times a year; each issue contains over two hundred certified new words, every one of them defined and used in an example. Four researchers scan American, Canadian, British, and occasionally Australian and South African newspapers and magazines; a woman upstairs watches Phil Donahue and writes down unfamiliar words; and Barnhart listens. "I guess I'd heard the expression 'on a roll,' but it hadn't really piqued my interest—I guess I was occupied with other problems," Barnhart said. "Then, one day, I was sitting in the local luncheonette eating a doughnut, and a trucker in a back booth exclaimed in a loud voice to the group that was with him that he couldn't dawdle over coffee because he was 'on a roll.' Hmmmm, I thought—the pun that came to my mind had to do with seeded or onion rolls. But I came back to the office and plugged it into Nexis, and in ninety seconds I had a hundred and fifty examples." Nexis, an information-retrieval ser-



"You're young. That's an advantage."



vice, can find any word in any article in any of a hundred and thirty publications it surveys. If you type in 'doll-eyes reflex,' it types back out all the stories that have appeared talking about the involuntary turning of an infant's eyes upward or downward when it is moved from a horizontal position to a vertical position or vice versa. Barnhart then decides if the word is worthy of the *Companion*, checks dozens of dictionaries he has in his office to make sure it's not an old word wearing the cheap glitter of novelty, and then writes the definition. It is hard work, but more fun than marketing the books his small company has published. ("I brought out a book on how to read Russian if you only read English. Be-

ing involved with the Olympic canoe movement, I thought this might be a great item for the athletes to take with them to Moscow. But since the boycott it's sold pretty slowly.") Anyway, dictionaries run in the family. Barnhart's father, Clarence, who thought up the *Companion* and helps write it, edited a number of dictionaries over the years, including several that bore his name. "And during the Second World War he did a dictionary for the War Department, of military terms. He had an entire boxcar full of citation slips, and it just got lost. It was traced to Kansas somewhere, but that was that."

The new-word game isn't all sweetness and Z particles, though. "Sometimes I've been kind of disappointed in some of my words—they didn't de-

velop as I had hoped," Barnhart said. "The innovation that doesn't answer some social need doesn't get accepted—that's really the windmill I'm tilting at. Something like 'Star Wars'—when I first heard it, I thought, Is this really going to take, or is it going to be one of those terms, like 'build-down,' that never quite get there? 'Build-down'—that was something else they were going to do with nuclear weapons. You can sit here with your finger on the pulse and say 'I like it'—and I really did like 'build-down'—and then it's gone. Though who's to say there's not some Pepys in New York City right now, writing his diary? Perhaps it will be discovered fifty years from now and revive 'build-down.' Or 'sky marshal.'"

madman. In the beginning, he used to receive a lot of mail, but he answered no one, and after a while the mailman brought him only one letter a month—the money order for his pension.

"There was a grocery store close to the duke's house. The owner, Mendel, and his wife, Baila Gitl, had become quite familiar with the duke. They provided him with everything he needed—even things that could not ordinarily be found in a grocery store, such as ink, steel pens, writing paper, wine, vodka, tobacco. Baila Gitl noticed that Antosha was ordering more food than two people could eat. On one trip, she would buy three pounds of butter and ten dozen eggs. She was keeping food so long that it became rotten and had to be thrown out. The duke complained to Baila Gitl that Antosha attracted mice and vermin into the house. Baila Gitl advised him to get rid of her and find a maid with more sense, but the duke said, 'I cannot do this to her. She might be jealous.' Apparently, he was living with this simpleton. I shouldn't sin with my words, but a man doesn't need a woman with intelligence. All he needs, you should excuse me, is a piece of flesh."

"Don't say this, Genendel!" Chaya Riva, a neighbor, cried out. "Not all men are the same."

"Huh? They are all the same," Genendel said. "There was a rabbi in Lublin who was called the Iron Head. He was a great scholar and learned in the Torah, but his wife, the rebbetzin, could not even read the prayer book. On the Sabbath and on holidays, a woman had to recite the prayers to her. All the rebbetzin could do was say 'Amen.'"

"Why didn't her husband teach her?" Chaya Riva asked.

"Nu, who knows? Now the real story begins. The duke tried to explain to Antosha that some food cannot be kept for weeks and months. But the peasant could not grasp this. She would sweep up the rubbish and leave it lying for days in the corner where the broom stood. Baila Gitl often saw the duke himself taking the garbage out to the rubbish pit. This Antosha was like Yussel in the Golem story. If they told him to bring water from the well, he brought so much water that it flooded the entire house. Antosha couldn't cook, either. She oversalted a dish or she forgot to salt it altogether. It got to the point where



*"Of course, all my most exciting trips
have been right up here."*

the duke would put on an apron and cook his own meal. How can a man of such high birth fall so low? He was a scholar, always reading books or writing. He was so absorbed in his own thoughts he would sometimes let the milk boil over and the meat burn.

"Baila Gitl lived in an apartment over the store, and from there she could see all the goings on with her own eyes. She tried to teach Antosha to keep house, but it was in vain. Antosha would only say, 'Yes, yes, yes, dear mistress, I will do everything you teach me.' She wept and kissed Baila Gitl's hand, but she could never learn a thing."

"A blockhead, huh?" Chaya Riva asked.

"Silly and stubborn," Genendel answered.

"She probably gave him a lot of pleasure in bed," Chaya Riva said.

AUNT GENENDEL seemed embarrassed. "What can a female do more than she does? One way or another, things became worse with time. The duke began to complain to Baila Gitl that he suffered stomach pains from Antosha's cooking. A few times, Baila Gitl brought him a dish of grits or chicken broth and he ate in silence. Once, he said to her, 'On account of a foolish suspicion, I killed a friend. From sorrow and shame my wife passed away. I sinned, and here I must pay for my sin.' Later, when Baila Gitl recounted this story to her

friends, she would say, 'A Gentile penitent—who has ever heard of such a thing?'

"Now, listen to this. Antosha had never learned to use matches. She would light a match, forget to blow it out, then throw it right on the floor or into the garbage bucket. A few times the rubbish went up in flames. This could have started a terrible fire, but the duke happened to notice, and extinguished the flames. Many times he warned Antosha that she must blow out a match before she threw it away, but each time she forgot anew. In the half-ruined hut where Antosha had lived before, there was no wooden floor, just earth, and nothing could catch fire there.

"The duke had brought books and various papers from Russia. It seemed that he was writing a book. In the evening he wrote by a kerosene lamp with a green shade. Once, late at night, when the duke was sitting and writing, he heard a scream, and when he looked up he saw that the kitchen was on fire. It was too late to try and put the flames out with a pail of water, because the entire building was burning. Antosha had thrown a lit match into the refuse and then had taken a nap. When she awoke, she saw the blaze and apparently threw herself over the flames, and her dress caught fire. The duke rushed into the kitchen, lifted Antosha in his arms, and ran outside with her. His housecoat was also ablaze. Both of them would have burned to a crisp, but there was a drainage ditch nearby, and it had rained earlier. The duke threw Antosha and himself into the ditch. Thus, Antosha remained alive, but without hair and practically without a face. The duke was also burned, but not as severely as she. He had enough strength to call for help, and Baila Gitl heard his cry and woke her husband. Had the fire gone on a bit longer, Baila Gitl's house and the store and possibly the entire street would have gone up in smoke. By the time the firemen were awakened and had come with their old hoses and half-filled barrels of water, nothing was left of the duke's property but a heap of ashes."

AUNT GENENDEL nodded and blew her nose. She wiped her brass-rimmed glasses with her handkerchief and went on. "The colonel had long since left town. His regiment had been transferred even closer to the Austrian border, near the River San. But

THE LOOSE SHUTTER

All night the loose shutter bangs. This way it won't last
Till morning. Something now bangs in my head. The past
Bangs in my head, hinges rust, hasps rip, all
The slotted crosspieces split. In the morning I'll call

The outfit that used to specialize in such matters
But now always bungles a job, mad as hatters,
For few are expert in repairing old jobs these days,
And the past seems to get out of order a thousand new ways,

And who now plays the decrepit piano downstairs
While the frisky old skeletons scuffle at Musical Chairs,
With old silk and broadcloth in tatters, and sex a debate?
But the party's now over. The last cab horse stamps at the gate.

If that goddam shutter stopped banging, I'd undertake
At least some amateur readjustments, and make
The great banging stop inside my head, and set
Certain matters to rights that now perpetually get

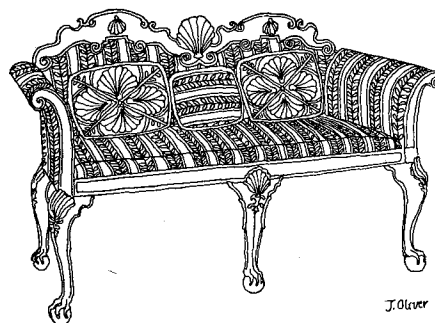
All sequences tangled, wear false faces, deny
All that happened—how at the orgasmic shudder's choked cry
Once ecstasy named the wrong name. The shutter goes *bang*.
What voice? What name? By what thin thread does the past hang?

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

the remaining soldiers had a sort of makeshift hospital, which consisted of one room with three beds, and there the duke took Antosha—a bundle of burned flesh, a sack of bones. She was neither alive nor dead. The military doctor, an old drunk, suggested they smear her with fat, but as they applied the grease her skin peeled off like an onion's. She had become as black as pitch, almost a skeleton. But as long as one breathes one is still alive. In comparison with her, the duke got off lightly, but not entirely. His beard was singed and would never grow back. Blisters covered his hands and forehead. Antosha was completely at fault, but still he worried only about her recovery. He pleaded with the doctor to save her. The doctor said openly, 'She will not last long.' Antosha could not speak but squeaked like a mouse. She also became blind.

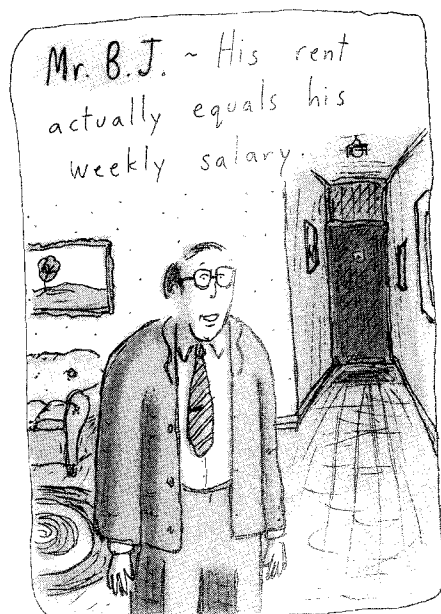
"Meanwhile, the news of this calamity reached St. Petersburg, and it

created a commotion. People there had already forgotten about the exiled duke, but when they heard that he lay sick in some remote village in Poland and was left without a shirt on his back it aroused compassion among his former friends. The news reached the Czar (not the present Czar but his father), and he decreed that the duke should be brought back to Russia. The Czar sent a doctor and a male nurse, and asked that the governor of Lublin be notified. The event was written about in the newspapers. Reporters came and asked the townspeople a lot of questions: How did the duke live? With whom did he have dealings? This, that. The local Russians were hostile to the duke, because he had avoided them. The Poles certainly didn't have a good word to say about a Russian. But the Jews praised him. He had given charity to the poor and to the sick in the poorhouse. An entire group of officials arrived in town. The Czar had demanded that the exiled duke be sent home in style. They all knew quite well that he had a common mistress, a Polish maid who now wrangled with death, but, of course, they didn't give a hoot about her. They prepared a coach for him with eight horses. The entourage was to travel to Lublin and from there in a special railway car to St. Petersburg. But the Russians had, as they say, made their plans without the boss.



J. Oliver

GUY WONDERS



R. Chrost

The duke insisted that he could not leave without Antosha."

"He was still in love with her, huh?" Chaya Riva asked.

"Dazzled," Aunt Genendel answered.

"How can an important man care about a creature like her?" another neighbor asked.

"People in love are half insane," Genendel replied.

"What happened then?" Chaya Riva asked.

Aunt Genendel rubbed her forehead. "I forget where I was—you shouldn't have interrupted me. Yes, the officials were indignant. How could they bring her to St. Petersburg? Besides, she was at the threshold of death. They waited for her to die, but many days passed, and she lived. Woe to such a life! After many arguments, the officials lost their patience. They sent a telegram to St. Petersburg saying that the defiant duke was no longer in his right mind, and the answer came back that they should leave him where he was.

"Now, listen to this. The morning after the Russians left, the duke went to the Orthodox priest and asked him to marry him and Antosha. The priest couldn't believe his ears. 'Marry you? She is as good as a corpse!' he cried out. And the duke answered, 'According to the law, one is allowed to marry a person as long as he or she breathes.'

"I will not keep you much longer.

The duke bought a wedding gown for Antosha and dragged the sick woman out of bed. Two soldiers carried her on a stretcher to the Orthodox church, the *tserkov*. The entire town—Jews and Gentiles both—came to stare at the bizarre wedding. People expected the bride to expire before the ceremony began, but somehow she lived. I doubt whether she knew what they were doing to her. The Polish priest contended that she was Catholic, not Orthodox, and that the Russian didn't have the right to marry her in their ritual. But the Russians were in power, not the Poles. The bells rang, the organ played, a Russian choir sang, and the groom stood there in a borrowed uniform and with a seared-off beard. Only his sword and a medal had been saved from the fire.

THREE days after the wedding, Antosha finally gave up her soul. It was a victory for the Poles that she was buried in the Polish cemetery, not in the Russian one. A few months later, the duke caught pneumonia and he, too, passed on. In his will he asked to be buried next to Antosha, but the authorities would not permit this. A dispatch came from St. Petersburg, ordering that the duke be buried with military honors. The governor of Lublin came to the funeral, the orchestra played, an old cannon was found and salutes were fired. You will not believe me, but the Jews had recited Psalms when the duke was sick. The rabbi

said that in his way the duke was like a saint."

Aunt Genendel blew her nose, and wiped a tear with the edge of her shawl. "Why do I tell you all this? To show that a maid is not something to brush off with a wave of the hand. In olden times, maids were concubines to their masters. Even today, when a man is left without a wife the maid often acts as the wife. I know a story about a rabbi who fell in love with his maid and married her when he became a widower—he an old man of seventy with a white beard and she a wench of fourteen, the daughter of a water carrier."

"The town allowed this?" Chaya Riva asked.

"The elders were so furious that they exiled both of them one Friday on a cart drawn by oxen," Genendel said.

"Why by oxen?" Chaya Riva asked.

Aunt Genendel thought for a while. "Because oxen move slowly, and before this lovesick pair could reach an inhabited place the sun would have set and they would have to make the Sabbath in the middle of the road."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by Dvorah Menashe.)

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From a film review of "The Natural" in the Cambridge (England) Town Crier]

Robert Redford stars as a natural cricketer in this hugely successful release from the new studio, USA.

ONE WHOLE DAY

KATE and Peter are watching "Entertainment Tonight" on television. Peter is holding their baby, Sam, trying to get him to look at Rod Stewart on the screen. Sam is looking at a pom-pom on the front of his pajamas instead. Rod Stewart announces that Jeff Beck will be playing with him on the upcoming tour. It's true that he and Jeff were not the best of friends when they last played together, Rod says, but they've both grown up a lot since then, and things change.

"Amazing," Peter says to Kate. "Did you hear that? That's practically a miracle. You know what that means? It means anything's possible."

Kate can't remember who Jeff Beck is. The name is familiar, but no face comes to mind. If Peter were in a better mood, she might ask him, "What instrument does he play again?" But Kate and Peter are breaking up, and they are both crabby. Peter is leaving for California tomorrow, and this afternoon Kate accidentally put his denim jacket in with the dirty clothes she

took to the laundry. Peter had to go to Mr. Chu's and ask to get the jacket back, so he could take it to California. After that, he barely spoke to Kate until Rod Stewart came on. Since it is their last day together, Kate doesn't want to risk irritating him again by asking about Jeff Beck.

Peter puts his suitcases and shoulder bag next to the front door before they go to bed. Then he reads a book on cabinetmaking, while Kate pretends to sleep. Before long, the baby starts to fuss. Peter picks Sam up right away and walks around the living room with him, a floorboard creaking every few minutes. Peter is saying something. Kate strains to hear him. He is saying, "Hey there, tiger. Hey there, tiger."

The next morning, at eight-ten, Peter says, "I guess I better go," kisses Kate and Sam, and picks up his suitcases. Kate holds the apartment door open for him, then runs ahead down the stairs to get the front door. When she comes back upstairs, she changes the baby and feeds him. Now that Peter is gone, the apartment seems

too quiet, as if a background noise—a vacuum cleaner or a fan—had been switched off as he left.

THIS is the first whole day that Kate has had to take care of Sam by herself. During the two months since the baby was born, even though Kate did most of the work, at least Peter had been around to help. Every morning, he strapped the Snugli pack to his chest and took Sam out for a walk to the newsstand, where he bought cigarettes and a paper. That was when Kate always took her shower. Now she will have to put the bassinet by the bathroom door, so she can hear him over the water. One of the things she has to figure out is how she will get the groceries up the stairs while she's carrying the baby, not to mention how she will support him if she can't get any acting jobs right away.

The reason Peter has gone to California is that he hasn't had a commission in over a year. He makes wind sculpture. He thinks he might have better luck out West, where there are a lot of gardens and rich people. His last piece was a large sculpture for a department store, which featured it on the cover of a mail-order catalogue. Kate and Peter were sure that this would be his big break.

Right after that, Kate got a McDonald's commercial, followed by one for Kodak. She thought, Now it will be even; now I am successful, too. Then for six months she had a medium-sized role on the daytime soap opera "City of Dreams." Even when she was pregnant, she got a couple of commercials. When she has her figure back, her agent is going to push for soaps.

Peter's piece didn't lead to anything, and he hasn't made any new sculpture in a long time. Peter has always had trouble deciding what to do about his career. He doesn't know if he should give up trying to be an artist and concentrate on building furniture and making a living, or give everything he's got to his sculpture and resign himself to being broke for a while. For the past year, he has been bartending.

When they first started living together, six years ago, Peter wanted to be with Kate all the time and to tell her everything he was doing, everything he thought. He was in art school then, and sometimes he used things Kate said as ideas for his work. Once, Kate said she wondered at what age



"Do you have any other qualifications?"

people stop making a loud noise when they cry. She and Peter were waiting for a bus, watching a mother try to distract her crying baby. "When do kids stop saying 'Waaaa' and start sobbing quietly?" she said. About a week later, Peter made his first wind sculpture. It was two rusted, interlocking iron hoops and a triangular fin mounted on a rod that was connected to a tripod. In the wind, the hoops spun, making a low, metallic, scraping sound. "It's called 'For Crying Out Loud,'" Peter said, after he'd set it up on Kate's roof. "Do you get it? The circles are the mouth, and the sound it makes is the cry. It was your idea, really." Back then, Kate used to try to think of things that she might one day dislike about him, but she could never come up with any.

They were married three years ago, while on a trip across the country. They hadn't planned it, but when they got to Las Vegas and saw all those ridiculous wedding chapels it seemed like the thing to do. They'd had an argument at breakfast about whether to go to Reno or to head straight for San Francisco. Finally, Kate said, "O.K., we'll do what you want, as usual," and got up from the table to pay the check. When she came back to leave the tip, Peter had drawn a cartoon of the two of them on his placemat: Kate with her arms crossed, frowning, and Peter on his knees saying, "Marry me, darling."

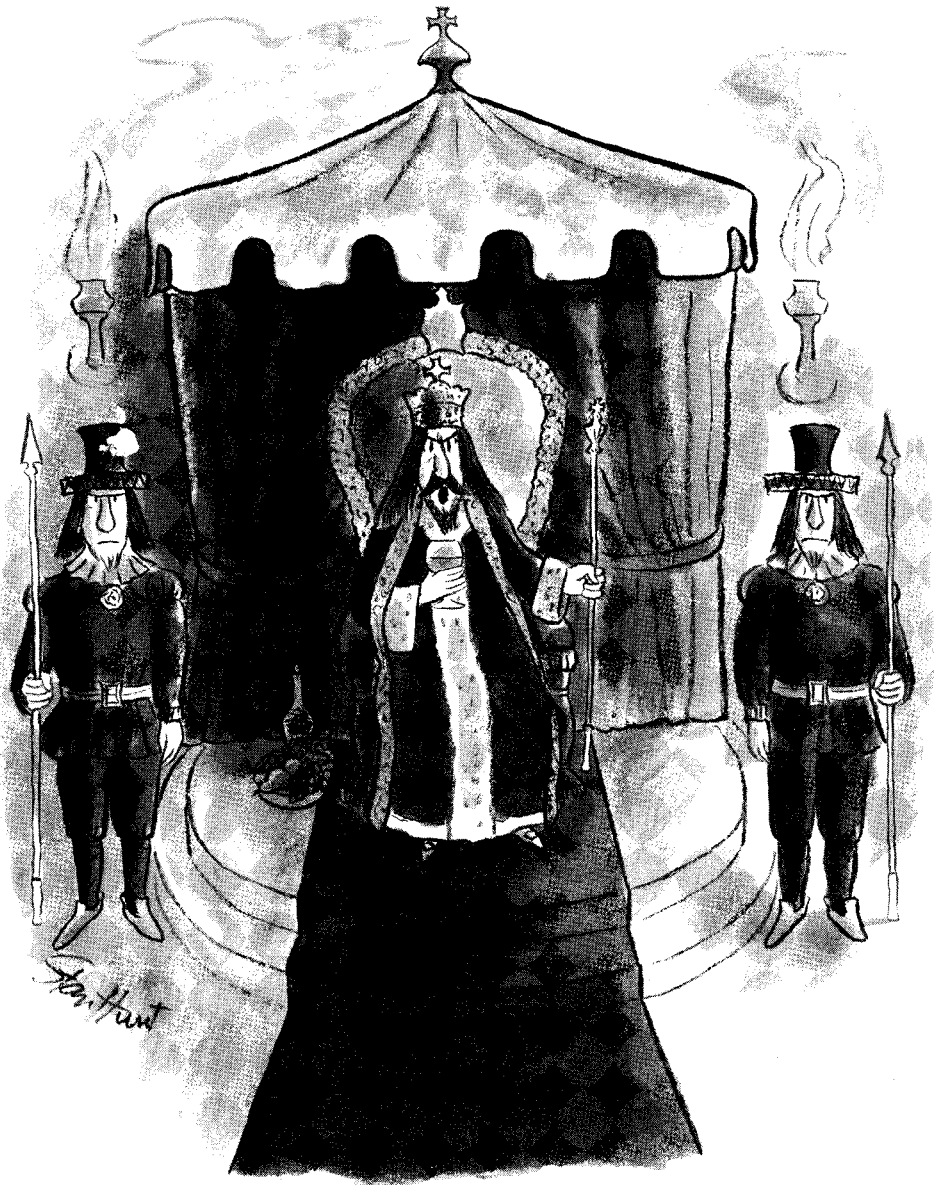
Kate put the money on the table and said, "Do you really want to?"

Peter said, "Do you?"

They spent the next fifteen minutes asking each other, back and forth, until the waitress came over and said, "Listen, if you kids don't want anything else, I have other people waiting for this table." Out in the parking lot, they decided to do it.

Sometimes Kate thinks Peter just drew the cartoon to make up with her, that he had no intention of actually getting married.

FOR almost as long as they'd been married, Peter had been trying to decide whether or not to leave. Sometimes he said that he just wanted to get away by himself for a few weeks to get some work done, that he couldn't concentrate with Kate around all the time. Recently, he had been saying, "If I feel like staying up all night banging on a piece of stainless steel, I don't want to have to worry about waking the baby." Kate suggested that



"Just who in the hell do I think I am, anyway?"

he rent a work space—she would even give him the money. Then he would say, "You don't understand anything I'm saying."

Peter left Kate once before, when he went to a three-month sculpture workshop in North Carolina. He put all his things in storage first, so that he wouldn't have to come back to their apartment. Then the day the workshop ended, he called and said, "What am I doing? I love you. I'm coming home, O.K.?"

Kate said, "O.K." Since then, she has thought, If I had said no, I'd be all recovered by now. I would have been depressed for a while, then I would have been mad at him, then eventually I would have started to feel better.

Last summer, at about the time that Peter said he really was going to leave and Kate finally admitted to herself that they weren't going to make it, she found out she was pregnant. At first, it seemed like the worst possible timing. But Kate had always wanted to have a baby. She thought if she didn't go through with it now, she might not get another chance. When she told Peter, he said he'd stay a few more months, to make sure she was all right. Then he decided to stay through the birth.

Months later, on the bus, on the way home from their third Lamaze class, Peter said, "Maybe we should have a backup coach, in case I want to leave before the kid is born."

Kate stood up and, hanging on to a

pole with one hand, the other hand across her big stomach, said loudly to Peter, "You are a useless coward." She got off the bus at the next stop and took a cab home.

The next day, Kate heard Peter tell someone on the phone that he was really looking forward to the birth and to doing his share. Kate knew that he only said it for her to hear and because he felt guilty. But she didn't care what his motives were; she was just relieved that she wouldn't have to have the baby alone.

As it turned out, Peter helped a lot during the delivery—getting her to concentrate on breathing when the pain got so bad she felt she couldn't possibly think of anything else, wiping her face with a cool cloth, even brushing her sweaty hair back into a tight ponytail at one point. When the doctor

said the baby was a boy, she caught herself thinking, That's good; Peter will like a boy. Maybe he will stay.

When Sam was a few days old, Peter said he thought he'd stick around, after all. "Who knows?" he said. "I might be a great dad." Sam is now two months old, and Peter is gone. "Look," he said last week, "I admit it's immature, but what can I do?" After that, they didn't talk about it anymore.

KATE plans not to get too sad about Peter being gone. She's made a list of rules to fend off depression: Don't turn on the TV during the day unless another adult is present; make a date to see at least one friend every day; don't eat junk food except after a respectable meal; don't stay up after eleven-thirty or in bed after eight; and

don't play any records older than Prince's "1999" for the next few months. This morning, she is going to clean the apartment so that later she won't come across Peter's magazines and wadded-up clothes and feel sad.

She starts in the bathroom. She takes Peter's dirty ashtray from the windowsill. Ever since Kate was pregnant, he has smoked sitting on the toilet lid, blowing the smoke out the window, because Kate read that inhaling other people's smoke is almost as bad for you as smoking your own cigarettes. She puts the ashtray in the bathtub and turns on the faucet hard to blast it clean. Then she turns off the water, shakes out the ashtray, and puts it back on the sill. Next, she pulls Peter's towels off the bar and dumps them into the hamper. She checks the cabinet for Peter's old combs, medicine, and razors, and throws them all in the wastebasket. Then she cleans the mirror with Windex and the bathtub with Ajax.

She gets one of the stereo speaker cartons out of the closet and tours the apartment looking for Peter's leftover stuff. She throws in three art magazines she finds in the living room, a pair of running shoes that she drags out from under the couch, and some books and papers that she finds near the phone and on top of the TV. From the closet, she pulls out a bunch of Peter's coats and jackets, then spreads out her own clothes to take up the space.

Kate goes to the living room to see if the baby is still sleeping. He is. She sits down on the floor next to the bassinet to rest. She wishes the baby would wake up; she would like to have someone to talk to.

Then Kate remembers that she has to change the message on the answering machine. At the moment, it has Peter's voice saying, "Peter Ricco and Katherine Blum are out right now. Please leave your message after the tone." She wants her message to sound cheerful, to say that she's alone and she's doing just fine. She writes down what she wants to say: "Hello. I'm out right now. Please leave your name and number after the tone, and I'll get right back to you." She practices saying this, then changes "Hello" to "Hi" and puts "Thank you" at the end.

Before she speaks, she clears her throat and, for a moment, thinks of herself as Joanne, the character she played on "City of Dreams." In the scene that Kate is thinking about,



"No, I would not welcome a contrasting point of view."

Joanne is "radiant," according to the script. Kate reads the message, but when she plays it back it sounds fake. Maybe radiant is a bit strong for an answering-machine tape. She tries the message again but blows the lines and has to start over. Finally, she thinks she's got it right.

The baby is awake, and Kate changes him. It is almost noon—time for "City of Dreams." Her next-door neighbor, Ernie, will be watching. Sometimes Kate and Ernie watch together. Ernie is a free-lance graphic designer and a workaholic. He takes one break during the day, to watch the soap opera. The day before yesterday, though, Kate told him Peter was leaving, and Ernie said maybe he'd take the afternoon off today to hang out with her. Kate puts enough diapers and

clothes for the whole afternoon into a bag. She makes herself an egg-salad sandwich to eat at Ernie's. Then for some reason she finds herself hurrying, as if the apartment were about to burst into flames. She wants to get out of here right away. The baby has probably sensed her panic, because he starts to cry a little. She'll feed him when she gets to Ernie's.

When she knocks on his door, Ernie starts singing the "City of Dreams" theme song. He opens the door and says, "Hi, kid," stroking Sam's cheek lightly with his finger. Sam makes a one-syllable sound that is between a cough and a whimper and turns his head away. "Same to you, pal," Ernie says.

Ernie and Kate went to the same high school. They met again a few years ago when, by a fluke, Ernie moved into the apartment next door. Kate couldn't quite remember him from high school until Ernie showed her his yearbook picture. He'd been fat then and looked a lot different. What she remembered about him was Ernie at the senior barbecue, standing on the roof of his mother's yellow Impala belting out the Kinks' song "Lola"—



"How come you never revel in anything, Ellsworth?"

the one about the guy who falls in love with a transvestite. Ernie was holding a bottle of cold duck in one hand and a hot dog in the other. He was making serious dents in his mother's car. He was wearing a shirt made out of Indian-bedsprad material; it had belled sleeves. Kate has sometimes wondered if he chose that particular song because he had some idea, even that long ago, that he was gay. But Ernie says he didn't know for sure until five years ago, when he fell in love with a boy who sold him a half pound of herbed brie in Macy's Cellar. If the senior barbecue had been on a TV show or in a movie, Ernie's choice of song would have meant something. Since it was real life, though, he probably just picked it because it was on the radio a lot then. Ernie is thin now, because he lifts weights all the time.

Kate settles herself in front of the TV. She unbuttons her shirt to feed Sam, then takes a bite of her sandwich. Ernie brings a bowl of Rice Chex and a Diet 7UP for himself. He takes hold of Sam's foot in its tiny white sock and rubs it with his thumb. Ernie once told Kate he would like to have a child of his own but won't, not only because

he's gay but also because he doesn't want to worry about setting a good example. "Besides," he said, "having a friend with a child is a lot easier and saves wear and tear on the furniture."

Ernie has spells when he doesn't want to see anybody. Sometimes when Kate knocks, he suddenly gets very quiet in his apartment and pretends he's not home. Other times, he opens his door about an inch and says, "Yes?" as if she were a weirdo trying to convert him to some religion, instead of just his next-door neighbor. It's hard for Kate to tell when he's going to slip into his remote mode.

Kate never saw Ernie when she was with Peter, because they don't like each other. Ernie thinks Peter is selfish and childish. Once, Kate made the mistake of asking Ernie for suggestions for Peter's birthday present. Ernie said, "How about a train set? No? A cowboy outfit, then. A pogo stick?"

"Ernie, please," said Kate. "He's my husband."

"Don't snap at me," said Ernie. "You made that mistake all by yourself."

Turning on the TV, Ernie says,

"Today, I think Veronica and Jake are finally going to make it into the sack." When she was on the show, Ernie kept trying to make Kate tell him what was going to happen. The main reason he likes to watch is to guess the plot. Today on "City of Dreams," Dawn's race horse has been drugged so that he is unfit for the big race. Dawn's mother, Veronica, tries to talk her other daughter, Amber, out of her depression over losing Brian. During a commercial, Kate tells Ernie that in the restaurant scenes the extras don't really talk; they just move their mouths. In the last segment of the show, Veronica and Jake meet secretly at a hotel. Ernie, holding his 7UP bottle, does a little dance next to the TV because his prediction has come true.

When the show is over, Kate puts the baby on a blanket on the floor to change him again. She is afraid that Ernie has forgotten about today, or that he has decided to stay home and work, after all.

"O.K.," says Ernie. "To hell with my career. Want to go on the Staten Island ferry? Then we can go to the movies."

"I thought you'd never ask," she says. Kate is relieved that she doesn't have to go back to the apartment yet. She puts all the baby stuff back into the bag.

The ferry is not crowded, because it is the middle of the day and not very warm. Before the boat starts, Kate opens the bag and puts a sweater and a hat on Sam. It looks like a blue tennis hat and has a row of ducks marching around the crown. Unfortunately, it's too big for Sam and keeps sliding off the back of his head. Sam is oblivious. He has his face all scrunched up, because he is trying to get his fist into his mouth and his sweater sleeve has dropped down over it. The feel of the sweater instead of his hand against his mouth is making him upset. Ernie is laughing at him and tying a knot in the elastic to keep the hat on; Kate frees his hand from the sweater. As the boat pulls away from the dock, Kate says to Ernie, "Would you hold him a minute?" Her shoulders are already aching, just from the trip downtown. Kate passes the Snugli and Sam to him.

"We're going to be up front," says Ernie when he's got Sam settled. Ernie sets off while Kate is closing the bag.

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY, LOOKING THROUGH A TELESCOPE AT JUPITER

From the roof of the Good Earth restaurant,
You peer through a telescope at the rims of stars,

Your disembodied gaze gymnastic in the dark.
Throngs of antennas stand or sit near the balustrades,

Joints chirping in the breeze as there—
In the lull of middle space—Copernicus mugs for the camera,

His face a knit of chemicals, and through it
You think you can see the moons, unimaginably apart

But synchronized, swathed in ammonia, listening to the radio
They call Mother. Below, terrestrial waiters

Are ticking around the dining room, their luminous jackets
Eclipsed by dancers, cups and saucers aloft.

And so entwined by the double music of the spheres—
Lyrics down here, melody up there—with your telescope

Lifted rifle-high at heaven or thereabout,
You begin to sweet-talk the angels down to earth,

Back into the bodies that you know,
That tell you nothing.

—VICKIE KARP

When she catches up with them, Ernie is holding the sides of his jacket out to shield the baby from the wind. He is explaining to Sam what a tugboat is. At the moment, Sam couldn't see the tugboat if he tried; he could only see the inside of the Snugli or maybe a little of Ernie's shirt pocket. When they get to Staten Island, Kate and Ernie watch a wave of people hurry off the boat. Another wave takes their place, and in a few minutes the boat lumbers back toward the city. Kate and Ernie walk to the other end of the boat, which is now the front. On the return trip, Ernie tells Sam that the World Trade Towers are not the tallest buildings in the world. Kate pretends that the three of them are a family, tourists visiting New York for the first time. As the boat is docking, Ernie suddenly hands Sam to Kate, saying sharply, "Take

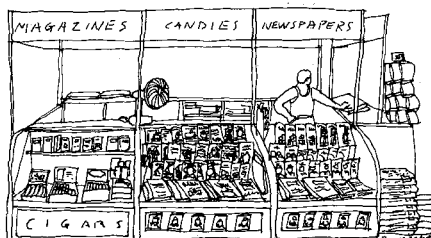
him. I think I see someone I know."

The movie they pick is "Splash," which is playing near where they live. Ernie buys popcorn. There are only about twenty people in the theatre. It's air-conditioned, and Kate is worried about the baby being too cold. She gets his hat and sweater out of the bag again. Ernie says to Sam, "Baby's first movie." Then he says, "Baby's first popcorn," and pretends to offer Sam some.

A few rows ahead of them, a man says loudly to his friend, "I hope that baby isn't going to cry for the next two hours." Kate hadn't thought of that. This is the first time she's taken him to a place where people are supposed to be quiet.

Ernie says loudly, "I hope that man isn't planning to annoy us with his nasal drone during the movie." The lights go down.

Sam is very well behaved for quite a while. He stays awake, but Kate plays with him in the dark, shifting her attention back and forth between him and the movie. Then, during the scene in which Madison and Allen go skating, Sam starts to cry. It's time to feed him again. Kate yanks him out of the Snugli (making him cry harder),



hands him to Ernie, pulls the Snuggli off, and opens her shirt. As Ernie is returning the baby to her, Sam starts really wailing, and the man in front of them says, "Jesus!" When the baby gets back to Kate, he stops crying. Kate prays that the movie will stay loud enough to cover the sound of his sucking. Her heart is pounding, and she can feel sweat on her upper lip and down the back of her neck. She begins to cry, even though she knows it was really nothing—just some creepy guy in a movie theatre. Ernie takes Kate's hand and kisses it lightly. The kiss leaves a tiny wet drop on her skin that cools in the air-conditioning, then fades away. Kate cries a few more minutes, until she has to blow her nose on a clean diaper from the bag.

After the movie, they stop at the laundry to pick up Kate's and Sam's clothes. Ernie carries the laundry back to the apartment, and Kate carries the baby and the diaper bag. Kate is thinking about what it will be like when Sam is six: He will be learning to read, and he will have friends; Kate will have made rules about bedtime, what TV shows are O.K. to watch, and about eating between meals.

Climbing the stairs is more difficult than usual this afternoon, and Kate thinks maybe she'll try to take a nap when she gets home. She unlocks her door. Ernie follows her inside and puts the laundry on the couch. Just then, there is a noise from the bathroom; it sounds like the window sliding shut. Ernie and Kate stop what they are doing and look at the closed bathroom door. It opens then, and Peter walks out. When he sees them, he jumps with fright. "Oh!" he says, clapping one hand to his chest. "You scared me. I didn't hear you come in."

Ernie says, "I'll see you tomorrow," and leaves.

Peter sits down on the radiator and leans back against the window frame. "I got a job," he says, "and it's right down the street. You know that old shoe-repair place? It's going to be a Tex-Mex restaurant now." Peter explains that he left his bags at his friend Mark's this morning. Then he hung out for several hours at bookstores and coffee shops; he'd been afraid he'd run into Kate and Sam. He had his interview at two o'clock—he and the owner got along great. "He hired me to build all the tables and the bar. I knew I might get it," he says, "but I didn't want to get your hopes up. If



"The fact that you cats were considered sacred in ancient Egypt cuts no ice with me."

the guy didn't hire me, I was going to stay at Mark's tonight and then fly to California tomorrow. But now we can be together." Peter has the same look on his face that he had five years ago when he told her he knew she would like the red forties dress from the St. Francis Thrift Shop that he'd bought for her birthday. "I'm back," he says, "and I'm glad."

Kate has an image of herself grabbing him quickly by the ankles, lifting up his legs, tipping him over backward, then letting him fall out the open window. But she doesn't do this.

Peter stands up, stretching his arms toward the baby. Without thinking, Kate steps back suddenly, turning, so

that the baby is out of Peter's reach. Peter freezes with his arms out in front of him, a stunned look on his face.

"You'll have to go now," Kate says, and her voice sounds surprisingly loud and firm. "Right away."

WEEKS later, there is a postcard from Peter in Kate's mailbox. It's a picture of people wearing bathing suits, roller-skating on a sidewalk along a beach in Venice, California. The message says, "I hope you won't be too disappointed when I tell you this, but Jeff Beck has left the Rod Stewart tour." The card is addressed to Sam.

—SARA E. LEWIS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WAITING

—NATIVE CATEGORIES

THE whites of South Africa make up roughly fifteen per cent of the population and systematically control the fate of the remaining eighty-five per cent. Whites first settled in the country in 1652, when about ninety men, under the leadership of Jan van Riebeeck, were ordered by the Dutch East India Company to establish a "fort and garden" on the Cape of Good Hope—a refreshment station for the company's ships, whose crews were dying of scurvy on the long haul between the Netherlands and the East Indies. Van Riebeeck began to trade with the native Khoi-khoi, or Hottentots, and within a few years the company allotted land to a handful of discharged soldiers and sailors, who began farming. Slaves were shipped in from the East Indies and from other parts of Africa. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, and the subsequent religious persecution of the Huguenots, about two hundred French refugees arrived. Some of them settled north of Cape Town and began to "cultivate the vine." The Cape government interspersed Dutch farms among the Huguenot ones—they wanted to integrate the French as quickly as possible—and the French language was soon forgotten. The French revolutionary wars brought the British to South Africa, in 1795, and in 1814 they took formal possession of it. With their arrival, as the Afrikaner historian W. A. de Klerk observed, "all contours, human and physical, had hardened."

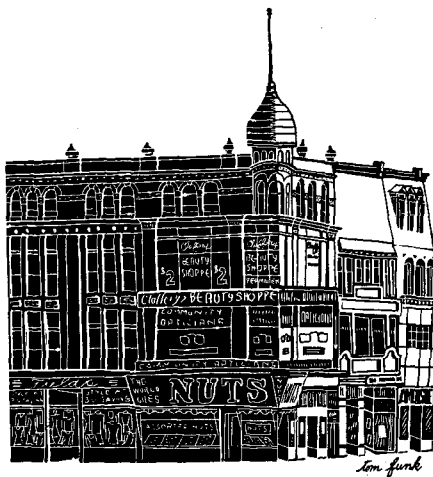
From the very beginning of the Dutch settlement, there had been an uneasy tension between the corrupt and essentially despotic administration of the Dutch East India Company and those white farmers, or *boers*, who were not directly in its employ. ("With proclamations, plaacaats, and statutes abundantly filling huge tomes," one historian put it, "the caprice of the governor was in truth the law.") Trekboers—the indignant, rebels, renegades, adventurers, and those who simply could not withstand the temptation of an open, unknown land—ventured outside the company's pale. They were frontiersmen of a sort—semi-nomadic pastoralists who, as they moved farther and farther into the interior, lost even

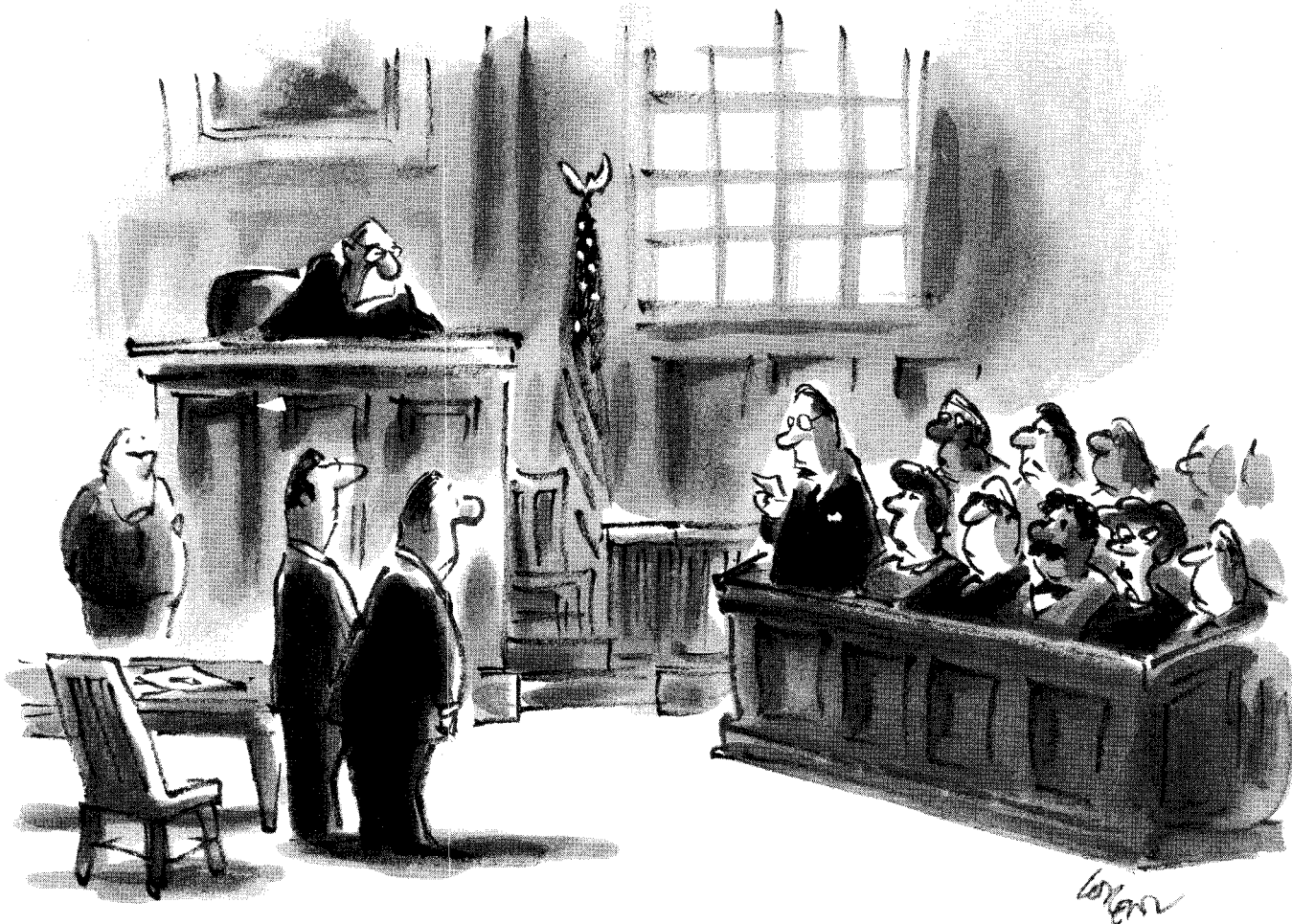
more of their European heritage than the inhabitants of Cape Town. The Dutch language itself evolved into Afrikaans.

With the imposition of British rule, which insisted on legal rights for people of mixed race, greater numbers of Afrikaners left the Cape. They resented the imperious way in which the British tried, in the words of one governor, "to assimilate the institutions of this country to those of England," and they resented the egalitarian evangelism of such British missionaries as Dr. John Philip, who succeeded in having the color bar lifted. The English put a stop to the slave trade in 1807, and in 1833 Parliament abolished slavery. The ensuing Great Trek—an extraordinary flight of small bands of farmers (Voortrekkers) in ox wagons into the interior—has come to symbolize the Afrikaners' struggle for cultural survival. On February 2, 1837, the Voortrekker leader Piet Retief published a manifesto setting out the reasons for the migration: "Turbulent and dishonest conduct of vagrants," losses sustained through the emancipation of the slaves, plunder by blacks, and "the unjustifiable odium" of English religious prejudice. Compared by Afrikaner historians to the American Declaration of Independence, the manifesto ends, "We are now quitting the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexation, and are entering a wild and dangerous territory; but we go with a firm reliance on an all-seeing, just, and merciful Being, whom it be our endeavour

to fear and humbly obey." The land was indeed wild and dangerous. Over the years that followed the first emigration, hundreds, thousands, died of hunger, thirst, disease, and war with the Zulu, Ndebele, and other Bantu peoples who had settled in the area. In the Battle of Blood River, in December of 1838, five hundred Voortrekkers faced some ten thousand Zulus. Before the battle, the great Voortrekker Sarel Cilliers made a Covenant with God that schoolchildren still recite every December 16th: "Brothers and fellow countrymen, we stand here before the Holy God of Heaven and Earth to make a vow that, if He will be with us and protect us and give the foe into our hands, we shall ever celebrate the day and date as a Day of Thanksgiving like the Sabbath in His honor. We shall enjoin our children that they must take part with us in this, for a remembrance even for our posterity. For the honor of God shall herein be glorified, and to Him shall be given the fame and honor of the victory." Three thousand Zulus were killed. The whites suffered only a few casualties, and their descendants have kept the Covenant. Stolid Calvinists, isolated from the European Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, the Voortrekkers believed themselves to be the Chosen of God.

In the eighteen-fifties, Voortrekker settlements across the Orange and Vaal rivers were consolidated into two independent republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The British continued to control Cape Province and a colony in the Natal, which they had established in 1843. With the discovery of diamonds in the Free State in 1867 and gold in the Transvaal in 1886, British interest in annexing the Boer republics grew, culminating, in October, 1899, in the Anglo-Boer War. The war, which was to be won by Christmas (so the British thought), in fact lasted until the end of May, 1902. Twenty thousand of the four hundred and fifty thousand imperial and colonial soldiers who fought in South Africa died there. Seven thousand Boer commandos were killed; there had been just over eighty-seven thousand of them. Twenty-six thousand Boer women and children





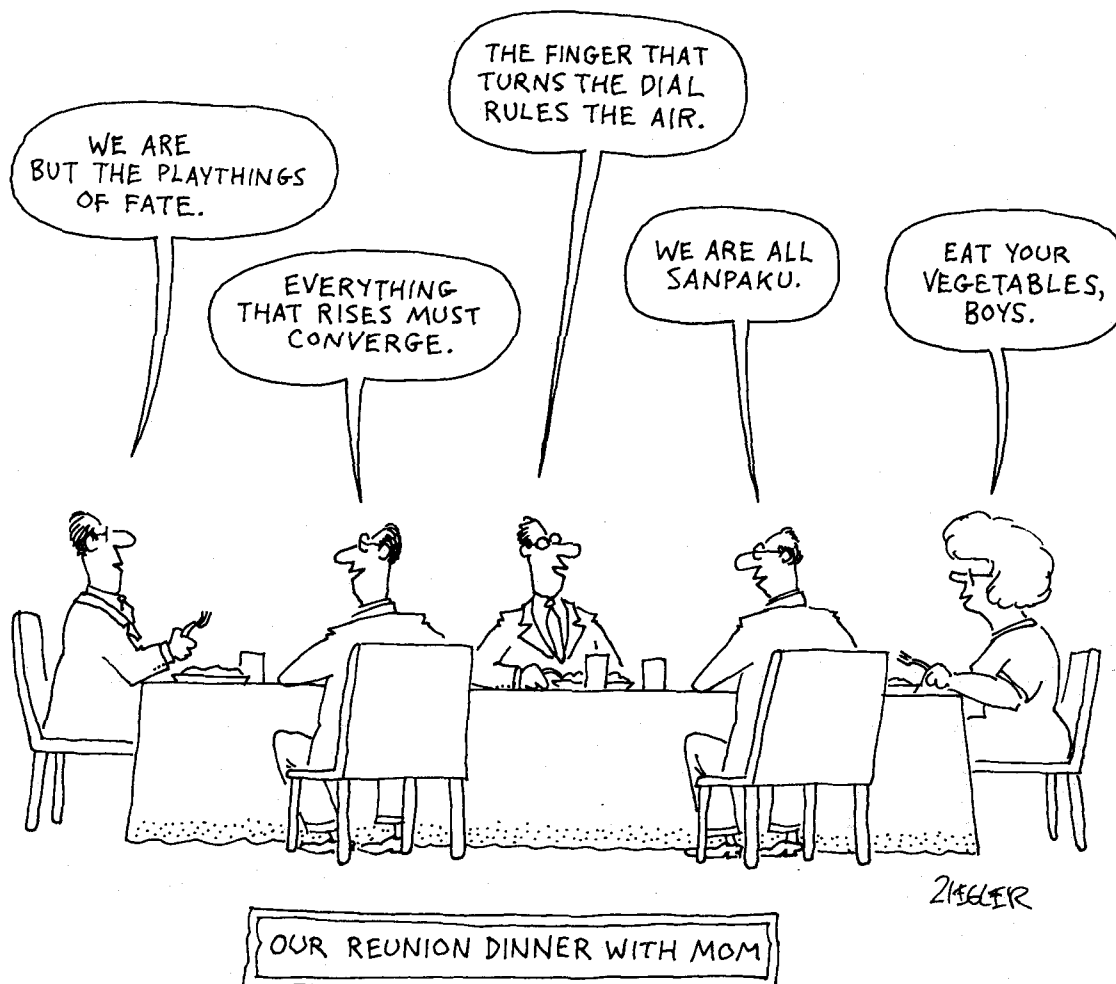
"We find the defendant guilty of being manipulated by the media."

died in British concentration camps. Several million cattle, horses, and sheep were killed or looted, and tens of thousands of farms were razed by the British in a ruthless scorched-earth policy. Thousands of Africans were killed. The British eventually won the war, and in 1910 the Union of South Africa, with dominion status, was created. Reaction to defeat and to the subsequent British policy of Anglicization of the Afrikaner led to the growth of an intense, highly romantic Christian Afrikaner nationalism and to the creation of various "cultural" associations, including the notorious and politically important secret Broederbond, which were determined to "purify" the Afrikaner community of all alien—British—influence. The champions of Afrikaner nationalism resisted as best they could the more moderate, pro-English policies of Louis Botha, the first Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, and his successor, Jan Christiaan Smuts.

The most dramatic display of

Afrikaner nationalism was the 1938 Ossewatrek, or Ox Wagon Trek, which commemorated the Battle of Blood River. Ox wagons travelled across South Africa, following the Voortrekkers' routes, and celebrations were held on December 16th, the centenary of Sarel Cilliers' Covenant. "May this simple trek bind together in love those Afrikaner hearts which do not yet beat together," Henning Kloppe, the organizer of the trek, said as the first wagons set off from Cape Town. The theme was a fervent claim of unity, of *volksseenheid*, which would override all the splits and potential splits of party politics and regionalism, and those inspired by British imperial interest. Enthusiasm for the trek spread throughout South Africa. Men grew beards and wore traditional black corduroy jackets and checkered scarves. Women wore aprons and *kappies*—white bonnets. One woman I talked to remembered having been chosen to carry "a glorious floral wreath" to the wagons approaching her village from Cape Town, and

spoke of it as "the most significant event" in her life. "I was made to ride a beautiful white horse," she said. "I was scared—I have always been scared of horses—but I knew God would help me overcome my fear, and He did." Others remembered the folk songs and dancing, and the little plays about the trek that were performed in the evening in the towns where the wagons halted. Children were baptized when the wagons arrived. Young men fought to get to the wagons to smear their handkerchiefs with axle grease. Burning torches were carried across the country by relays of runners to arrive in Pretoria at the site of a monument to honor the Voortrekkers. The runners were greeted by three thousand boy and girl scouts, each holding a burning torch. All the torches were thrown into a huge bonfire, signalling for other fires to be lit on the hilltops surrounding Pretoria. The writer Elsa Joubert, who was then sixteen, wrote at the time, "The hill is on fire; on fire with Afrikaner fire; on fire with



The homelands have been especially hard hit by the recent drought. Poverty is acute.

The homelands are among the many creations of apartheid. Since the Nationalists came to power, they have elaborated a body of often contradictory and easily manipulated laws, regulations, and agencies that serve to maintain *baasskap* ("bossdom"), or white supremacy. Based on previous laws and regulations, and rationalized by a romantic-nationalistic philosophy, apartheid, or separate development (*apartheid* means "separateness" in Afrikaans), determines a person's rights and privileges on the basis of his or her racial classification. Apologists for apartheid insist that the Population Registration Act of 1950, the "cornerstone" of apartheid, which assigns every person to a racial group, is a law of differ-

the enthusiasm of Young South Africa! You are nothing—your People is all. One light in the dusk is puny and small. But three thousand flames. Three thousand! And more! There is hope for your future, South Africa!" There was in the Ossewa-trek an almost mystical conviction that it would culminate in the declaration of a South African Republic, free from the stifling and demeaning control of imperial Britain.

Pro-German sympathy was strong among Afrikaners during the years immediately preceding the Second World War and in the first years of the war. Smuts' determination to declare war against Germany strengthened the position of the Afrikaner nationalists under the leadership of Daniel François Malan. Malan, an ardent, mystical, fanatical nationalist and racist, defeated Smuts in 1948, shocking the English, and became Prime Minister of South Africa. Malan's Nationalists proceeded to consolidate their power base in quite ruthless ways: election districts were re-organized; "coloureds," or people of

mixed racial descent, were removed from the common voting roll in the Cape in 1956; native representation in Parliament was abolished in 1959.

In 1961, South Africa became an independent republic. Today, it includes ten homelands, or Bantustans, of varying constitutional status and political integrity. Essentially a continuation of the African "native reserve" system, these homelands reflect the crude categories meant to control the influx of blacks into "white" South Africa. They "solve" the black problem by declaring blacks to be citizens of "independent" homelands, where they are said to have full political rights and responsibilities. (None of the homelands have been formally recognized as independent by any other country.) Apart from some carefully designated blacks who live in special townships, or "locations," blacks can be employed in a white urban area only on a contractual basis and do not have the right to bring their families with them. The land they do have is generally poor.

entiation, and not of discrimination, since all South Africans, whites as well as nonwhites, are classified. Similar arguments have been advanced for other cornerstones of apartheid: the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act of 1949, which forbids marriages between whites and nonwhites; the Immorality Acts of 1950 and 1957, which outlaw sexual relations between whites and nonwhites; and the Group Areas Act of 1950, revised in 1957 and 1966, which provides the basis for residential and business segregation of the races. People of different races are required to live in specially designated areas. Coloureds and Asians may own their homes and businesses. Blacks, living in designated townships, have only recently, and on a very restricted basis, been given long-term leases on land, on which they can build homes. (The land is owned by the government.) Whites, coloureds, and Asians have to have special permission to enter black locations, which are watched carefully by the police and innumerable police informers. Apologists maintain that by permitting each group to de-



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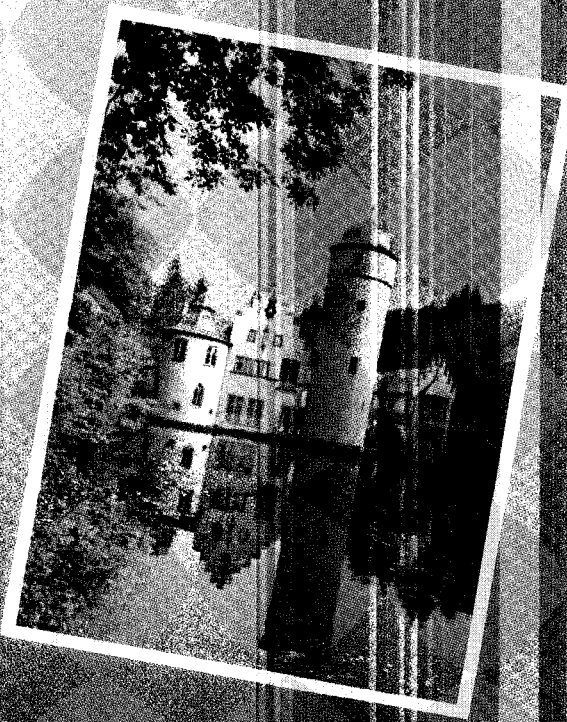
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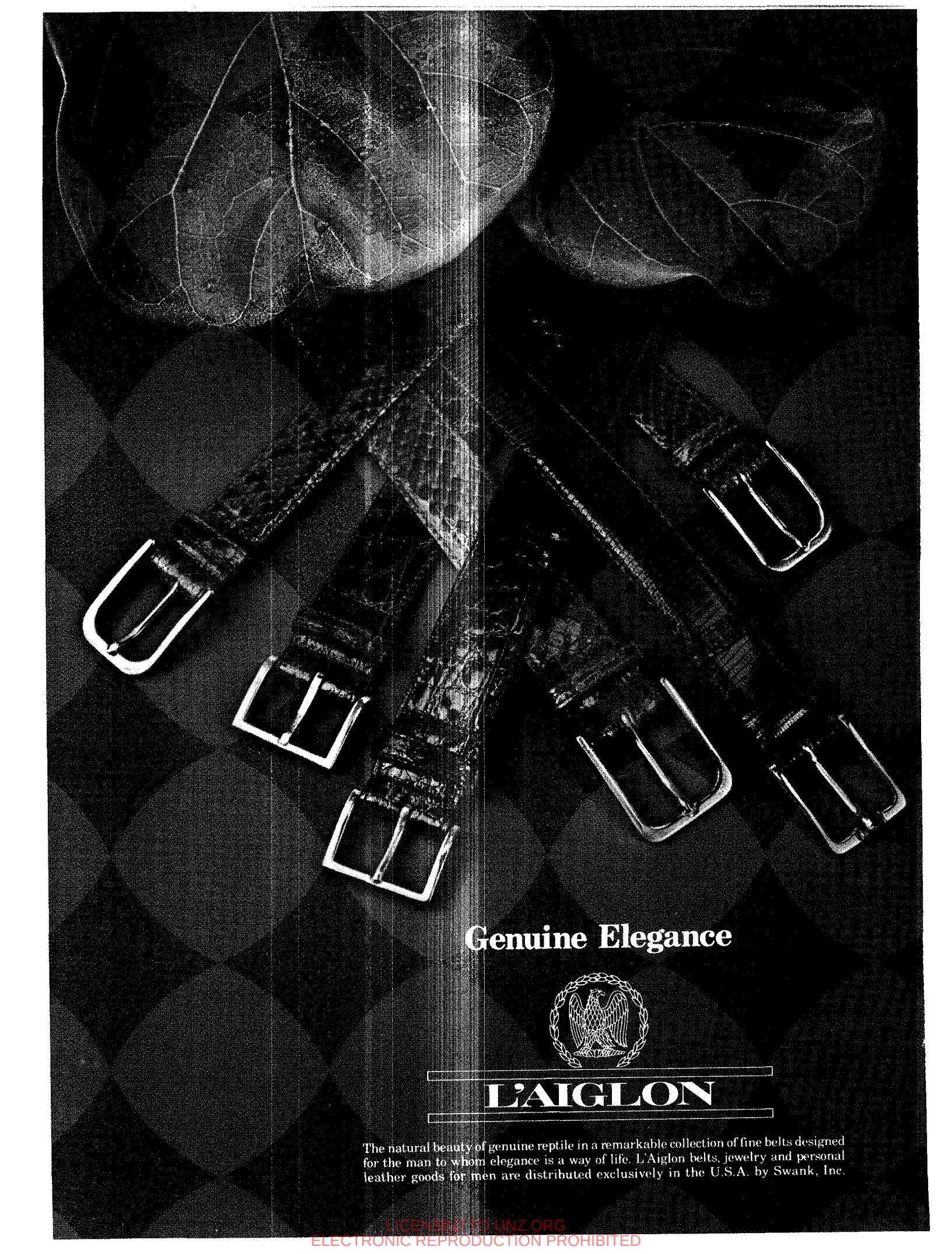
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velop "in its own time and in accordance with its own predispositions" apartheid provides the only realistic basis for a truly plural society. They sometimes support their argument by reference to the Tower of Babel—a sign, they say, of God's desire to preserve a pluriracial, pluricultural, polyglot world. (White South Africans, especially Afrikaners, often substitute the terms "culture" and "language" for "race.") They attribute many of the world's problems to racial mixing—to an ignoring of God's "commandment" to respect separate identities. Many of them are messianic, and actually see in apartheid a new social order that, in accordance with the will of God, will eventually spread to free the world of its serious social problems.

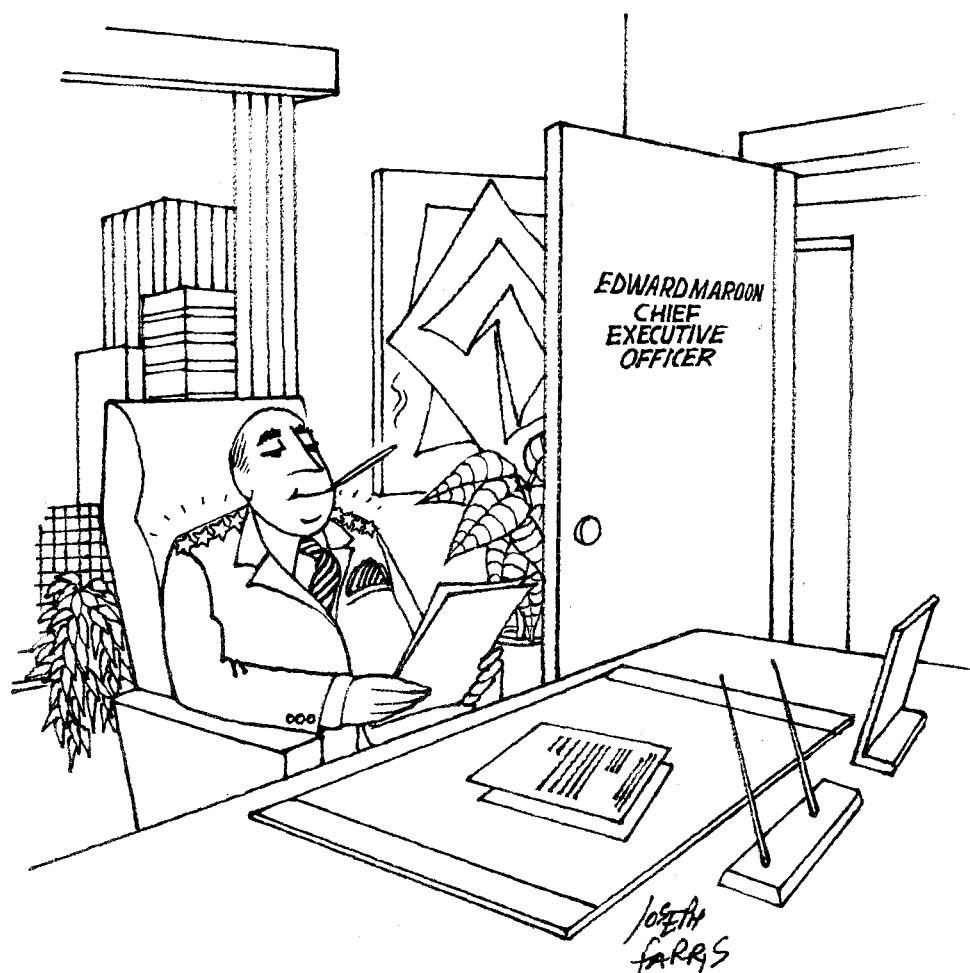
The government has consistently refused to give the vote to blacks and, until recently, to Asians and people of mixed race. The Black Urban Areas Consolidation Act of 1945, the misnamed Blacks Abolition of Passes and Coördination of Documents Act of 1952, and the Black Labour Act of 1964 all restrict the movement of Africans. Unlike the other racial groups, blacks are required to carry a pass, or reference book, with them. Any policeman can demand to see that pass at any time for any reason. A black without a pass is subject to arrest and "return" to his or her homeland. Other legislation, symbolized by "SLEGS BLANKES," or "WHITES ONLY," signs, limits access to restaurants, railway cars, buses, taxis, beaches, elevators, movie houses, and the like. Although no legislation specifically forbids integrated sports, most sports are in fact segregated. Schools, universities, and hospitals are segregated. (Facilities are, of course, much poorer for nonwhites than for whites.) Still other legislation—the Internal Security Act of 1976 (based on the Suppression of Communism Act of 1950), the Sabotage Act of 1962, and the Terrorism Act of 1967, which undermine the civil liberties of all South Africans by, respectively, permitting arbitrary banning and detention, restricting freedom of speech and information, and limiting association and assembly—serves mainly to uphold the most discriminatory policies of apartheid. Legislation is complemented by illegal pressures—threats, harassment, sabotage, and personal violence.

The Republic of South Africa, including the homelands, has a population of about thirty-one million, which South Africa's official racial classi-

fication breaks down into four groups. In this account, I have followed the common usage of whites in the Cape. "Whites" or "Europeans" refers to Caucasians and to certain others, including the Japanese, who are so-called honorary whites and have all the rights and privileges of the whites. ("English" usually refers to English-speaking white South Africans.) "Coloureds" designates people of mixed descent. They include a hundred and sixty-six thousand "Cape Malays," who are said to be the descendants of slaves imported from the East Indies. "Asians" or "Indians" is used for the descendants of Indian and Chinese indentured laborers. "Blacks" refers to the African populations of the country. ("Africans" and the derogatory terms "Bantus" and "kaffirs" are used by some whites.) My use of these racial terms should in no way be construed as acceptance of them. They are what anthropologists call native categories.

Of the whites, numbering 4.7 million, sixty per cent are Afrikaners (mostly descendants of seventeenth-century Dutch, German, and Huguenot settlers), and the rest are English, including about a hundred thousand

Jews. More than eighty years after the Anglo-Boer War, there is still considerable hostility between the two groups. The present government and bureaucracy are almost entirely in the hands of the Afrikaners. Until recently, the English-speaking whites had virtual control of the private economic sector, but in the last twenty years or so the Afrikaners, who were predominantly a farming people, have begun to contribute significantly to business and industry. The Asians, whose ancestors were indentured laborers brought to South Africa during the last decades of the nineteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth, are almost entirely Indian. They number eight hundred and seventy thousand, and most of them live in the province of Natal. The coloureds, who live principally in the Cape Province, number 2.7 million and are of mixed white, "Malayan," and black African descent. Most speak Afrikaans and are members of the Dutch Reformed Church. They have almost no ties with traditional African cultures. The black population, of almost twenty-three million, over two-thirds of which is rural, can be divided into four ethnolinguistic groups. There are



important cultural and linguistic differences among these groups, but these differences, though they are stressed by the South African government in its divide-and-rule policy, are attenuated by a common opposition to the present Nationalist government. They are by far the poorest people in the country.

Despite constant talk of change, of imminent bloodbath, of takeover and revolution, despite protests, boycotts, strikes, and occasional acts of terrorism, and despite the changes in South Africa's parliamentary system—which now gives limited franchise to coloureds and Asians, though not to blacks—it is my impression that South Africa today is caught in a deadened time of waiting. For most whites, waiting is compounded by fear; for most blacks, however great their misery and despair, it is infused with hope, with a belief that time is on their side. For the coloureds and the Asians, there is both fear *and* hope in waiting. What is clear to me is that in this very ordinary act of waiting men and women lose what Keats called "negative capability": the ability to negate their personalities in order to open themselves to the complex reality around them. Instead, they close themselves off; they create a sort of psychological apartheid—an apartness that in the case of South Africa is institutionally reinforced. In those circumstances, there can be no real recognition of "the other," that person outside oneself and different from oneself—no real appreciation of *his* subjectivity. He becomes at once a menial object to be manipulated and a mythic object to be feared. He cannot be counted in his humanity.

THE village of Wyndal, as I will call it, looks stubbornly European—a sort of restless cross between a Norman orchard and a Burgundian vineyard, a Dutch village and an Alpine valley, especially when the surrounding mountaintops are covered with snow. From the air, it seems like a green oasis, with bright white houses, in the midst of the deeply crevassed, gray granite mountains that lie to the north of Cape Town. These mountains are dangerous, alien, savage. Each year, hikers are lost in them, and some die of the cold before they are discovered, or of snakebite. Until a few years ago, the valley was protected by a leopard; it kept the baboons from wrecking the farmers' trellises. But a forester killed the leopard, and now the farmers are forced to set

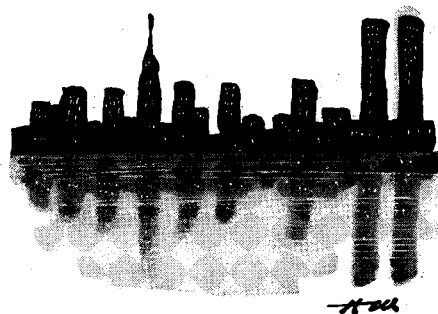
baboon traps to protect their fields. The baboons soon learn to avoid the traps, and the farmers are continually obliged to invent new ones. One farmer caught a baboon, sprayed it with white paint, and chained it in the middle of his pear orchard, in the hope that a white baboon would scare the black baboons away, but it did not.

East of the village, in a field that is surrounded by vineyards and fruit trees, a little Anglican church stands like a guardhouse at the entrance of the valley. It was built just after Union, by an English farmer who first came to South Africa during the Boer War and, some say, felt the need to commemorate his presence, an Anglican presence, among the Afrikaners who considered him an enemy. He persuaded one of the great South African gold magnates to buy up as many farms as he could from poor Dutch farmers in the region who had been ruined by drought and the great phylloxera epidemics of the last decades of the nineteenth century. The English farmer served as the magnate's agent and bought up the farms with an avidity that is still not forgotten by the old Afrikaners of the region, who vowed never to let an English man buy a farm there again. And then, as if to prove his own imperial English worth, he managed somehow to keep the best farms for himself and a group of cronies from the Natal, who were rather more interested in playing cricket than in farming. The farms were grape and fruit farms, and, unlike the sugar plantations of the Natal—lazy men's farms, the people of the Cape call the plantations, not, I suspect, without a tinge of jealousy—they required work. On the plantations, you had only to sit back on your stoep and drink your rum as you watched the sugarcane grow like weeds and the Zulu boys hack it down and carry it to the crusher. In the Cape, you had to tend your vines and trees, and make sure your coloured boys, and their women, did not botch them up when they'd had a *dop*, or tot, too many. The farms that the En-

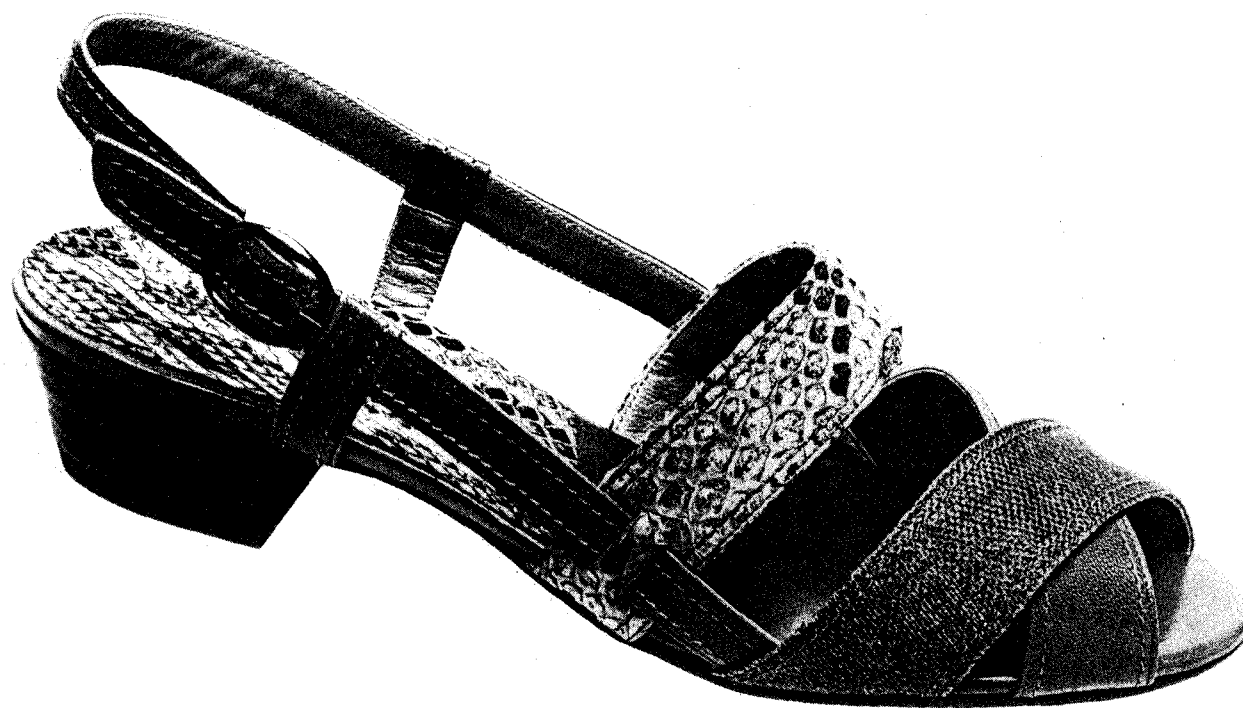
glish farmer bought up failed—or, rather, had to be reorganized into a sort of cooperative—and the cricket players left. But the church remained.

The church is not a beautiful church—particularly now that its original roof, of thatch, has been replaced by one of corrugated metal, painted black. The new roof keeps the church drier, and colder, in the winter and makes it a caldron in the summer, but the parish has no money either to replace the thatch or to insulate the church properly. Its priest is Hennie van der Merwe, a practical man, who says that Christ knows neither heat nor cold. (All the names of the villagers in this account have been changed, and some details have been disguised.) Hennie, whose father was a farmer, grew up under a tin roof in the northern Cape and came to know Christ under a tin roof in Rhodesia. Raised, like most Afrikaners, in the Dutch Reformed Church, he became an Anglican while working as a farm manager in Rhodesia and immediately began preparing for the priesthood. He discovered he had the "power of healing," and was assigned to some of the most "difficult" coloured parishes in South Africa before coming to Wyndal. He still preaches in a nearby prison. Hennie's English parishioners in Wyndal say there would have been money enough for a new thatched roof if the archbishop had sent them a proper Anglican priest and not one of those charismatics, and an Afrikaner at that, who might just as well have been a Baptist. By this they mean they would have preferred a priest who devoted a little more attention to them and a little less to his coloured parishioners.

Hennie's English parishioners are also offended by his manner. He is not a distinguished-looking man, and certainly does not give the impression of being a man of the cloth, even in a country where almost everyone—that is, almost every white—calls a priest by his first name. He usually dresses in old black trousers that are shiny with age and in a soft, well-washed checked shirt. When he preaches, his surplice is always wrinkled and never quite white. He is a rough sort of man in his late fifties, with a severe limp—always a bit out of place, always a bit awkward, never appearing quite clean (though he is in fact always well scrubbed). He is short, broad-shouldered, hollow-cheeked, thin-lipped, and pockmarked. (He had a very serious case of chicken pox just



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after his father died, when he was thirteen, and he scratched the pocks until they bled.) A shock of silver-blond hair falls across his brow, giving him at times a rather boyish, almost mischievous look.

Hennie's house is a clumsy imitation, on a small scale, of the traditional Cape Dutch house. The architect whom the Englishman engaged to build his church clearly had no idea of the domestic needs of the priest of a small parish and his family. Rose, Hennie's wife, has tried to make the house as comfortable as possible with the few pieces of furniture, mostly beds and chests of drawers, that she thought worth bringing down from Rhodesia and then up from Port Elizabeth, where Hennie was last assigned. The rest of the furniture comes from one of those chain stores that extend enormous credit to their customers and provide them with a wide range of contemporary lounge furniture and bedroom suites: walnut veneer on plywood with foam-rubber cushions, and throw pillows covered in bright, flowered synthetic fabrics. The walls are almost bare. In the lounge—the South African term for the living room—Rose has hung a patchwork tapestry of the Resurrection which was made for her as a farewell gift in their last Rhodesian parish. Over the mantel, she has hung a faded watercolor of violets and gentians which she picked up in the Parade, a sort of flea market, in Cape Town. It reminded her of a poem she had written when she was a schoolgirl. Her piano stands, untouched, in one corner. She was once an exceptional pianist, but, she says, she can no longer play, because of her arthritis. I have seen her look wistfully at the instrument and rub her knuckles as if to remind herself of the pain.

Until a few years ago, when a new influx of English farmers occurred, almost no one except an occasional English teacher at the local school went to the church. The white parishioners were scattered in the plains to the east, and although the church was open to people of all races (the Anglican Church has taken a strong stand against apartheid), few coloureds and no blacks attended. (There are almost no blacks in the region.) The Anglican coloureds preferred to go to the church that they themselves had built, with the help of another farmer, partly because it was nearer to where they lived but mainly because the priests that preceded Hennie were English or English-speaking South Africans and

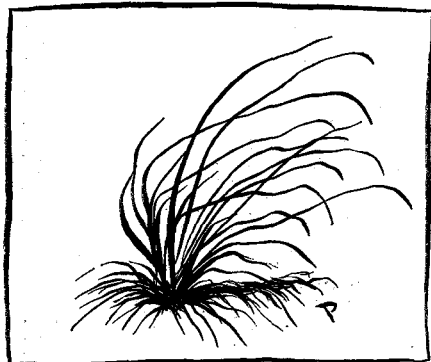
could not conduct services in Afrikaans, which the coloureds speak in the rural areas of the Cape. Hennie changed all that.

Before the recent arrival of the English, nearly every white in Wyndal attended the Dutch Reformed church, a large cream-colored building, with an enormous, almost majestic, steeple, on the village green. It was built a little over a hundred years ago, after the old village church burned down, and it has recently been restored. Now highly polished pews and an elaborate, thronelike pulpit that still smell of varnish seem to conflict with its stark dimensions and its puritanical spirit. The church, the church hall, and the minister's house are the geographical center of the village and, until the English began moving in, were the center of village life as well. The Dutch Reformed coloureds, who are not permitted to attend services in the white Dutch Reformed church, go to the sprawling Dutch Reformed Mission church, which, as in so many Cape villages, is a source of some embarrassment to the white community, because it is situated in the white section of Wyndal, and not in the squalid coloured village, a giant eyesore to the north that was legislated into existence shortly after the National Party began to engineer apartheid. Theoretically, there are plans to build a new church for the coloureds in their own village, but no one really takes these plans seriously, and the white minister in the Mission church, who opposes apartheid "on theological grounds," has done everything in his power to discourage the project.

Wyndal lies sparkling white in the center of the valley. It consists of the village green and a few streets that run parallel to the valley walls. They are named after such Afrikaner heroes as the Boer generals Botha and de Wet, the Great Trek leader Piet Retief, and Dirkie Uys, the fourteen-year-old boy who preferred to die alongside his fa-

ther during a Zulu war rather than flee. On the main street are a few shops, a garage, a bank in the Cape Dutch style, a farmers' coöperative (a sort of supermarket), the town hall, and three cafés. (A café in South Africa is a small grocery store where one can also buy sandwiches, cold drinks, and other takeout foods. No food or drink is served on the premises.) One of the cafés, called Harry's, is run by a dark-skinned Portuguese refugee from Mozambique, who is resented by Wyndal's "better" coloureds—schoolteachers, mostly—because, despite his dark complexion, he is classified as white. The coloured farm workers prefer his café, because he gives credit easily. He himself is bitter, because his wife has to spend over an hour each day driving their two daughters to and from the nearest English "medium" school. The English in the village who send their children to the school have never asked her to join their lift club, or car pool.

On the green, there is a second bank—the Volkskas, an Afrikaner bank—and a tea shop, which also sells pottery, fancy candles, tie-dyed kerchiefs, and other handicrafts made by the younger generation of village women. A doctor and a dentist have converted an old house on Epernaystraat into a small medical center. A pharmacy is just across the street. The houses on the green are large, but many of the small houses on Dirkie Uys Street, which are among the oldest in Wyndal—some date back to the beginning of the nineteenth century—have now been carefully restored by retired English couples from Cape Town and farmers who have either sold their farms to the new English residents or given them to their sons to farm. Many of the small houses once belonged to coloured families, until those families were dispossessed and forced to move into the coloured village. Taking advantage of the situation, whites bought up the houses and made a killing. Several contemporary houses, Mediterranean villas painted bright yellow or pale green, with sweeping outside staircases, and patios over their three-car garages, have been built by the doctor, the dentist, a semiretired accountant, and a banker—all Afrikaners, the English are quick to remind you—on a knoll just behind the green. Without regard for the demands of the landscape or the subtleties of Cape Dutch architecture, they stand like monuments to the newfound wealth and status of the



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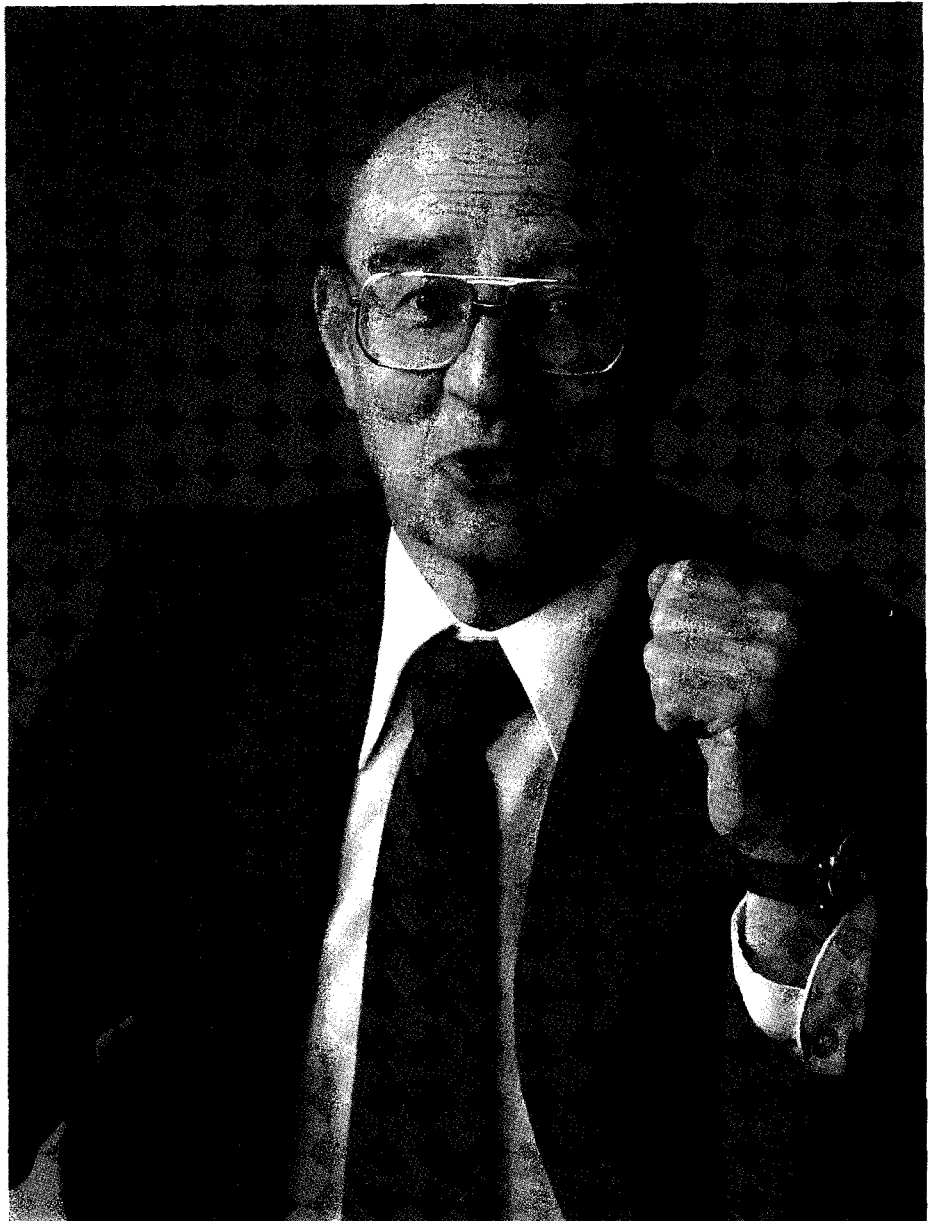
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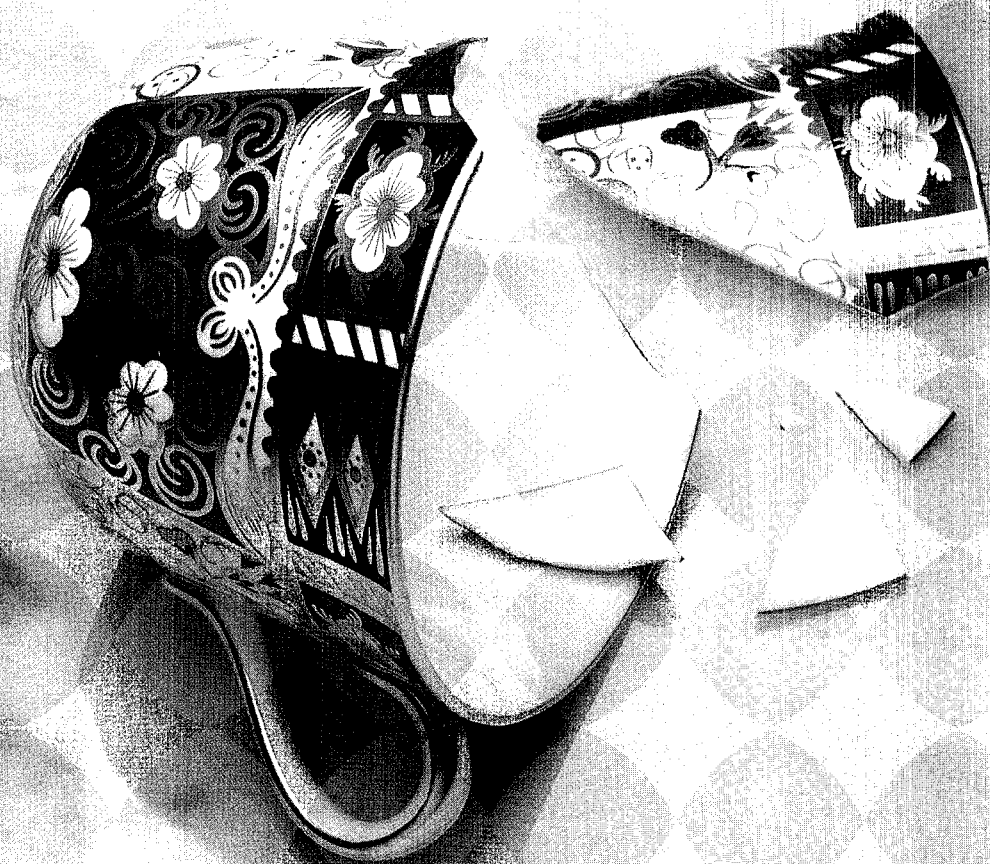
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Afrikaner. The English prefer the more traditional Cape houses.

The white village has a population of just over a thousand, and the population of the coloured village is a little more than double that. The majority of the whites are over thirty-five, and many are retired; the majority of the coloureds are children. Besides the villagers, there are the farmers and their laborers. According to Beatrix Rousouw, the valley's unofficial historian, whose family is one of the oldest and most distinguished in Wyndal, the valley has just over a hundred and twenty farms—partitions of the dozen farms originally granted by the Dutch East India Company. The farms have a white population of between five hundred and six hundred and a coloured population that is probably close to three thousand. Some farms have as many as twenty coloured families living on them, others only one or two. There are also a few black contract laborers from the Transkei, one of the two Xhosa homelands. Before the Group Areas Act of 1950, which set up special residential zones for the different racial groups, a small black population had lived in a clearing in the woods at the entrance to the village. There were not enough of them for a township of their own, Beatrix Rousouw says, so one Saturday they were rounded up and moved to the nearest town that had a black location—that is, a district officially set aside for blacks. "They are happier now, living with their own kind," she maintains. She has never talked to any of them, either before or since their move.

The farms surround the village. The older ones consist of a main house and a small second house—the *jonkerhuis*, it used to be called—to which the boys of the family moved when they reached adolescence. Today, this second house on an Afrikaner farm is often inhabited by the married son who will take over the farm upon his father's death or retirement. The main house is almost always an elegant white one-story H-shaped building made of stuccoed brick, and has a bow-shaped gable—a sort of flourish, often decorated with a scroll—over its main façade: a remnant of the baroque that otherwise seems forgotten in the rectilinear puritanism of Afrikaner farm life. Most of these old farmhouses have been carefully restored and have a well-polished look about them. Though only a few still have thatched roofs, several have their original wine cellars (always aboveground in South

Africa), which are now used as packing sheds, and at least one has an original "slave bell," which is still rung in the mornings to summon the farmhands. The bell's stand is freshly painted each year.

The English have been particularly careful to preserve the original character of the old farmhouses, furnishing them with old yellowwood and stinkwood chests and tables and with deep couches and armchairs upholstered in bright chintzes. The Afrikaners are more eclectic, combining original Cape Dutch pieces with Victorian chairs and settees. They prefer yellow or red silk upholstery when they can afford it. Their walls are covered with old family portraits and Victorian watercolors. Several of the English have collected South African oils—mainly scenes that seem to occupy a muddy space between the Impressionists and the Expressionists. There are few books in any of the houses, English or Afrikaner, and the television set usually occupies a privileged place in the lounge or the den.

Within a few hundred yards of the main house are the workers' quarters: crude, squat white two- or three-room houses with corrugated-metal roofs. Although some of the farmers have put concrete floors, electricity, and running water in their workers' houses, many of the houses still have hard earthen floors that turn to mud during the winter rains, and have no electricity and no running water. They are usually furnished in a desultory and dispirited way with farm castoffs—a rickety old kitchen table, an iron bedstead or two, a stuffed chair bursting at the seams, a warped chest, brightly painted but peeling. A few of the better-off laborers have bought veneered wardrobes and beds from one of the modern buy-on-credit furniture shops in the hypermarket, a giant shopping center near Cape Town.

The farmhouses are surrounded by



green lawns, flagstone patios, bright beds of flowers—a turbulent mixture of irises and proteas (South Africa's national flower), roses and aloes (the symbol of stubborn, desiccated survival in Athol Fugard's play "A Lesson from Aloes"), geraniums and bougainvillea, poinsettias and bird-of-paradise flowers—and groves of exotic trees, such as jacarandas, kumquats, frangipani, Cape lilacs, cinnamon trees, cypresses, magnolias, wild olives, and poplars, all imported from Europe, North and South America, Australia, the Pacific Islands, and northern parts of Africa. Occasionally, there is an *allée* of oaks, a legacy of a seventeenth-century Dutch governor's passion for planting oaks. The *werwe*, or farmyards, of several of the oldest farms are still enclosed by high white stucco walls, which give the places an almost Moorish look. The workers' houses have no gardens and are rarely shaded by trees.

Beyond the gardens are the vineyards, and the orchards of apples, pears, plums, and peaches—which, given the new, more productive trellis method of cultivation, have lost much of their beauty—and fields in which a horse or two or some milk cows graze. Higher up the mountains are the dams—man-made ponds that collect the winter rains and provide water for irrigation and drinking. A few farmers have stocked the larger ponds with fish and ducks. Willows, reeds, and poplars often surround the ponds, and at dusk, as the mountains become two-dimensional, the deep-brown water reflects the valley walls and the fiery orange glow of the setting sun. It is the time when farmers walk their dogs.

Agricultural modernization began in the mid-seventies, when wealthy English started to move to Wyndal. Mainly from Durban, many were afraid to buy farms in the Natal because they might possibly be incorporated into KwaZulu, the Zulu homeland that the Nationalist government has been trying to consolidate for more than twenty years now. Rhodesians—who are called "when we's," because they always talk about "when we were in Rhodesia" (they never call it Zimbabwe)—and white farmers who were forced, or felt themselves forced, to leave Zambia, Kenya, and Malawi began settling in the valley about the same time. Unlike the local Afrikaners, they had the capital not only to buy farms at prices that seemed suicidal to neighboring farm-

ers but also to make improvements. Most of the farms they bought needed to be irrigated and completely replanted. Despite inflation, some Afrikaners also began to improve their farms. Others were forced to sell, and still others—the most conservative farmers—have held on as best they could. Their children have the pleasure at least of watching the farms increase in value.

Fruitgrowing and grape farming are labor-intensive in South Africa, and although some seasonal labor is available (mainly the farmhands' wives and daughters), most farmers prefer a permanent labor force, even if it costs them a bit more each year.

Looked at from a percentage point of view, wages have increased dramatically, but in absolute terms they have hardly increased at all. In 1975, the average farm laborer was paid seven rand (roughly ten dollars) a week plus a wine allowance, and—the farmers are quick to remind you—free housing, free firewood, and free uniforms. The English farmers virtually doubled wages within a year or two of their arrival (this caused rather less resentment among the Afrikaners than might have been expected), and today the average laborer receives between twenty and twenty-five rand a week, no wine (or only a bottle on payday), and, of course, free housing, free firewood, and free uniforms. (At the time I was there, a rand was worth about a dollar and thirty cents. Today, as a result of high inflation, the fall in the price of gold, and a generally strong dollar, the value of the rand has fallen to about fifty cents.) Women, who serve as pickers or work in gardens or as maids, are paid a little over half as much as men.

The workers walk everywhere: to the fields, to visit friends and relatives at other farms, to the liquor store for coloureds, behind the Berg Hotel (the hotel is really just an excuse for selling liquor, since no one has spent a night there in years), to the shops in the village on Friday afternoons and Saturdays (when the village belongs to the coloureds, since the whites do all their shopping earlier in the week to avoid them), to church on Sundays and every evening during Pentecostal services. They walk for miles, and only occasionally, as if to confirm the futility of the gesture, do they try to hail a passing *bakkie*, or pickup truck; unless they are recognized, they will

not be given a ride. Their children, barefoot in summer and winter alike, seem never to walk. They are always running: to and from school, to and from the nearest café for a loaf of bread or, if they are lucky, a piece of candy. As they run, they smile—even at the hardened drivers of white Mercedes, who have learned not to see them and their smiles. The farm owners never run or walk. They are always behind the wheel of a car or a *bakkie*. As one English woman put it, "All our friends have white Mercedes."



The valley is isolated, not just for the workers, who must spend almost ten per cent of their weekly salary to take the bus to the nearest town, but for the whites as well. The whites do shop in the town, but they rarely go to Cape Town. They complain about the cost of fuel and about the cheeky manners of the Cape Town coloureds, and thereby justify their immobility and their isolation. They preserve, too, what a visitor from Johannesburg once called "a serene unawareness" of the terror and degradation that surround them.

I DECIDED to go to the Cape because I wanted to look at the effects of domination on everyday life—not the everyday life of those who are dominated but of those who dominate. (I was legally precluded from living among nonwhites.) I wanted to talk to middle- and upper-class whites who were considered by South African standards "liberal," "subtle," and, as the Afrikaners of Wyndal would put it, "cultured." They could not be dismissed as easily as the *verkrampte*—the reactionary—Afrikaners of the Transvaal or the Free State, or the "colonial" English of the Natal whose "Zulu boys" serve them in white tunics with red sashes. Most South African farming towns are exclusively Afrikaner or, more rarely, exclusively English, but Wyndal's population was diverse enough to cover a wide range of white attitudes and values.

Ruth Visser, a handsome Afrikaner woman in her mid-thirties, manages one of Wyndal's three cafés. Her husband works in a garage. She is one of the few villagers who gave me a sense of Wyndal as a working whole. Most of the villagers, including the other shopkeepers, have only a partial, a fragmented, a curiously static picture of the valley. Its inhabitants are divided into groups that seem at times to

share only a common geography. In the morning, Ruth's counters are piled with loaves of white and brown bread, which are usually sold out by mid-afternoon. Her shelves are stacked with staples. There is flour, sugar, soap powder—usually in the smallest containers possible, for the workers. And there is an odd assortment of specialties—Ruth calls them "luxuries"—that whites are apt to run out of when the coöperative is closed: things like butter, sardines, liver pâté, and fresh fruits and nuts. Ruth is assisted by two coloured girls, whom she calls "dear" and "darling" interchangeably.

One day when I was talking with Ruth, she said, "There is one thing about the shop—you come in contact with people. When you are in close contact with the *volk*"—she was referring to the coloureds—"you develop a sympathy for them. My parents came here from the Karroo." The Great Karroo, the larger of two extensive plateaus in the Cape Province, is a parched plain. Most of its inhabitants are conservative Afrikaner sheep farmers, who are considered "raw" by the people of Wyndal. "There the white man is king. Here the *volk* move about at ease. They have their little houses. There they must always say 'Madame' and 'Master.' The white man never takes the black man's feelings into account. They give them a caning if they don't behave. Here my help use all the same facilities I do. We discuss everything together. In small shops, this is possible. In big ones, like the co-op"—Wyndal's coöperative supermarket—"it isn't. They give credit only to whites. With the coloureds, it's strictly cash. The coloureds all come to us because we give them credit. They always pay me back. With whites, it's different."

"Most of the workers do their shopping once a week, on payday—Fridays. By Thursday, they have used up their food and have no money. Well, I cut up some of the bread into half-loaves. They can manage on half a loaf of bread for a day. And then they can usually get hold of some fruit. Most of them—ninety-five per cent of them—live from day to day. They never put anything away. They can't. They simply don't have enough to put away. Families pool their money, and that is how they manage. They get their houses free, and sometimes electricity, and there is the local clinic, where they can get lactogen for their babies for half price. The sister"—

the nurse—"there helps them with family planning. The pills or shots are free, and the sister keeps very careful track of them. If they don't come in for a shot, she'll go out to the farms to find them. Small families are better. They can live better that way. In the big families, there is stone throwing, rape, robbery. They have to rob to survive.

"The old people don't understand this." Ruth was referring to the Afrikaners. "They are very conservative. They'll never change. They'll sit in the shadow of their ox wagons until they die. I see this with my own mother and father. They are always humiliating the coloureds. I try to raise my children to see the *volk* as human, with feelings. I teach them to respect them and treat them kindly. My children love the coloured nanny who takes care of them. They tell her all their secrets, the eldest about her boyfriends—things I don't even know. Sometimes she tells me what the children have said. That is how I know."

"ONE of the events that most affected our lives was the Anglo-Boer War," Hennie told me the first time I met him. Hennie had been in Wyndal only a few years and did not share Ruth Visser's vision of the village as a working whole. "My dad and twenty-two pals started a little army up in the north and pinned down ten thousand British troops. They ambushed them in a valley, and when the fighting was over there were rows and rows of crosses. My dad and his men knew the country. They knew the valley, and they knew the farmers who lived in the area. The farmers were all on their side. Their fathers and grandfathers had trekked—many of them had died on the trek—and now they were not about to give up what their fathers and grandfathers had died for. My dad and his pals were finally captured. They never really had a chance, they were so outnumbered. My dad spent the last six months of the war in a British jail. When he was about to be released, the commanding officer said, 'Let's forgive and forget, Mr. van der Merwe.' My dad looked at him for a long time and finally said, 'Forgive, I can. Christ taught us to forgive. Forget, I can't. It's history.' And that's what he told us, his three sons.

"When my eldest brother went off to varsity, my dad told him, 'You grew up in an Afrikaans area. You have

learned to hate the English, but they are here to stay. My job was to shoot them. Your job is to live with them.' He made my brother go to an English-speaking university. He wouldn't let him go to an Afrikaans university—he wouldn't pay his fees. 'You speak Afrikaans, and now you must speak English. They are the languages of South Africa,' he said. He was a level-headed sort of man—a realist. He knew where the future lay. He would say, 'The past is the past. You must live for tomorrow, and not relive yesterday.'

"I suppose there is an awful lot to be found in history, and we can learn an awful lot from it, but trying to relive the past is futile. With the Afrikaner, a lot of this has to do with the little kid looking back and seeing the English interfering with our system: abolishing slavery in 1833, giving the land the people fought for back to the Xhosa, putting our women and children in concentration camps and burning down our houses in the Anglo-Boer War. But we're still trying to get the British out of our blood. We can't do anything about what happened. We've got to live now and plan a future for our children, but instead we live our past over and over again. It may be traumatic to face up to the present, but that's all we can do, really."

THERE was nothing unusual about Hennie's bringing up the Boer War. Nearly every South African with whom I spoke brought it up during our first conversation to explain something or other about South African culture, society, or character. It is a symbol for white South Africans. It describes the hostility that existed—and still exists—between South Africa's two great white populations. It describes the bitterness, the frustra-

tion, the sense of having been wronged—the defeat of the Afrikaner. It describes the outrage of the Afrikaners at having been made into lower-caste citizens and having their cultural heritage, their language, ignored, denied, or eliminated. It also describes the arrogant shame of the British, their sense of being enmeshed in a conflict that sullied them; it describes their imperial aspiration and its demise, their threatened sense of superiority, and their victory in a war in which it makes little sense to talk about victory.

"There has always been a lack of understanding between the English and the Afrikaners," Dr. Jacobus Steyn, a man in his late fifties who is Wyndal's only doctor, told me. "Oh, I suppose we get on better than we did a few years ago, but you mustn't forget that in 1900, only eighty years ago, there was a war between us. I don't think we have ever done the things to the blacks that the English did to us." Dr. Steyn is an outsider to the valley. He was born in a little town in the Orange Free State, studied medicine in Cape Town and then in England, and bought a practice in Wyndal about twenty years ago. He is one of Wyndal's most *verkrampste* inhabitants—rather more vociferous in his politics than other Afrikaners in the valley, who prefer a discreet silence.

Though Dr. Steyn is respected as a doctor, he has never been fully accepted by the old Wyndal families. They do not consider him—a Free Stater—as "cultured" as they are. The English, who, because of his impeccable English, know him better than they know the other Afrikaners, treat him a little like a museum piece. He is their specimen *verkrampste*. When I arrived in the valley, they urged me to see him. "Then you will understand the true Afrikaner mentality," they would say, and laugh. "Let him tell you about the Boer War and concentration camps. He really believes that the British fed glass to women and children. You know, they actually show you the ground glass and the fishhooks that we were supposed to have fed to the Boers."

"Even when I was a young man, during the war"—the Second World War—"at university, I was forced to stand at attention at the cinema when they played 'God Save the King,'" Dr. Steyn continued. "I was forced to stand up! I, an Afrikaner, who was brought up not to like the English. They did things to us that you may



forgive but you don't forget. Over twenty-six thousand of our women and children died in their concentration camps. We were a small nation, and that is a lot of women and children. They just put them in tents, without food, without adequate medical treatment. It is cold in the north. The winters are freezing. Twenty-six thousand people just don't die of broken hearts.

"From the earliest of times, there was a difference between the English and the Afrikaners. And after the war it was the English, more or less, who ruled the country. We felt, I suppose, as the coloureds feel today. We had to battle to prove ourselves. The result is that there is still a grudge. I personally don't have a grudge. Still, I remember these things. I tell my kids about the war. I take them to visit the concentration camps. I am proud to show them how our people suffered.

"My grandmother would tell me how women and children who slept next to her—whose warmth and life she felt—would be dead when she woke up in the morning. There were days that they were given nothing to eat. The milk of nursing mothers ran dry. There was no medicine, no doctors, no sanitation. In the summers, the camps would smell so bad." Dr. Steyn's voice was choked with rage. He peered at me across his desk, and then slowly, in a more controlled voice, he went on to tell me about the ground glass that was fed to the women and children.

"YOU have to understand men like Dr. Steyn if you are ever to understand our problems," Carol Reid said. Before Carol and her husband, Duncan, retired to the valley, Carol had been a secretary in Durban and Duncan had been an accountant there for a large shipping firm. She continued, "They have never forgiven us for winning the Boer War, and I don't think they ever will. It runs in their blood. You can't understand them without understanding the war. It has given them an inferiority complex. They don't like us. They blame us for their problems. They don't consider us true South Africans. They say we always call England home. That makes me mad. I was raised in a typical Victorian home, and my mother used to tell me about England. I have a strong feeling for England, but I have never been there and I do not consider England my home. I am a South African, and my children are South Afri-

cans. I love my country, and I used to be proud of it. It is my country, too.

"It is these *verkrampte* who are leading South Africa to disaster. I have nothing against Dr. Steyn personally. He is a good doctor, and I have gone to him. But it is men of his background, I mean—who hold his values—who will be the death of us. They can't forget. We have nothing to be proud of. The Boer War was a shameful war. My father used to tell my brothers about it, and they would tell me. He was very Victorian and wouldn't talk to me about such things. The *verkrampte* always talk about the women and the children who died in the concentration camps. That was a terrible thing. But they never talk about the thousands of British soldiers who died here. I suppose I am being unfair. You shouldn't compare a soldier's death with the death of a woman or a child. But they make me so mad."

"YOU have to understand that Victorian attitudes lingered here in South Africa much longer than in England or, I imagine, the States," Peter Cooke said. He is an English farmer, in his mid-thirties, who came to the valley nine years ago. "I have a very moral, a very Victorian mother. Her father was given a very Victorian upbringing. It took him six weeks to consummate his marriage. My grandmother had been given absolutely no instruction before the wedding."

Peter is a romantic, a self-declared moralist, and a political dropout. He is one of the few whites in the valley who are not content to give stereotypic information about the Afrikaners, blacks, and coloureds but try to understand their subjective experience. The older English farmers consider Peter and his wife, Donna, "the younger generation." They find Peter a bit spoiled, good-natured but a foolish farmer, who lives by the grace of a handsome allowance from his father, an adept businessman.

Peter was born in a wealthy suburb of Durban. It was very English—forced to be, I imagine. Durban was always the English colonial city, and its English-speaking inhabitants prided themselves—and still pride themselves—on their genteel ways. Quick fortunes were made in sugar, shipping, and, in the case of Peter's family, canning. As fast as fortunes were made, lowly family origins were forgotten. Empty snobbery was—and is—rampant. People put great stock in

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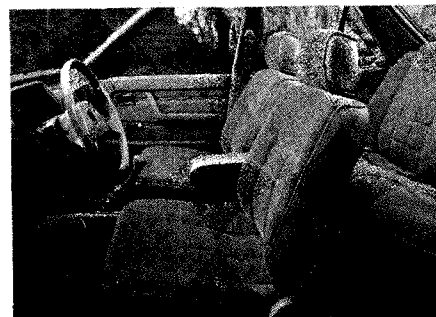
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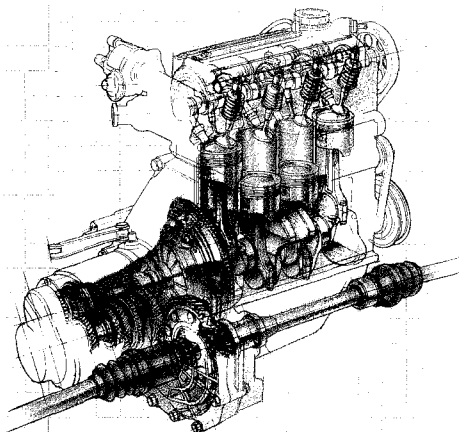
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club membership, in school connections, and in being of an O.D.F.—an Old Durban Family. The city is conservative and racist, and was early given to an unwritten apartheid, which English critics of the South African government are eager to forget but their Afrikaner opponents are unwilling to forget.

"My grandfather, who was a farmer in the eastern Cape, was for me a father. I had no emotional relationship with my own father. He was so tough. There was no emotion in his life. Once, while I was working in my father's canning business, in Durban, I was having a conversation with a girl who was interested in spirit mediums and astrology. She told me about a fortune-teller. I went to her. She didn't know my name and didn't ask me anything. She simply asked for the signet ring I was wearing. I handed her the ring. She told me I had two daughters and a son, and she named the suburb where I lived. She said I truly wanted to be a farmer. She told me that Edward was interested in me. She did not know who Edward was. He was in the other world and had been a psychic. I, too, had the gift, she said, but it had to be developed. I did not know who Edward was, either. I asked my mother, and she told me that Edward was my grandfather's first name. I had always heard him called George, which turned out to be his middle name. He had died when I was fifteen."

"And his farm?" I asked.

"Oh, that was sold. There was no one to take it over. I was sorry. I missed my holidays there. I had a native friend at the farm, who looked after me until I was old enough to play with him. When my parents and grandparents went out at night, he would sleep across my door. His mother was the cook. I think she had more Hottentot blood in her than Xhosa. His father was one of the senior guys. I used to go down to my friend's cattle hut—they call them Bantu huts now—and have a bowl of porridge with him. Then we would go out to play. Sometimes we would jog twelve miles in a day. He taught me to ride, and we used to ride to the station to collect my grandfather's post. It took a couple of hours. We used to take little hunting trips. At first, we used catapults and then a two-two—.22-calibre—"rifle. He handled the rifle, of course. I think my grandfather turned a blind eye to the fact that he wasn't quite so actively involved in the

farm. He also used to go to school, sometimes, but we always had the same holidays.

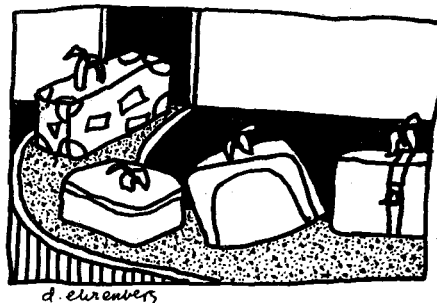
"He exposed me to nature. You know, one's eyes are closed until somebody opens them for you and shows you how to find things and where to look for them. It was a lovely experience. I went with him to ceremonies, and when he was initiated into manhood I was allowed to visit him in the bush. I was very honored. I think it is important for a young man to have this experience. His initiation was an eye-opener for me. He was circumcised and had to spend three months in the bush. He talked to me a lot about the customs of his people. Boys of his age—I was fourteen, he must have been eighteen—had to wear white clay, which made them look ghostly. They would dress up in the most incredible finery on Saturday, take a mouth organ, jog to a party six miles away, and jog home again in the early hours of the morning playing the same sort of monotonous tune to keep them going. They would have bells and bits of sheepskin on their legs, beadwork, and great big turbans on their head.

"Part of the fun was the stick fight. Each fighter would hold a straight stick in the middle and wind his turban around his hand. It acted as a sort of shield. The two would then climb into each other with a knobkerrie and protect themselves with their sticks. They'd try to hit their opponents as hard as they could. There were rules, but sometimes the fighters would come back with the most dreadful wounds. They apparently have a slightly thicker skull than we do, and so they can take more of a beating than we can.

"There was tremendous discipline and self-control in my friend's initiation. He was made to spend the night with his girlfriend in a special hollowed-out bush without being allowed to sleep with her, at a time when everything is running very hot."

I asked Peter if he noticed any changes in his friend after the initiation.

"Oh, hell, yes. He had taken in



something and was now showing it through his personality. He had more dignity and a better bearing. He was proud of his position. He was glad to have gone through the experience, proud of the fact that he had emerged from it as a man and had not been cowardly about the very painful act of being circumcised."

As he spoke, Peter seemed to be living his friend's experience. On another occasion, he said that he had longed for a similar experience, and went on to talk about how impressed he was with the social order that primitive societies have, and how sad it is for those tribal peoples who move to the city and lose that pattern and order. "We lack it so terribly in our society," he observed. "We have no order. We drift about. We are lost." He continued, "We've certainly buggered things up. There is a lot of hypocrisy among the natives in town. We maintain a double standard with them, and they maintain a double standard with us. They have their authentic world, which involves initiation, circumcision, their ceremonial life, and then they have the world in which they present themselves to us. We know bugger all about them."

"I've got a boy on the farm who wants to go through his initiation. He has asked me to get him a goat and a sheep. He will have to burn all his old blankets and the clothes he has worn. They are things of the past. It is very expensive. A sheep costs fifty rand. The expense doesn't frighten him. His family will contribute large sums so that he can go through the experience. I'm encouraging him. I think it is magnificent."

"Did your relationship with your friend change after his initiation?" I asked.

"My grandfather died after the holiday during which my friend had been initiated. The farm was sold, and I never returned. I've probably met him twice since then, for very short spaces. He is working on the next farm. He speaks just a little Afrikaans, and I have forgotten my Xhosa, so we can't really communicate. He is married and has children, and so do I. I think there would be a lot of shyness between us if we were to see each other more often. There comes a time when the black man recognizes your position and respects it. This is particularly true in South Africa, whether we want to accept it or not. As children we could play together, wrestle together, throw balls at each other; but then suddenly

there comes a time when all that stops."

Peter grew silent, as if saddened, and then after a few moments he said, without, I think, realizing the irony, "I remember once, after my friend had become a man, jogging down to his hut in the evening. I said I'd race him to a tree, as we had often done in the past, and he refused. 'I am a man, and I must walk with dignity. I can jog, but I can't run.' He could no longer carry a knobkerrie around. He had to carry a staff."

CATHERINE FOX is a woman of strong moral convictions. A native of Johannesburg, she settled in the valley to be with her family a few years ago, after her husband had died. She is by far the most "cultured" person there. Well into her eighties, she drives to Cape Town to concerts and the theatre. She goes to music festivals in Europe and, despite arthritis, maintains a lively correspondence with friends in England and the United States. She went to school in England, spent much of her adult life in the English-speaking suburbs of Johannesburg, and had little contact with Afrikaners before she moved to the valley. Unlike many of the other English, she has begun to learn Afrikaans. "It was as though I found myself in some little foreign land whose language I did not understand. I've met some Afrikaners who are very nice, but I feel as though I were standing on the outside. We'll be talking, and suddenly they say something in Afrikaans. They'll go into hoots and peals of laughter. I don't know what it is about, and stand there like an imbecile. I have to understand. So I've been learning a bit of their language."

Catherine disapproves of the South African government. Her husband was active in liberal Jewish circles in Johannesburg. He was a strong supporter of the liberal Progressive Party, and Catherine helped out in its campaigns. "I am not a political beast," she says. "My love is music. But I could help my husband entertain and could canvass." When Catherine's husband retired, they moved to Malawi. After his death, Catherine decided, with strong reluctance, to come back to South Africa. "I had taken a very great dislike to the Republic. I see a very, very dim future here. I can remember my father always saying that he didn't want us to remain in this country, because it was not a white man's country. He said that be-

fore the First World War. He foresaw what is happening now.

"We didn't, of course. We were very lighthearted. We didn't realize what was going on around us when we were younger. We simply accepted it. People had a very good life, an easy life, a comfortable life. Black people are very remarkable in a way. They made magnificent domestic servants. Somehow or other, you didn't think that they were unhappy. I haven't really thought about this period in a long time. We must have grown up in a very selfish atmosphere—not thinking deeply, I'm afraid, not thinking at all.

In the early stage of my marriage, I was much occupied with survival. My father didn't approve of my marriage and didn't give us a bean. It was very exciting to be on our own, but we had a lot of anxiety, too, because we were determined to have children. You've got to think about how you're going to bring them up. My husband was only just beginning his career, and we had a house. He was determined to have a house—he wasn't going to *do* without one. So we really had to think a great deal about ourselves. I don't think I gave the problems of the blacks any thought for the first five or ten years of my married life.

"When we started to be on our feet and established, I began to think about things. And then afterward, when we were really in a very comfortable position and my husband had done extremely well and had a partnership in this great firm, which had a wonderful reputation and was highly respected—it was all very lovely, and I knew I had done the right thing in marrying him—I began to look around the world. I became a Zionist. I became very conscious of what was going on with the blacks. I joined the Black Sash."

The Women's Defence of the Constitution League—known popularly as the Black Sash, because its members

wore black sashes in their silent demonstrations—was one of several organizations that started after the Nationalists came to power to protest unjust laws and acts by the government. It challenged the packing of the Appeal Court and the Senate and the taking of coloureds off the common electoral roll. Today, it is one of several white liberal organizations, primarily staffed by middle-class English women, that give guidance to nonwhites and protest, as best they can, discriminatory acts and laws.

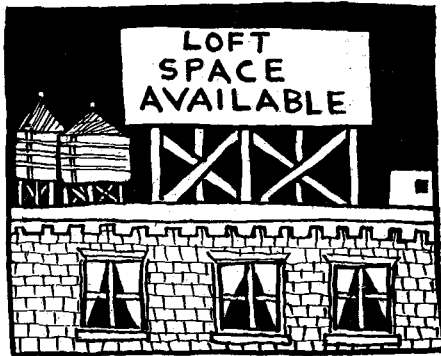
"The Black Sash was rather like the suffragettes—a group of madly dedicated, brave women who used to live with little suitcases packed and quite prepared to go to prison. I was very keen, but I don't think I'd have been brave enough to go to prison. I worked very hard for them—and for Zionism. I felt that after what had occurred with Hitler I was lucky not to have been sent to a gas chamber and that I must do my little bit.

"We protested the government's expulsion of the black people's representatives from Parliament. We used to form long lines of vigilantes. We would go wherever we knew a Minister or anyone else in power was arriving—to airports, stations, docks—and stand there in our black sashes. They would be greeted by lines of downcast and miserable women making a public protest. It sounds a bit theatrical, but it made the people in power very uncomfortable. We attracted the world's attention. We read about the Black Sash in overseas newspapers. But we couldn't stop the government. It was very depressing. And now the demonstrations have stopped. We are not permitted to 'assemble.'"

"Who was in the movement?" I asked.

"Mostly English, some people of Scotch and Irish descent, a few Afrikaners, very few—and not too many Jews. I think the Jews were a bit afraid. Some of the husbands wouldn't let their wives join. They were frightened. It was just after the war.

"We protested the pass laws, too. They were dreadful. If our garden man left our garden to water some plants on the other side of the hedge and if he didn't have his pass in his working shirt—not wanting to get it dirty and spoiled, because without it he was a lost soul—he could have been carted off by any policeman who happened to walk by. We wouldn't know where he was. We wouldn't know what had happened. We'd ring up the



M. IAN

police stations, and if we happened to strike somebody a bit simpatico we might learn his whereabouts. This used to happen all the time in the suburbs. It was driving us mad. Every evening, you used to see lines of these people handcuffed to one another being dragged to the nearest police station. We succeeded in getting that done away with. Of course, the passes still exist, but there is usually less harassment.

"When I began thinking, I was distressed to have to write a piece of paper. This was before they issued passbooks. I had an African manservant whom we absolutely adored. He had worked for us for over twenty-five years. We had built very beautiful servants' quarters for him and our other help. We all loved him. And this man was really noble. He was old enough to be my father, and yet he had to come to me if he wanted to go out. I would have to scribble, 'Please pass Amos until six o'clock tonight.' Suddenly, I became sort of revolted and ashamed about this. I talked to my husband about it. It made me eager to leave the Republic."

"IN the Cape Town area," Hennie said one day, "we have between two and three hundred cases of assault, mostly stabbings, each week, and we average about eight murders a weekend. It's mostly coloureds, mostly the result of drink. It's the biggest problem in my congregation as well. I can't blame the coloureds, because it is the white farmers who introduced them to wine. They gave them a bottle in the morning, one at noon, and one in the evening. On Friday nights, they gave them two, and if they worked on Saturdays they got three more bottles. Now, thank God, the farmers are giving up the *dop* system, but they've already made alcoholics of the coloureds." The *dop* system refers to the wine allowance that farmers gave to their workers. This was done "to keep up their morale," according to one farmer. "To keep them working—happy," another said. The old Wyndal farmers gave their men as much as three quart bottles a day. "Children are born in an alcoholic state," Hennie continued. "If there's a party and the kid is teething, the mother will quiet him down with some wine. Well, by the time the child is twelve or thirteen he's a confirmed alcoholic."

"The only way to cure an alcoholic is through prayer. I have never



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stopped a man from drinking any other way. Well, I have, but in those days I didn't know you could pray with a person. I used to take blokes into my home and spend months and months struggling and battling with them. Occasionally, I would succeed in getting a bloke to see it another way and to give up drinking. Now I know an easier way. One prayer is all that is needed if the bloke really wants to give up the bottle."

Hennie is well known for having cured some of the most diehard alcoholics. Shortly after his arrival, he started a Bible-study group on Friday evenings. In Wyndal, Friday evenings are called the Bushman's Christmas, because of the coloureds' drinking. No other minister had ever dared to organize such a group on a Friday evening. Within three months, Hennie had more than two hundred participants. Many had undergone dramatic conversions and had apparently given up drinking.

"The Europeans have never thought deeply about their religion," Hennie said. "They know which parts of the liturgy to say, when to pray, and when to stand, but for the most part they are unwilling to give themselves to Christ's teachings. They are satisfied with form. As long as they think they are not grossly underpaying their laborers, as long as they don't beat them, they think they are doing what they ought to for them. They are satisfied. They will get no closer. It's like Communion. You've noticed how all the Europeans sit up near the altar. That's so they can be the first to receive Communion—before a coloured bloke has sipped from the chalice.

"So much of our church is hypocritical. This has nothing to do with the government and its apartheid. It's how people feel. This church was built for the farm owners. When I came here, there were only two or three coloured families who came to Mass. They were schoolteachers, the so-called better coloureds, and they always sat in the back of the church. The farm owners built the other churches in the parish near their laborers' quarters. They expected them to attend the church nearest them so long as it wasn't theirs. There were coloured folk, I discovered, living for the last fifty years within a few hundred metres of this church who had never been in it. They used to trek six or seven kilometres to one of the other churches in the parish. Or they didn't go to church at all. How can you expect a

man and his wife and their children to walk six or seven kilometres in the winter rain to attend a service when the church next to them is half empty? Well, I invited them in, and they came in. And do you know that a group of whites got together and sent a delegation to the archbishop to ask that I conduct two services every Sunday! They said the church wasn't big enough."

Hennie laughed. The parish church seats seventy. Hennie or his assistant priest conducts one service there every Sunday. Each of them conducts two services in the other churches in the parish. Without exception, the Europeans attend the parish church. There are seldom more than twenty of them. There are rarely more than forty coloureds. They prefer the other churches, because the services are livelier, and there is more singing. (The singing is impressive, especially compared with the dutiful cacophony of the white parishioners singing to the ill-tuned organ of the parish church.) They also prefer the other churches because they are their own churches and because they find them more respectable. "We put on our best clothes," one coloured woman said. "They may not be as fine as those the whites wear, but they are our best. The whites—I hope you do not mind my saying this—save their best clothes for parties. I always wear a hat to church. I know I don't have to, but I don't feel right without one." She was making an oblique reference to European women, who seldom wear hats to church.

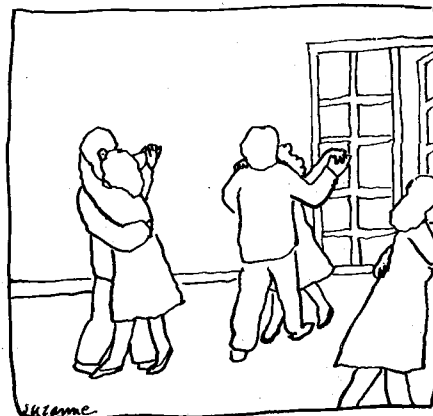
"When I first came here," Hennie said, "the coloureds would often sit through a whole church meeting without saying a word, because they were used to a white man doing all the thinking for them and telling what was going to happen. They were token members of the church council, and they accepted that. They were too

scared to say anything that differed with what their 'masters' said or thought. Now they're beginning to participate a bit more in the meetings." Hennie went on to discuss the insidious effects of the master-servant relationship, which governs all interracial encounters. The English, he said, are particularly prone to treat their workers paternalistically. The Afrikaners are harder on them but more respectful toward them as men and women. "But even the Afrikaner treats his workers with an 'I know best' attitude. You'll find that, on the average, the Afrikaner looks after his workers much better than the English do. He gets to know them as people, but, at the same time, he is always boss. He does what he thinks is right. He tells them exactly what to do. He promises that if they do *x*, he'll do *y* for them. You'll find he has a TV set in the shed for them."

"But that's not really taking the part of the other," I said.

"No, it's not entering into the other man's agony. It's more like a doctor who just tends you professionally. You are just a body to be dealt with, and he deals with you, and that's that. Of course, you get some Afrikaners who really care. My uncle had a servant who had worked for him for a donkey's age and was very old and sick. I've forgotten what his sickness was, but he used to smell terrible. I couldn't stand the smell and would run away whenever my aunt asked me to visit him. He lived in a little shack on the property. Every day, my aunt went to wash and dress him. She took him something to eat three times a day. They were very poor, but what they had they shared with the old man. She put up with this for years. He wasn't discarded because he couldn't work anymore."

HENNIE's tale of his family's treatment of the old farmhand is a familiar one. Even before my arrival in South Africa, I heard many like it, from South Africans living abroad. I had also read them in Herman Charles Bosman's stories and André Brink's novels. *The Afrikaner* in these tales is always an uncouth, rather simple farmer who pushes his workers as hard as he can, often makes unrealistic demands on them, pays them little, frequently loses his temper, and at times beats them. Yet when they are sick or old and infirm he, like Hennie's aunt and uncle, will share everything with them and nurse them through the most



vile illnesses. In his short story "The Coffin," Uys Krige writes of one rascally old farmer who gives the coffin he had carefully saved for himself to an old servant and then dies and has to be buried in a makeshift one. (Given the scarcity of wood in the Karroo and in the veldt of the Free State and the Transvaal, many farmers trekked with their coffins. I know one old man in Wyndal who keeps his coffin in the attic.) Emphasis is given in all these stories to the peculiar—often romanticized—symbiotic attachment between the Afrikaner and his coloured (or occasionally black) worker.

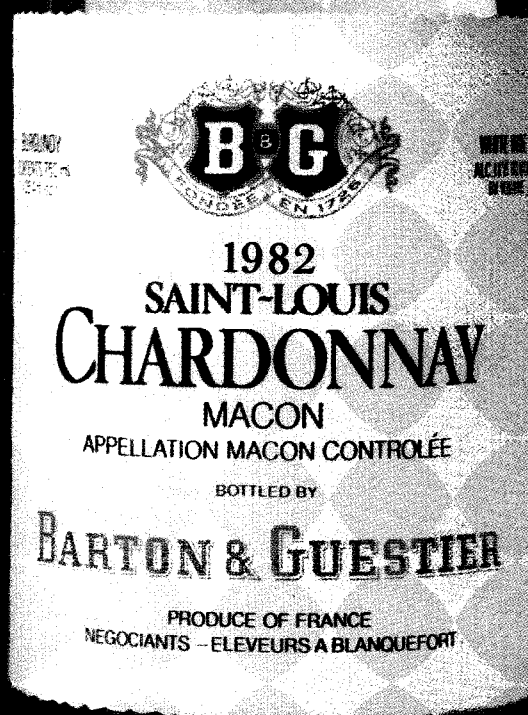
The stories are told, with slightly different slants, by Afrikaners, English, and coloureds. Irene Prinsloo, a sensitive, articulate Afrikaner in her sixties who moves easily between the English and Afrikaner communities, at times gives the impression that the old Afrikaner farmers—those who had not yet been corrupted by the ways of the city—and their workers formed one big, happy family. She talks about the care that the farmer's wife took of her workers. "They were like children," she says. She talks, too, about the *vroedvrou*, the coloured midwife, who taught the farmer's wife herbal medicine as well as the secrets of womanhood. Like other Afrikaners, she laughs at the contradictions in the relationship between the farmer and his workers. She tells me about one cranky old man who worked hand in hand with his laborers. "They were his closest friends," she says. "He knew them the way you can only know someone you have worked with for years. They shared the feel of the soil. But once you entered the *tuindeur*, the garden gate, he was lord and master. He didn't know his workers there. It was his kingdom. His son used to play with one of the coloured boys, a bright little boy, who, the farmer made sure, went to school every day. One morning, it was raining, and the farmer's son asked his friend into the house to play, just as they had always played outdoors. They were so quiet that the farmer's wife never knew they were there. When the farmer came home and discovered the coloured boy in his house, he lost his temper. 'Where do you think you are?' he yelled. 'In the Congo!' He gave the little coloured boy a terrible hiding."

Shifts in attitude are dramatic. The South African journalist René de Villiers refers to the relationship between the Afrikaners and the coloureds and blacks as schizophrenic. I noticed a big

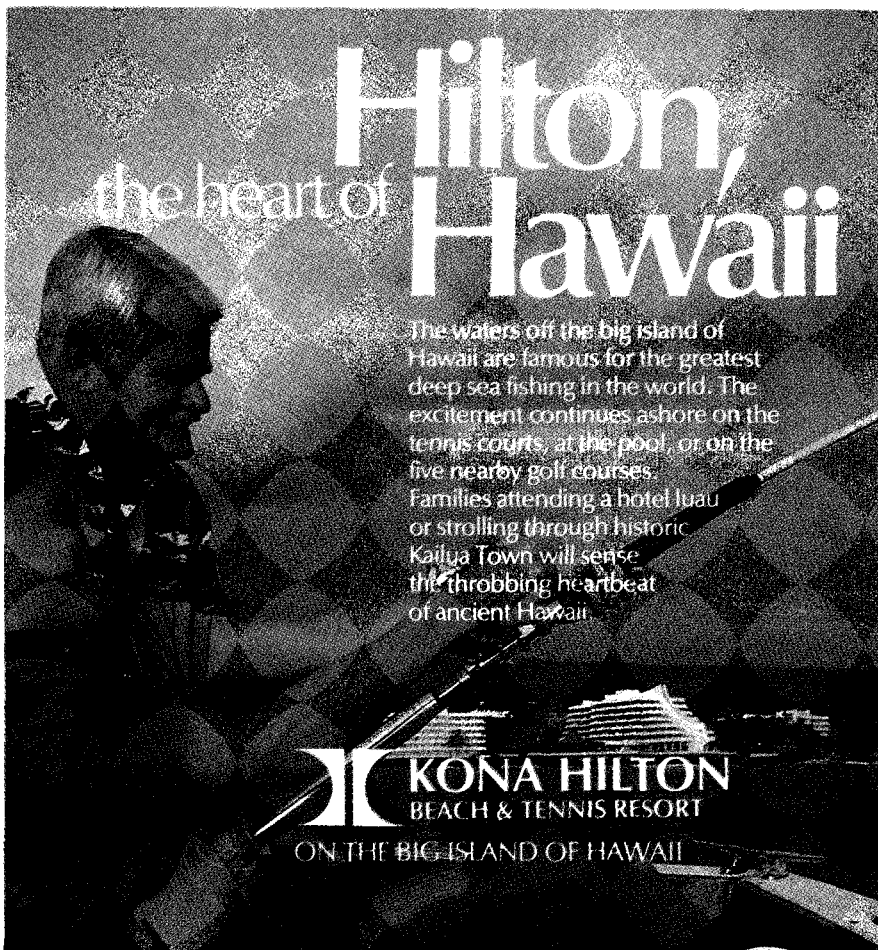
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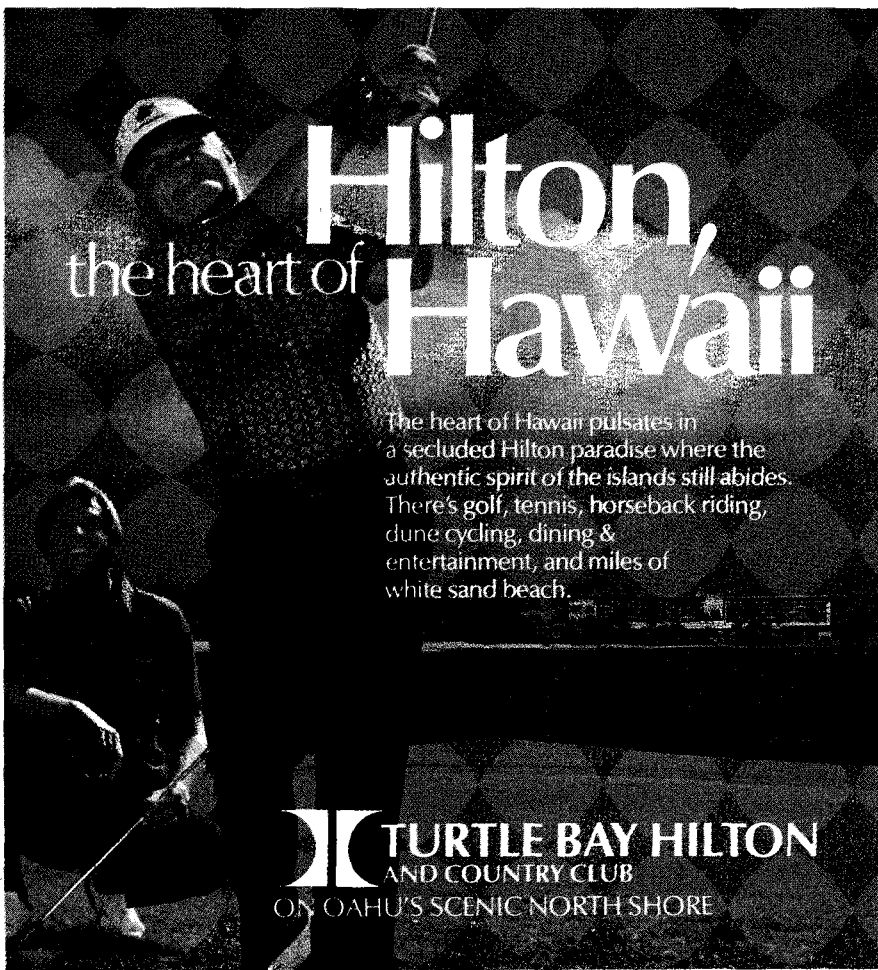
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difference between the Afrikaner's working relationship with his laborers and what he has to say about them in other contexts. Then he sets off on some racist tack or other, without paying any attention to his own experience, and ends up referring to the coloureds and the blacks at best as children and at worst as animals. Such shifts are often treated with humor by those who recall them.

I remember one dinner with a group of younger Afrikaners—couples in their thirties—in the valley. They asked me about life in America and then began to talk about race relations. One farmer, a graduate of Stellenbosch University, argued that any mixing of races produced "bad blood" and inferior intelligence, and that the most successful societies in the world were homogeneous ones. He went on to say that in nonhomogeneous societies there was always a threat of a Communist takeover, because of the "inferior biology" of the people and the social unrest that resulted from the mixture of races. A second farmer argued that a mixing of races produced social unrest but did not necessarily produce inferior intelligence. He pointed out that coloureds were more intelligent than blacks. The first farmer laughed, and said that that was because they had white blood in them. A third farmer argued that it had nothing to do with white blood. There were plenty of coloureds who didn't have any white blood and were more intelligent than the blacks, he said. It was a question of culture. They were in longer and more intimate contact with the whites, and this contact was bound to affect their evolution. No one took issue with his Lamarckian position. The first farmer returned to the subject of homogeneous societies, and this embarrassed his wife, who thought that I would take it personally, as an attack on my country. The third farmer's wife changed the subject, telling us how her father, one of the most *verkramp* men in the valley, had bought a cow two days before and had insisted that one of his "boys"—a black fellow who had worked for him for more than forty years—lead it back to the farm, thirty-five kilometres away. Twice, her father drove out in his *bakkie* to make sure his boy wasn't dawdling. She thought her father's behavior was cute. "These old-timers know the Bantu. They're cattle people. My dad knew his boy would respect him. Of course, we're a differ-

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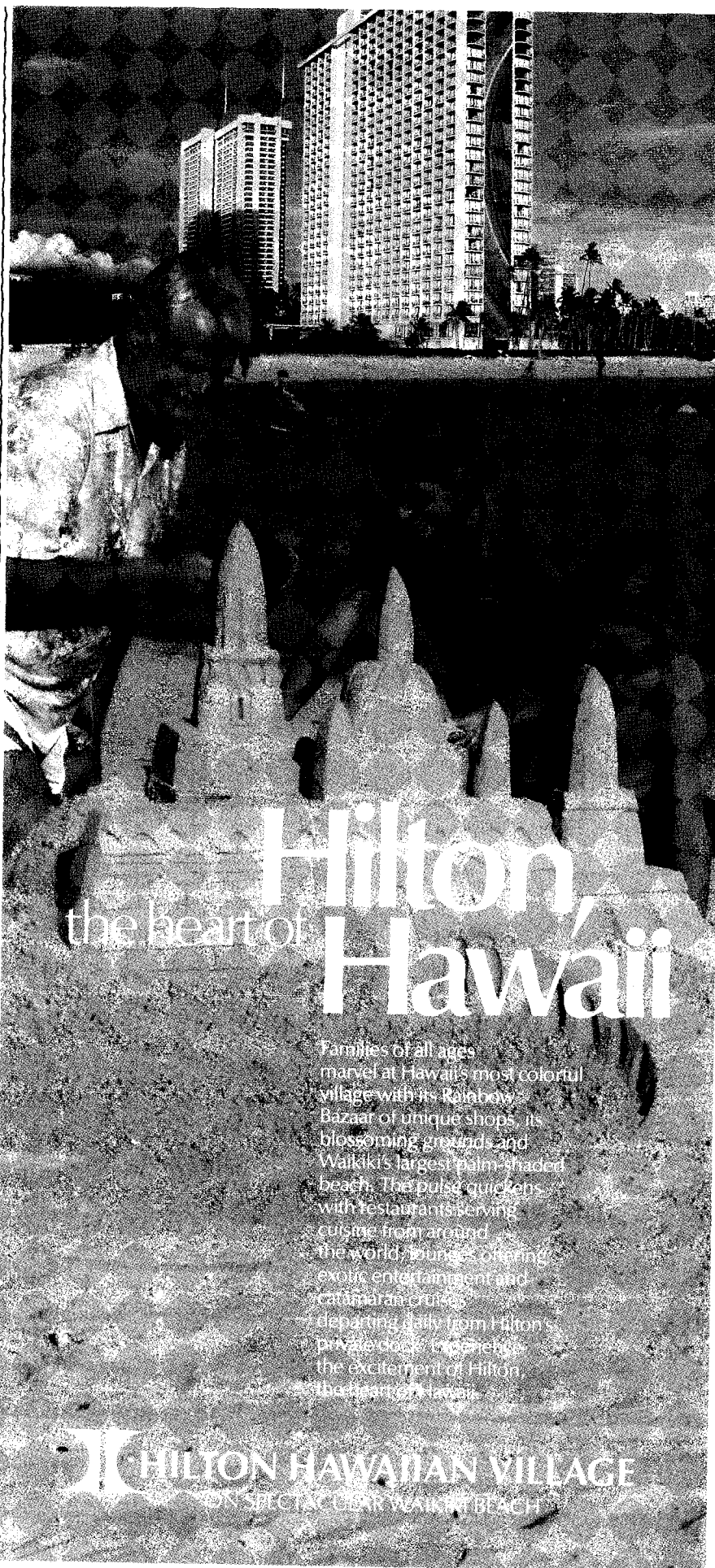
ent generation. We wouldn't dare do such a thing."

Her husband echoed his wife. "Of course, we don't know the Bantus here, since there are so few. We only know the coloureds. But my father-in-law is from the Transvaal. He always had a Bantu houseboy and a couple of other boys in the field. He's supposed to be very conservative, but his houseboy comes in after dinner and watches the telly with him."

"The boy always sits on the floor," his wife interrupted. "He knows his place. He's not like these cheeky young Bantus who think they can have everything a white man has just for the asking."

"THE English blame us for mis-using our kaffirs. But who's worse off? Would you prefer to have your brother working on the docks, or someone else?" Glen Ross asked. He is a heavyset Afrikaner farmer in his mid-sixties. "Having been brought up on a farm, I had farming in my blood," he told me. Before moving to Wyndal, Ross had been a bank clerk and then a government bookkeeper. "I sacrificed my pension, but I bought when prices were low." He is a loner. "I prefer to have a couple of spots and lie down rather than live the high life." Most Europeans do not know him, but the coloureds do, because he is reputed to be the most unscrupulous employer in the valley. In 1980, he was paying his workers less than seven rand—less than ten dollars at the time—for a fifty-five-hour week. He has a violent temper and frequently orders his two sons to beat his laborers. He has made no improvements in their housing since his arrival. He belongs neither to the Farmers' Association ("It's a waste of time, and time's money") nor to the Dutch Reformed Church ("I had to give them so much money that I quit"). He takes no interest in politics. "My politics are simple: there are twenty shillings to the pound." He does not vote. "There's no democracy in this country. Everything's decided in the caucus." He treats his wife like a servant. "I give the old girl a Maria"—a maid—"six hours a week. Why should I give her more? She's got nothing to do with her time."

"You say you've been here for six weeks. You're looking at the situation from the balcony. Our blacks and coloureds are living in clover in comparison with the way they used to live during slavery. We don't hate



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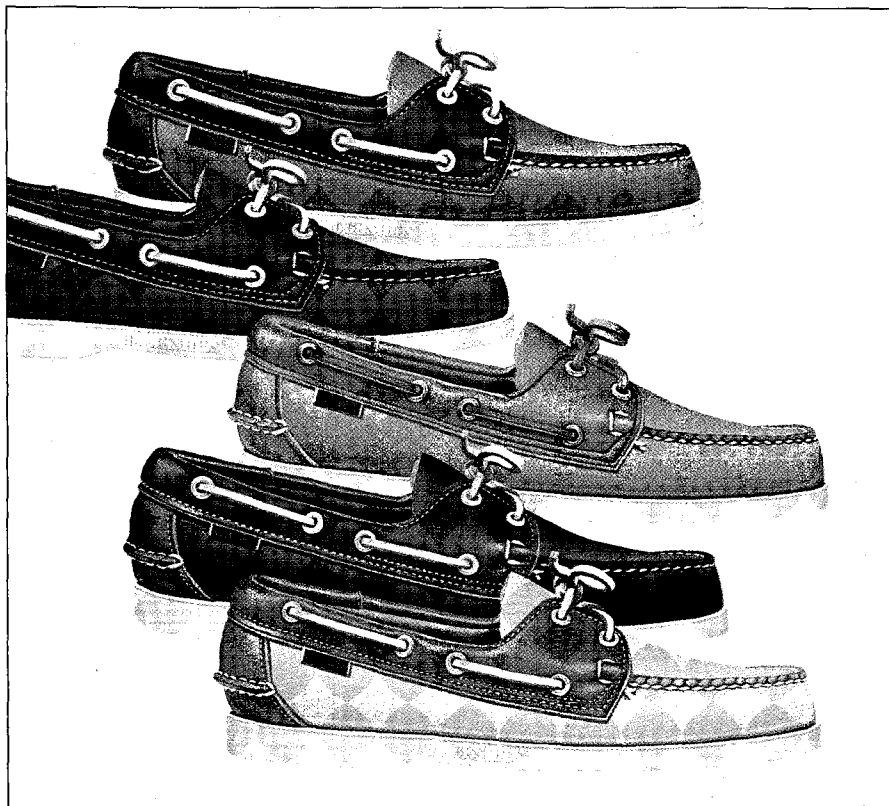
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them. We have to speak their language. Otherwise, they don't understand. City people say we talk coarse to them, but I say it's all they'll understand. You can't insinuate. You can't suggest. You've got to tell them straight. Then they'll respect you. My boys will protect me. We understand each other. A few years ago, there was an incident on the farm. Someone tried to rob me. The boys caught him. They said, 'Baas, let's slit his throat.'

"Humanism has given out too many handouts. I think this desire to live on handouts runs in the blood of the coloureds and blacks. We've spoiled them with welfare. Whites couldn't buy a house for the price the government's selling houses to coloureds. Now that freedom is served on a platter, people are taking advantage of it all over the world. Look at England, with its Jamaicans and Indians. They're throwing England out of gear. She made a mistake. She broke up the Commonwealth too soon. She dropped the kaffirs like hot potatoes. Kaffir politics are simple: 'Be against whatever the white man is for.' The outside world will always stick up for the white man in the end. We forget this sometimes. Look at Soweto." Glen Ross was referring to the 1976 riots in the southern slums of Johannesburg known as Soweto, where blacks are required to live in demeaning poverty. During the riots, hundreds of people were killed. "Would there have been a greater outcry if we had killed ten thousand kaffirs instead of a few hundred?"

"Now they're making education compulsory for coloureds. We'll have more unemployment. Will an educated man want to work on a farm? He'll want to work in an office. I suppose I'd want the same. The government has made a big mistake. They have two standards for the matric: one for whites and one for coloureds. The coloureds' is much lower, but they're told that it's the same as the whites'. They expect the same jobs and the same salaries. Who can blame them? Of course, if they applied the white standard to the coloureds' matric, seventy-five per cent of the coloureds would drop out."

Glen Ross said this with satisfaction. The government maintains that although the high-school matriculation examinations for whites and coloureds are different, they are at the same level. Many coloureds accept this statement, and say that those who have passed the matric should receive the

same benefits as a matriculated white. Others recognize that the standards are not the same, but they nevertheless insist that a matric is a matric. Both these groups argue that whites who talk about differences in examination levels do so in order to justify giving coloureds inferior jobs and lower salaries. No one, I should add, seriously bothers to argue the equivalence of the white and the black matriculation examinations. Of course, the whole argument is based on false premises. Regardless of examination standards, there can be little doubt that in South Africa the education of coloureds and Indians, to say nothing of blacks, is far inferior to that of whites. In 1982-83, South Africa's per-capita expenditure for pupils of different racial background was 1,385 rand for whites, 872 rand for Asians, 593 rand for coloureds, and 192 rand for blacks. School facilities and teacher preparation for nonwhites are far inferior to those for whites. Even the most superficial comparison of prescribed textbooks for the different racial groups reveals enormous differences in academic standards.

Glen Ross went on, "If I take the forty-odd souls who live on this farm, I doubt whether more than one would be able to pass the matric I had to take. Of course, standards are lower now for everyone. I don't have a single boy I'd trust with my tractor. I contract a Xhosa. They make good drivers. A lot of farmers are in debt because of their workers. They buy a tractor for ten or fifteen thousand rand and then they give it to one of their boys, who has probably been drinking. In no time, it is all dented up, if they're lucky. If they're not, it's been turned over and is in the shop.

"The farmers complain that they're not making enough on their farms. Well, that's because they don't know how to manage them. They have too many laborers, and they don't use them adequately. I farm about twenty morgen." A morgen ("morning") is about two acres—a morning's plowing. "I use just eight boys full time. During the picking season, I hire on the women. I pay them a little less, of course. I have about fifteen people working for me at the height of the season. But I never keep on a single soul when there is no work, and I pay them according to their worth. I have one boy who is too old to do anything but light pruning. I keep him on, but I pay him a bit less than the others. He's

happy enough to be getting a salary. I came out here without much capital. I had to replant, and still I was able to pay off the farm in eight years. Interest is dead money. I gross about sixty-five thousand rand a year and clear between twenty-five and thirty thousand. Nowadays, the farmers are paying too much for their land. It's going for over ten thousand rand a morgen, and they complain because they can't lead the high life. What do they expect?

"In the olden days, there were squires in England and barons in Germany. The masses had absolutely no say. There were all sorts of punishments. People were placed on racks and wheels and pulled apart. The world was cruel then. Today, we are ruled by the mob. Our problem is different. It's overpopulation. The kaffirs breed like rabbits. I'm battling to get my women *volk* to have birth-control injections. I've had the district nurse out here every week. The women want to have the shots, but the men tell them not to. They're afraid their women will run around if they get the shots. I don't know why they care. The women run around anyway.

"I don't see a solution. Actually, there is one. The world needs a Hitler in every country. But who would want that? Hitler made only one mistake—he tried to take Russia. He got power-hungry. The world is too sophisticated today to put up with the likes of him. We've even done away with the cane in prison."

THE coloureds, the Afrikaners, and even some English say that the workers prefer an Afrikaner to an English boss. "We're harder on them, but at least they know where they stand with us," the Afrikaners say. They tell a joke about a coloured beggar. He asks an Afrikaner for a hand-out. Without listening to his story, the Afrikaner curses him out and then tells him to go to the kitchen for a plate of food. The same beggar approaches an English man. The English man listens to his story sympathetically and tells him how sorry he is for him and how he wishes he could help if only he could manage it. He closes the door without giving him so much as a crust of bread. The Afrikaner stereotype of the English farmer is a hypocrite his workers can't trust. The English farmer, the Afrikaner says, sympathizes with his laborers' life. He pays them more than



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It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

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the Afrikaner does; he does not work them as hard; he gives them better housing. *But*, the stereotype goes, he does not treat them like human beings. He keeps his distance. If a worker is sick, the English man will make sure he gets to the hospital, but he will not nurse the worker himself. If a worker is too old to work, the English man will give him the correct pension, but he will not share his food with him. He does not work comfortably hand in hand with his workers. He must preserve his standing as a gentleman farmer.

A few of the English farmers in the valley accept this image. Others see it as a projection of the Afrikaners' own feelings about the English. Still others—the majority—are simply irritated by it. They agree that the coloureds prefer to work for the Afrikaners, because the two groups understand each other better; they speak the same language and have lived on the same kind of farm for generations. With a certain haughtiness, the English claim that Afrikaners and coloureds are very much alike. They argue, however, that when they arrived in the valley the Afrikaners were paying their laborers next to nothing, were working them on cheap wine, and were housing them in leaky huts with dirt floors and no sanitation. "It's fine to talk about understanding, but what counts in the end is not understanding but decent housing, a living wage, and healthy children," one of the more progressive English farmers put it, angrily. "When I bought this place, more than half the children were suffering from chronic malnutrition. They were sickly, and two died in the first three months I was here. There must have been twenty-five children on the farm, and nearly all of them had upper-respiratory infections. Now I make sure they get Pronutro"—a protein cereal—"each morning. The improvement in their health has been dramatic."

"It always comes down to the same question: What is the basic salary for these people?" Peter Cooke said. We were talking about the workers' drinking. Many farmers argue that there is no point in increasing the wages, because the laborers will only spend it on drink. "What is the effect of giving a lot of money to an unsophisticated people?" Peter said. "This tears me up. Should I pay them more even though they don't know how to spend their money? Here's a love-

ly example: Last week, one of my chaps asked for an increase. He has no education, but he's a hard worker—thick as hell. Give him a spade, and he's fantastic. He's an average pruner—a very excitable guy. Anyway, he asked for more money. I said, 'Let's talk about it.' He explained that he couldn't afford to buy his child a birthday present. I said, 'Henry, that's terrible.' We chatted a bit about kids' birthdays, and then I asked him if he had bought any wine the previous weekend. They buy wine in two-and-a-half-gallon containers for two rand fifty. He said he had. 'And the weekend before?' I asked. He said he had. And then I asked him if he would rather buy wine for himself or a birthday present for his kid. Silence. I explained to him that when you need something special you have to save for it. 'If I want to go on a holiday, Henry,' I said, 'I have to save for it. I have to do without other things. If I want to buy a motorcar, I've got to put away for it. It means sacrificing other things.' You see, he would never think of giving up his wine for his kid's birthday present. That just doesn't register as being important. I made my point, but it was totally lost.

"After five years on this farm, I've found that my tremendous disillusionment with the coloureds comes from my attempt to relate my own standards to them. It just doesn't work. I've got to keep pinching myself and saying to myself, 'Look, boy, they're not brought up the way you were. They don't think as you do. Don't get upset. Relate to them according to their own background.' This has helped me a lot."

Earlier in our conversation, Peter had asked me about some testing he had read about which proves that blacks have an intelligence inferior to that of whites. Such tests are frequently reported in the press. There was a particular flurry in June, 1980, when the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, Hennie Smit, said that the blacks' "thought processes" are slower than the whites'.

I said to Peter that from a scientific point of view such tests were unconvincing.

"I'm pleased to hear that," he said.

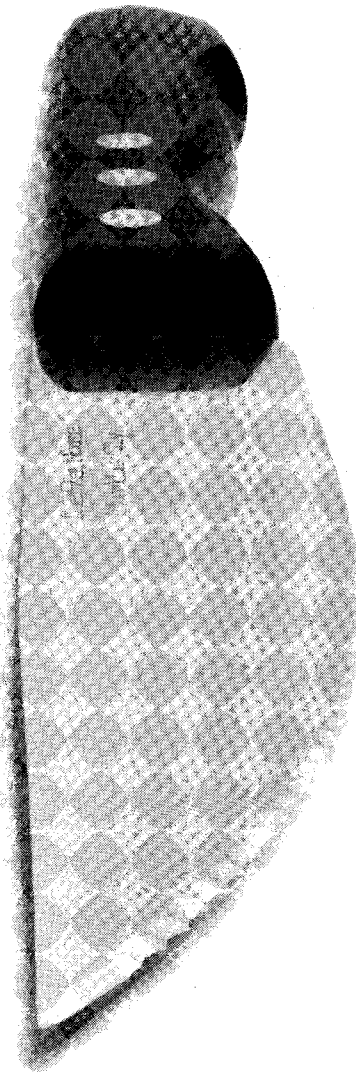
Racial and genetic arguments are frequently brought up by the farmers to justify the differences they perceive between themselves and their workers. By accounting for the differences in terms of race and genetics they free themselves from any responsibility for the differences. They can preserve the

status quo. They don't have to bother about real change. In my experience, among many of the more "enlightened" farmers, who attribute the differences they perceive to differences in culture, culture is also understood essentially as a given. For many Afrikaners, apartheid is justified on the ground that it preserves in their purest, most authentic forms the cultures of South Africa. Some romanticize the natives' cultures as they do their own *kultuur*.

"I started a farm shop," Peter Cooke continued. "I could buy what my workers needed in bulk and undersell the cafés in town. I thought they would appreciate it. I expected them to make a spot check to see whether or not I was charging them more than the cafés. Some farmers do, you know. Well, they didn't make much use of the shop. They told me they didn't want it. I asked them why. There was dead silence. I couldn't get them to explain. I began to do some research. I went to the cafés and the coöperative and priced the items I was selling them. I showed them that I was selling at by far the lowest price. I told them I was happy to give up the shop—it was fantastic, I would save myself time and bookkeeping. 'Have you chaps thought about this?' I asked. 'It will cost you more in town. You'll have to walk all the way. I can only lend you the tractor when there's a licensed driver, and he's going back home in a few weeks. And I will not let you carry any booze on it. I'll make spot checks. It will be more inconvenient. What the hell are you guys achieving?' Again there was dead silence. Finally, one chap muttered something about seeing other things he wants when he goes shopping in town. I said, 'Well, go into town on Saturday morning and choose the other things you want. You'll have more money for them.' I just ended up with a blank. I'm not relating to them. I can't understand their point of view. I think, Well, maybe they're growing up. They're flexing their muscles. 'Let them go through it,' I say to myself. Let them go down to town on Friday evening when it's raining and go through it all because they've got their full pay packet and can spend it the way they want.

"The minister at the Mission church says that all this comes from mounting feelings of frustration in the coloured community. He says that he himself is losing touch with them rapidly. They want to be independent of

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"I pay my workers as well as anyone in the valley. I treat them well. I give them good housing by comparison with the other farmers. I've given them a telly. At first, they misused it. They'd leave it on all night. Once, one of them bashed it in. I made them pay the repairs. Now I deduct thirty cents a week from their salaries for repairs and electricity. I don't care about the cost of the electricity. I give it back to them in their bonuses. Paying for electricity gives them a sense of respect for the telly.

"Yes, I treat them well. I like them. When I was in commerce, I did the same. But then I always had workers knocking on my door asking for a job. Here, I've had no one knock at my door and say, 'I want to work for you, because you're a good bloke.'"

Peter looked hurt. When he had been "in commerce," he had made a practice of hiring workers whom no one else wanted, because they had criminal records or bad reputations. He did this behind his father's back, and, from what he told me, he was immensely successful in his hiring. When he left the business, most of the clerks and bookkeepers were coloured, and several held positions superior to those of some whites in his office.

I told Peter that I could find no necessary correlation between what a farmer offered his workers, in the way of salaries and the quality of housing and facilities, and his reputation as an employer among the workers in general. Two of the farmers who in my opinion exploited their workers the most—beat them, and gave them only leaky hovels for homes—had the best reputations as bosses. (Glen Ross was not among them.)

"It's like the old story of the whipping dog," Peter said. "You try to take the dog away from its whipped environment and give it a nice home, and it runs back. I don't know what it is inside us that attracts us to such situations. Maybe it's the security that you know precisely how far you can go."

HUGO MALAN, a former engineer of Anglo-Afrikaner origins, came to the valley about ten years ago to farm. "When we first moved here, Hugo had a very frank talk with the *volk*," his wife, Peggy, said. "He told them that the farm was very run-down and that he expected to improve it

with their help. He explained how they would benefit from the improvements. He promised to pay them more, improve their homes, and send them to special training courses run by the government."

Hugo went on to tell them that as he expected to work hard he expected them to work hard, too. He wanted discipline, and would not put up with sloth or insubordination. He would pay each man according to his worth. There would be no drunkenness, he said, and no bootlegging, and no fighting. He was discontinuing the *dop* system, which only made drunks of them, and would increase their salaries proportionately. (In the end, he gave them a litre of wine on paydays.) If any of them had any complaints, they should come to him directly. If any of them were not satisfied with the conditions he had set, they were free to leave.

"They listened," Peggy continued. "I was watching from the house. But they didn't say a word. They didn't ask a question. I found it terrifying—their implacable silence. I didn't understand them. I had known only the Zulus, and they're completely different. They're silent, but they have dignity. I didn't know much Afrikaans then. Hugo said he had expected the silence. He hadn't had much experience with the coloureds, but he did speak Afrikaans. Even so, those first few months were frightening. The farm was so run-down and discipline was so poor that Hugo didn't dare walk into the workers' area without his revolver, and never at night."

According to some of the other farmers, the Malans inherited a particularly unruly group of laborers. (There were nine families, about fifty-five coloureds, living on the farm at the time.) The previous owner had exploited them fiercely. He had paid them little and beaten them, and had never paid the bonuses he promised. He ignored their bootlegging and the violent fights that broke out almost weekly. Unlike the workers on some of the other farms, the Malans' workers were nearly all related to one another. "Poor chap," one farmer said, referring to Hugo. "He couldn't have inherited a more dissolute lot. Old Gustave Maree—he was the previous owner—had collected the scum of the valley. He never paid them anything. Hugo's got rid of the worst, and—I must hand it to him—he's made the most of the others. His biggest problem is that they're all related. They're

always jumping into each other's beds and knifing each other. For a while, there wasn't a week that the police weren't hauling one or another to jail on a Saturday night. I suppose I was lucky. None of my workers were related. I'd have broken them up if I'd been Hugo. I'd have got rid of the whole bloody lot."

The relationship between the Malans and their workers improved slowly. At first, the workers tried to take advantage of Hugo's inexperience. But he proved tougher than they expected. He kicked out the troublemakers and advanced the better workers. He took a fatherly liking to one young man, sent him off to a training course, and made him foreman.

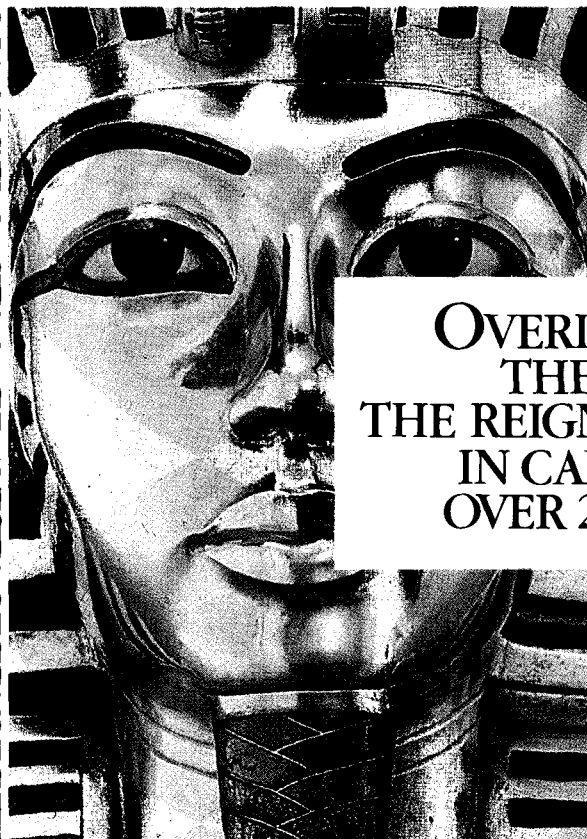
"Frankly, I've been disappointed in Aubrey," Hugo confided. He had just come in from inspecting some new trellises he was putting up in the south field, and he was listening to his wife's description of their first years on the farm. "He's a bright enough chap, but he doesn't seem to have the will. I told him when I made him foreman that he was going to have a rough time—that he was going to be challenged, and would find himself alone. I told him that *that* was the cost of advancement, and that if he wanted to advance in life he would have to bear it. He doesn't have it in him, though."

"How can he expect to lead others when his house is the messiest we have?" Peggy asked. "Anna—his wife—is part of the problem. She's a tramp. She throws rubbish out the door. She neglects her children. She's been in bed with nearly every man on the farm."

"I'd like to tell Aubrey to get rid of her, but I can't," Hugo said.

"Yes, that's the problem," Peggy said. "You know what's best for them, but you can't tell them. You feel you ought to, and you know you shouldn't. They have to make their own decisions. It's the spectre of paternalism that haunts us."

Peggy went on to describe the fighting that took place on the farm during their first few years. She takes a certain scandalized delight in talking about it and about the sexual encounters of her *volk*. She is not unusual in this respect. The English farmers and, perhaps to a lesser extent, the Afrikaners often talk about the drinking, the fighting, and the promiscuity of their workers. They complain about it; they are horrified, and they are entertained. "It adds a bit of spice to their lives," Zachary van der



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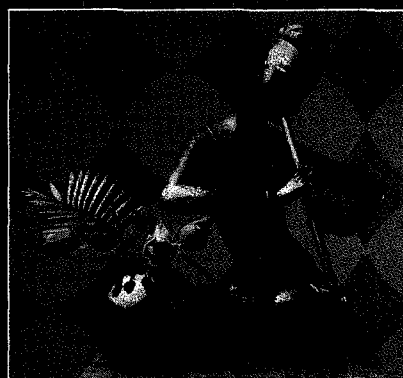
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Merwe, Hennie's son, said cynically. "Those super-respectable ladies know all the dirt that goes on a few hundred yards from their homes. They hear about it from their maids. That's as close as they ever get to it. That's as close as they want to get to it. They never ask themselves why their maids tell them who knifed whom or who's sleeping with whom."

"The fighting was terrible," Peggy Malan said. "Every Saturday night, we would lie awake and listen to them. At first, it was frightening. I thought they'd attack us. Hugo slept with his revolver next to the bed, even though he assured me they would never come to the house. I remember one night in particular. It was so dreadfully embarrassing. We had just fixed up the dining room, and had friends over from Durban. The screaming and the howling began. I sent one of the maids to ask them to be quiet. They were for a few minutes. Then there was a most ghastly scream, and a banging at the kitchen door. Hugo got his revolver and went to see what it was all about. Aubrey was standing there at the door, his hands covered with blood. He said that Tommy had stabbed Willie in the neck. Before he had time to finish his story, two men dragged Willie into the kitchen. Fortunately, Aubrey had had the sense to stick a rag into Willie's wound. It slowed down the bleeding. One of our guests was a doctor, and was able to stop it. We called the police, and they took Willie to the hospital. They found Tommy at a neighbor's. The whole thing evidently started when Tommy called Anna a slut, and Willie—he's Aubrey's brother—tried to defend Anna."

"The next morning, I had a very serious talk with them," Hugo said. "I told them that I would not put up with any more fighting on the farm—that the next time anything like this happened I would kick them all out."

"Of course, we fired Tommy," Peggy said. "He was in jail for six months. Do you know that the day he was released he waited at the café where he knew I shopped, to ask for work? That's the way they are, these coloureds. They're not like the Zulus. They've no sense of dignity."

"Or personal pride," Hugo added. "That's what I've been trying to develop in them—a sense of pride. They must take pride in their work. Then they'll develop a sense of their own worth."

Other violent incidents occurred on the Malan farm, but after the stabbing

there was a fundamental change, both Hugo and Peggy assured me, in their relationship with the workers. "They began to come to us with every problem," Peggy said. "It became intolerable. They tried to get us to intervene in their family disputes. Hugo refused. He said there would be no end to it. They came with their children at all hours. I remember Mary coming at five one morning because her daughter had a cough. It was nothing serious—a minor cough that could have been treated later, if it had to be treated at all. She tapped at our bedroom window."

"I asked her why she had come so early," Hugo said. "She said she thought her daughter was dying. I told her that she could not possibly have thought *that*. It was just a minor cough."

"She just stood there," Peggy added. "Not a word. I find their passivity so irritating. They're so dependent. They have no will. You tell them what to do. You explain why they should do it. They seem to understand. And they do what you say as long as you're there, but the minute you leave they go back to their old ways. And then they hang their heads when you discover them. They've no self-respect. I suppose it's our fault. We give them little enough to respect in themselves."

"No," Hugo said. "It's not a question of giving them anything. It's a question of their learning to respect themselves. You can't give a man self-respect. You can only treat him with respect. And I will treat any man, whatever his color, with respect if he merits it. But I will never give any man my respect if he does not merit it." Hugo was talking thickly, through his mustache. He went on to proclaim the virtues of meritocracy. "I don't believe a man or a woman should have a vote just for the asking. They should merit it. It's not a case of race. There are plenty of whites who have the vote and don't deserve it. There are blacks who should have the vote and others who shouldn't. If you have to work to achieve the vote, then you will respect it. Look, even in your country, in America, where everyone has the vote, how many actually vote? And how many of those who vote take it seriously? Why should we entrust the vote—our political welfare—to those who can't think? Why should one of my workers who can't read, who can't keep his house in order, have the same political power that I do

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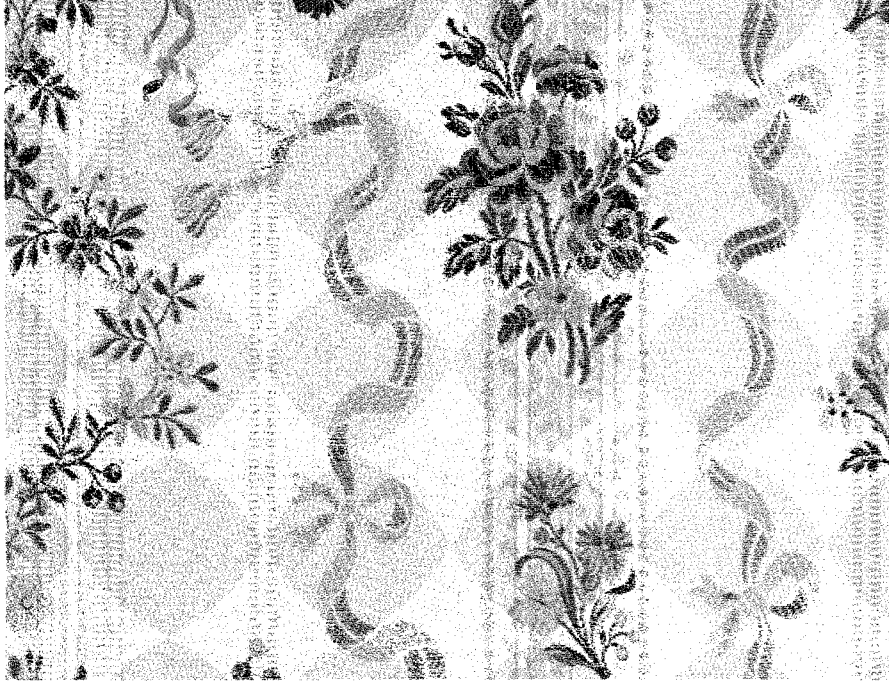
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or you do or any educated man does?"

"But it's not their fault," Peggy put in. "It's we who made them the way they are. We are responsible for their ignorance."

"No," Hugo said again. "It's not we who are at fault. We must accept the world as we find it, and change it, rationally, not emotionally. As I said, I can't give a man self-respect. I can only help him achieve self-respect. It's here that the government is at fault. It has created laws that prevent us from helping the other man achieve self-respect. It's blocked us, and *that* infuriates me."

"And so we try to do what we can, here on the farm," Peggy said apologetically. "It takes so much time and so much patience. Just when you think you've accomplished something, it slips away. Carol Reid told me this morning that the Wentworths discovered one of their boys chopping down a tree in front of their house. Tom Wentworth had ordered him to leave, because he came to work drunk. When Tom asked him why he was chopping down the tree, he said he couldn't get the *bakkie* up to the door to carry away his furniture. They've no respect for anything. I've tried to get them to plant flowers in front of their houses, but with the exception of Elsie—she's my maid and likes to help me arrange flowers—none have. I've offered them seeds and cuttings."

THE world of the coloured as white South Africans depict it—a world of drinking, fighting, and promiscuity—is a sort of anti-world, contrasting with their own idealized one of gentility, respectability, and, as they say, Victorian morality. It may also refract their own drinking, fighting, and promiscuity or their fantasies of such things. There is a fascination with this anti-world—the world of the exotic, say, or the psychotic, or the criminal—as long as it remains distant and abstract: depicted. It is in many respects a mythological world. Whatever its basis in reality, descriptions of it seem always to step out of reality into the imaginary. Desire—constrained less by the demands of reality than by those of traditional mythic symbols—is given extravagant play. Just as the early settlers often saw the native peoples of South Africa as demons, so there is a tendency, especially among the religious fundamentalists, to see the anti-world of the coloured and the black in demonic terms today. The homelands, in the white view, are

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filled with witch doctors and sorcerers; the locations are filled with *tsotsis* (thugs) and *skollies* (hooligans) who take on extrahuman proportions.

In the valley, however, the anti-world is neither distant nor abstract. The workers' quarters, *premier lieu* of riot and fornication, are a few hundred yards from the farmhouse, the bastion of gentility, respectability, and propriety, and are a constant reminder that the anti-world is very much part of the world. Here, paradoxically, reality intrudes into the mythic, rendering it frightening. Talk of drinking, fighting, and promiscuity—talk that seems, under these circumstances, an attempt to make the anti-world “inferior,” and so less terrifying—in fact makes it more terrifying. In the valley, talk is constantly confirmed by actual occurrence. When I was there, I was often terrified of coloured drunks on weekends. The white is caught in a circle from which he cannot escape.

Drinking, fighting, and promiscuity are, of course, only part of the coloured world. Gentility, respectability, and propriety are also part of it. They are seldom mentioned by whites. The farmers, despite their anxiety, are slow to improve their workers' lives to the point of “respectability.” (The government offers the farmers long-term improvement loans at three-per-cent interest.) But to dismiss the farmers' procrastination as “imperialist avariciousness” or “capitalist greed” may be to lose sight of the fact that the farmers themselves are ensnared. Hugo Malan makes only small improvements each year. Sometimes he says it is a question of economy. At other times he says that he improves his workers' quarters as the workers themselves improve—it is their reward for good behavior. He points to the “instant dilapidation” of workers' quarters on several large farms owned by Johannesburg corporations, and explains it by saying, “The managers were foolish enough to make improvements before their workers were ready for them.”

The existence of the anti-world in their midst is particularly disturbing to the English farmers, who, unlike the Afrikaners, have not yet got used to it. They are recent arrivals; they have come from other parts of the Republic, where they lived in other circumstances, with other defenses and subterfuges. In Wyndal, they cannot escape it, try as they may. Some have built walls between their homes and those of their workers. Others have

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planted hedges or rows of trees. Still others, like Peggy Malan, have encouraged their workers to plant flower gardens. These strategies in the end only emphasize the gap between the two populations.

The distance created by apartheid—apartheid understood not only in legal terms but as a frame of mind—reinforces the predisposition to view the world of the coloureds or, elsewhere, of the blacks as a grotesque anti-world, and to act according to that view. It is perhaps no accident that several English and Afrikaner office workers with whom I spoke agreed that they had become close to coloured colleagues only after some violent argument in which each side said what it thought of the other. Violence, at some level, may be the only way to break out of the circle—to enter into a relationship rather than to depict and exploit.

SEVERAL farmers in Wyndal have organized farm clubs to improve the lives of the coloureds. Often these clubs are aimed at giving the laborers some distraction that will discourage them from drinking. One farmer has Saturday-night film shows. Several others have cleared grounds for soccer fields. (Coloureds are said to be good soccer players but poor rugby players.) And still others—those who claim they cannot afford to do it alone—have pooled their resources and fixed up a game room with a television set in one of their barns. Younger English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking women have jointly begun women's clubs on their farms. Although the clubs have had limited success, they have brought English and Afrikaners together for a common purpose and improved relations between them. Other clubs are church-run. Hennie van der Merwe has not encouraged these organizations in his parish. He is not opposed to them per se, but they are not one of his priorities. "They offer easy expiation, and little else," he said once.

Organizations to improve race relations are found throughout South Africa. Some, like the Black Sash, have manifest political goals. Others, like Kontak, an Afrikaner women's organization, are deliberately nonpolitical. "We are pragmatic in orientation," one member of Kontak told me. "We do not want to give handouts. We want to improve relations between whites and nonwhites. We want to get to know them, and we want them to get to know us. We recognize differ-

ences in our styles of life and in our cultures. We don't necessarily want to change them. We want each group to appreciate the other and to make only those changes that its own members feel are necessary. We're neither social workers nor missionaries." Still other organizations, like the valley farm clubs, are more immediate responses to conditions seen by the whites as unbecoming. In all these organizations, women dominate. The organizations are, so to speak, a daytime activity, when the men are away at work. The men's realm is seen as that of economics and politics, not that of everyday social understanding and domestic welfare.

"We started a club for the coloured women on several neighboring farms, because we feel you can reach families only through the women," Margot Prinsloo said. She is Irene Prinsloo's daughter-in-law. "We've made quite a lot of progress in two years. We had coöperation from the Department of Coloured Affairs. They provided advice and some financial help, and told us which institutions would send out experts to give courses. Many of them do. I was surprised. We meet once a week from three to five or half past five to do something constructive. Tomorrow, for example, they will be learning to crochet sweaters. They can either keep them or, if they are good enough, sell them. We've made arrangements to sell the sweaters at a women's coöperative in Bellville. It will give them a little extra money. They've learned to arrange flowers—to beautify their homes. You can see the results. They never knew how to arrange flowers, and now when you enter their houses you will find a nice little bowl of flowers. Or you'll find something else they've made. They like to make pictures with flower petals. It gives them a tremendous sense of pride, because they have been creative. They can show their friends what they've made. We've also had courses in cooking and nutrition, but these have not been as successful. They are less concrete. It will take time.

"We're just scratching the surface. Four farms are involved in our club, and there is one other club in the valley. Peggy Malan has talked about starting one. So has Diana Wentworth, but her husband has been too sick for her to start anything. It's going to take time. It's an educating process. Perhaps that sounds paternalistic, but it's true. We've received help

from one woman who has been organizing clubs like ours for years and is making an in-depth study. She told us that there are certain things we can expect to happen. At first, they will always be late for a meeting and surprised when it ends. They have no sense of time. If she hadn't spoken to us about this, I don't think we could have carried on. It was so discouraging. We would arrive promptly at three, and none of them would appear before three-thirty or four o'clock. They would straggle in without an apology. Now most of them are on time. We have got over our first hurdle. Now we are working on getting them to run their own club. At first, they just sat there and waited for us to tell them what to do. Now they have elected a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer, and they make up their own agenda. We don't want them to think we are running the club. We have been dissociating ourselves slowly, but we are keeping an eye on it to make sure that things are going the way they should. We give them a few suggestions for courses at the end of each term, and they choose from among them. Then we look for the institutions that can give us help."

I talked to Margot a year later about the club. She had become discouraged. The coloured women were taking a less active role than she had expected. They appeared dutifully at the meetings, but they had lost some of the excitement they had shown the previous year. Margot and the other white women in the group had also lost some of their enthusiasm. Margot could not account for the change. "Sometimes I despair of ever accomplishing anything with them. It would be a pity to drop it." Neither Peggy Malan nor Diana Wentworth had started a club.

"WHEN I moved out here, I ran into many things I didn't understand. I had to keep an open mind," Pieter Kotze told me. He is a young, liberal minister of the Dutch Reformed Mission Church for coloureds in a neighboring village. "Superstitions function in various important ways," he said. Pieter Kotze is often didactic, and speaks with a school-boyish enthusiasm. "When I came out here, I saw them simply as superstitions. Only later did I come to appreciate their function. Funerals, for example, are very important events in the coloured community. They are a means of getting rid of the dead in a

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psychological sense. A funeral never takes me less than two hours. There are three services—at the house of the deceased, in church, and at the grave. At the house, the coffin is open and everyone files past, touching the corpse and covering it with flowers, except for the face. I was revolted by the idea, but I had to get used to it. They were also in the habit of leaving the coffin open in front of the pulpit, but I put a stop to that. At the cemetery, there is a lot of crying and hymn singing as the coffin is lowered into the grave. I drop soil on the coffin and then give the spade to the chief mourner. Each mourner follows, putting a spadeful of soil in the grave as the others sing. After the funeral, there is a big party. I don't stay for that. It lasts all night, and everybody forgets about the dead.

"Then, there is a lot of talk about *doekom*—black magic—among the coloureds. You don't find the laborers themselves dabbling in it. It's always the Malays. I suppose it's similar to witchcraft in England. I find it scary to come across people with these strange ways. The coloureds don't like talking to whites about these things. They call them *vuilgoed*—filthy things. They talk a lot about the slim man, the clever man. He's a sort of magician. If something unusual happens, they say it is the slim man from Stellenbosch or Kraaifontein. I make it clear that I don't want to have anything to do with the slim man. It is, of course, difficult, because they are not going to take the advice of an 'ignorant' man.

"I try to play down these superstitions. I accept their vocabulary to such an extent that at times it conflicts with my own beliefs. I don't disbelieve in the things they talk about. I don't believe in them. I simply do not have any belief at all. I accept it all in a kind of ad-hoc fashion. In this way, it poses no conflict."

I was not convinced. Pieter Kotze seems threatened by relativism. At times, during our many long talks, he accepted a relativist position, but at other times he became dogmatic. His sermons were always authoritarian in style, and when I made parish visits with him I had the impression that he distanced himself from his flock by means of his ministerial authority. Had I been a member of his congregation, I would have had great difficulty

confiding in him, though I would have trusted him completely.

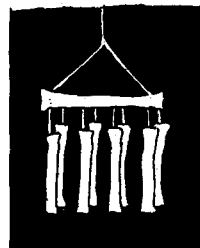
"I don't want to give you a false impression," he said. "Most of my time is spent on practical activities. I had a romantic notion of the ministry—a pastoral one, really—but instead of leading the life of a 'parish priest' I have to fight the school board. I have to pray for those who have been bewitched. I have to worry about children who drift around town in the middle of the day because their school can't accommodate them. They trample gardens, they steal fruit. I stole fruit when I was little. It was not considered particularly bad. It was just mischief. But now people appear to be harsher. They immediately call the police."

"Isn't that because the children who are stealing the fruit are coloured?" I asked. "You are white."

"Yes, to a certain extent you are right. It's hard to explain. Things have changed since I was a little boy. Now everything has a monetary value. I was talking to one old coloured man. He's a mason. He was describing the village in the old days. Whites and coloureds lived side by side. They were friends. They took care of each other. And then suddenly, about eighteen years ago, all the coloureds were moved out of the village. Oh, there are one or two coloured families that still live in the village. They pass for white, but everyone knows who they are. I can't explain why they were allowed to pass. Such are the mysteries of this country.

"They built a few good houses in the coloured community. Most of the people who live in them do not work in the village. It's been hard to sell them, because they are too expensive for the locals, and the community is not considered particularly desirable by the so-called better coloureds. They prefer to live in bigger communities, where there are more people like themselves.

"I do not really understand how most of the laborers live. Many of them earn only seven rand a week. There was one farmer who paid them six rand. He committed suicide recently. And then there is Glen Ross, in Wyndal. Have you met him? He's a brute of a man. Fortunately, there are not many like him. The laborers seem to have ways of supplementing their incomes. They steal. They fence. They sell *dagga*"—marijuana. "And



A. Malcolm

many of them bootleg. That's very profitable. They buy the cheapest white wine in twenty-litre jugs for a couple of rand and sell it for twenty or thirty cents a litre. Most *shebeening*—bootlegging—is done by blacks, though. They're good businessmen. They never drink themselves. They all have bank accounts.

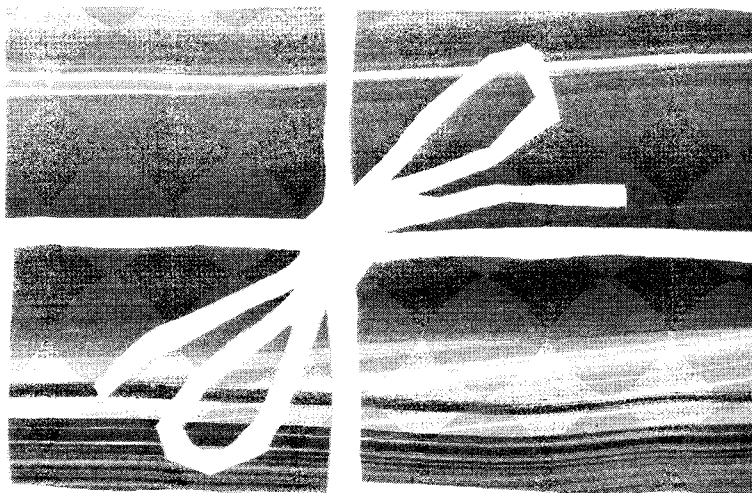
"The coloureds never save a penny. Theirs is purely a hand-to-mouth existence. They drink a lot. Some of them suffer brain damage from drinking methylated spirits. Others seem to develop an immunity to it. I don't think the majority of the coloureds are alcoholics. They do not need a drink the way an alcoholic needs a drink. Drinking is part of their style of life. There are some who smell permanently of wine, even when they haven't had a drop in days. I try to help them as much as possible, but it is difficult. I have nearly two thousand in my congregation. There is a social worker who visits us when she has time, but she is badly overworked. Some of the farmers help. They give Antabuse to the drinkers on their farms. I've sent a few away to treatment centers, but often the farmers don't want to let them go.

"I sometimes think that coloureds are about a generation behind whites in style of life and values. They want all the rights of the white man, and they don't want to mix with blacks. Of course, the blacks consider the coloureds to be bastards. Some marry coloureds, but it is for purely practical reasons. If they marry a coloured woman and have children by her, they may be classified as coloured and not have to have a pass. But the coloureds don't like to marry blacks. There is a class distinction among the coloureds. The lighter the skin, the higher the status. The most 'respectable' members of my congregation do not want to mix with blacks, and they don't want to mix with whites, either. Apartheid works both ways, you see.

"The coloureds have learned one thing—to play dumb. They can accomplish great things this way. I don't really know them myself. I don't think that's possible. They talk to me, but there is always a wall between us—a point beyond which I have no understanding. I can know about them, but I can't know them."

"How do you think the members of your congregation see you?" I asked.

"I don't have the vaguest idea," Pieter Kotze answered. He was taken aback by the question. "It differs so



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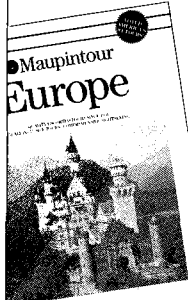
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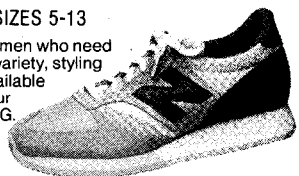
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much. In rural congregations, the white minister is generally liked, because he brings status to the congregation. There is a large part of my congregation that simply has no view whatsoever except in terms of my authority and its own dislike of authority. Others find me wonderful and unreal. They would like me to preach in the abstract, with words that they don't understand. They don't want to know me. They want me to be the embodiment of the holy man—the white holy man. They like to think of their minister as outside the community—too holy to see the way things really are. There are some very good people in my congregation. They're so good that I can't talk to them. They have too much respect for their minister—any minister. Many of them have undergone dramatic conversions after a drinking bout. If the minister has helped them, they respond with idealized love and respect. And then there are those, by far the largest number, who are reserving judgment until they know me better. Coloured people do not like to decide about whites until they have known them for a very long time."

"**N**OW, very often these people are actually demon-possessed," Hennie said, referring to the members of some coloured gangs in Cape Town. I had asked him about his experiences as a prison chaplain there. He had volunteered to be a chaplain, but was not given permission until the prison psychologist called him in one day to treat a man, a European, who was thought to be demon-possessed. Hennie himself believes in demons and often, though inconsistently, interprets individual acts of violence and madness in terms of demons. He has often performed exorcisms—both in Zimbabwe and in South Africa. Ever since his first charismatic experience, he has felt confident in treating the possessed. "I began to pray and suddenly I realized I was not alone. Christ was there with me. I knew I would be victorious. I know how to deal with Satan."

"These blokes are like puppets the demons use. When they are in this state, they are no longer human. They do such inhuman things. Three of them got together once and cut another bloke's throat with a razor blade. They belonged to one gang, and he belonged to another, and they had carried their feuds right into prison. They cut out his heart, chopped it into

pieces, and made everyone in their cell eat it. There are usually about fifteen blokes in a cell, and they wanted to establish their authority. On another occasion, some blokes slit open another bloke's stomach and played with his insides while he was still alive." Hennie had not seen these prisoners but accepted uncritically the stories he had heard in prison.

"**K**NOWLEDGE about" gives the illusion of "knowing." Pieter Kotze despairs of ever knowing his congregation. He says he can know about them but cannot know them. And yet he talks as though he did know them. He is caught up, inevitably, in the illusion. It is embedded in his idiom. Knowledge of the other is always a matter of convention, which is usually taken for granted. Everyone who visits South Africa is immediately given bits of knowledge about people of other races. They resemble the bits of knowledge with which one comes away from a museum of natural history or from having read an old-fashioned anthropological account. "A Zulu will never greet you first. You must greet him. He is not being impolite. He is being polite in terms of his own tradition." "Kaffirs don't think like whites." "Blacks have to learn a job step by step. They think serially. They have no sense of the whole." "There are no black mathematicians." "Coloureds have no sense of time." "Coloureds can understand a job if you explain it to them. They can think globally." "Coloureds live from hand to mouth; blacks save." "Coloureds are drunks." "Malays make good carpenters." "Indians are good merchants; they are all rich." "Afrikaners are pigheaded." "Afrikaners have a strong sense of family." "Afrikaners are materialistic." "Afrikaner students don't think. They learn by rote." "The English are hypocrites." "The English are toffee-nosed." "The English have one foot in South Africa and one foot in England." "Jews always know when to leave a sinking ship."

Such bits of knowledge are passed on like folklore. Not only do they give the illusion that one knows the other (or, on occasion, that it is impossible to know the other) but they confirm the picture that one has of the other. They also confirm the picture one has of oneself. The Afrikaner who asserts that the English are hypocrites is implicitly declaring himself, the Afrikaner, a non-hypocrite. The white

who says that coloureds have no sense of time is saying that he has a sense of time. One's sense of self is always mediated by the image one has of the other. (I have asked myself at times whether a superficial knowledge of the other, in terms of some stereotype, is not a way of preserving a superficial image of oneself.) These bits of knowledge and the resultant images create and preserve a distance between self and other which is at the root of those attitudes from which apartheid, legalized or not, arises.

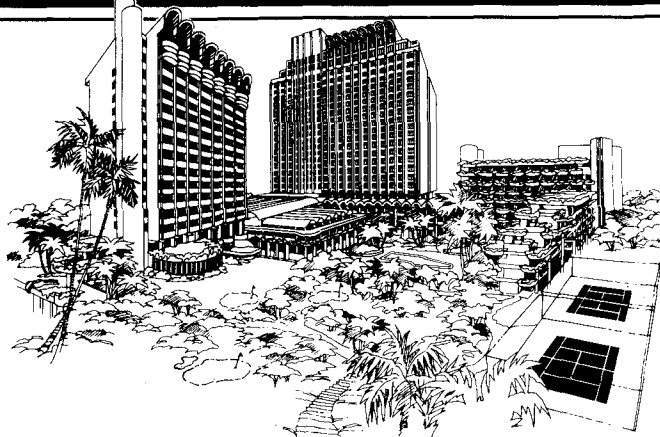
In my experience, the most extravagant bits of knowledge that whites pass on to one another concern blacks. Whatever their basis in reality, these bits of knowledge create a particularly distant—an exotic—image of blacks, which, like all exoticisms, is at once fascinating and alienating. The image whites have of blacks is a marvellous vehicle for whites' fantasies. It carries all the ambivalence that the white feels toward the other. Blacks can embody a savage dignity and command a very special respect or they can incarnate fear and demand flight or siege. They permit all the rhetorical play that enables the white South African to situate himself comfortably, but not too comfortably, in an Africa that can be his Africa.

"IT will be impossible for blacks to understand our ways for another hundred years," a Dutch Reformed missionary who was visiting in the valley, a man in his late thirties, told me. He had spent his entire life among the Xhosa. "When they ask a question, they don't see it our way. They never had a money system. They had only their cattle. How can we expect them to understand the overdraft system? What is a checkbook? They think of it as money. They don't understand the debt relationship. They don't even realize that a telephone costs money. They still offer *lobola*"—the money and gifts a groom must give his bride's family—"and have initiations. You've seen them all covered with white clay. They may wear suits and dark glasses, but, believe me, they don't change.

"The blacks are very confused now. They do not know where to go. They must decide on a new life—a life that they don't understand. They can't return to their old ways. They are very frustrated. You can see this in the black-consciousness movement and the black-theology movement. They are bothered by the fact that Jesus Christ



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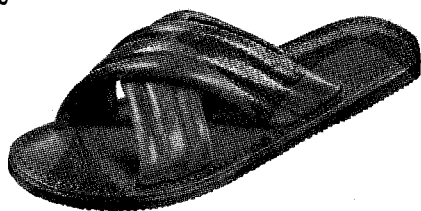
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was white. They don't understand that it makes no difference. They can't abstract. There are big differences in their mentality. It is not a question of intelligence. There are different types of intelligence. Blacks do not think abstractly. They think two-dimensionally. They prefer repetition. If you ask them to make a report, they will prefer to copy an old report rather than write a new one. They prefer to imitate. Even doctors—they can make excellent doctors—cannot cope with crises that require independent thought. They do not do well in the sciences or with computers. They are better at law and religion. There is not one black engineer in South Africa. And they do not make pilots. Even in Kenya, they are allowed to fly only small planes.

"I remember once I tried to explain to them that malaria is carried by mosquitoes. They were less interested in that than in who sent the mosquitoes. They don't really believe in germs. They are more concerned with their ancestors and their witch doctors. They'll go to a witch doctor for all sorts of reasons: to pass an examination, to regain their health, to be strong in love.

"The coloureds don't have the forefather problem the blacks do. They don't care about their ancestors. They are very different from the blacks. I would say that the blacks have a stronger personality. They have more pride. They have their own culture. They say coloureds have no sense of responsibility. Coloureds always want to be white. They are afraid of the blacks. They don't like to marry blacks. If they could, they would marry whites. But coloureds have a wonderful sense of humor. Have you ever heard them imitate a white man? Blacks are poker-faced. They never show their feelings, though their emotions change rapidly. One minute they will be friendly and the next minute angry.

"The blacks' real problem is that their leaders are very different from the ordinary citizen. Their leaders have visited England, Holland, America. They come back confused, and get frustrated, because they want to change everything at once and they can't. And then, of course, they have their personal ambition. Our forefathers had long years of experience—an experience that has affected all aspects of our lives. What is the black man's experience? Witch doctors. There are over three thousand different black

churches in South Africa. They call themselves Christians. Oh, it is far too soon for one man, one vote."

Several other Dutch Reformed missionaries I talked to drew a more sympathetic picture of the blacks. They were moved by their experience with them. They had greater respect for them and tended to romanticize their culture. One missionary, whom I met at Pieter Kotze's, told me that through his experience with the Xhosa his own Christianity was deepened. "In their simplicity, they understand Christ's message with a purity that is lost to those of us who have spent years reading theology," he said. He added that they had taught him humility and patience. "I've spent many hours trying to convey a message to them. At first, I became angry when they didn't understand—I still do at times—but slowly I came to understand that their failure to understand was in fact my failure. They may have seen a problem where I did not." He discouraged their belief in witch doctors, but he did not condemn it as a work of the Devil, as several other missionaries did. He saw it as a symptom of their innocence and their ignorance.

WYNDAL is riven by classification. Its inhabitants are separated not only into the "official" white, coloured, and black races—there are no Asians in the valley—but ethnically as well, and in terms of class and age. "Race" and "ethnicity" are not negotiable categories, as they are in Brazil or Morocco, say, but essential ones. One is white, coloured, or black. One is Afrikaner, English, German, Jewish, Dutch, or Portuguese. One is Malay, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Zulu, Sotho, or Xhosa. Such classifications describe one's essential being. They permit exquisitely mechanical stereotyping and promiscuous generalization; they prescribe social behavior and determine an often terrifying social distance; they provide the basis for apartheid understood in its narrower, legal sense.

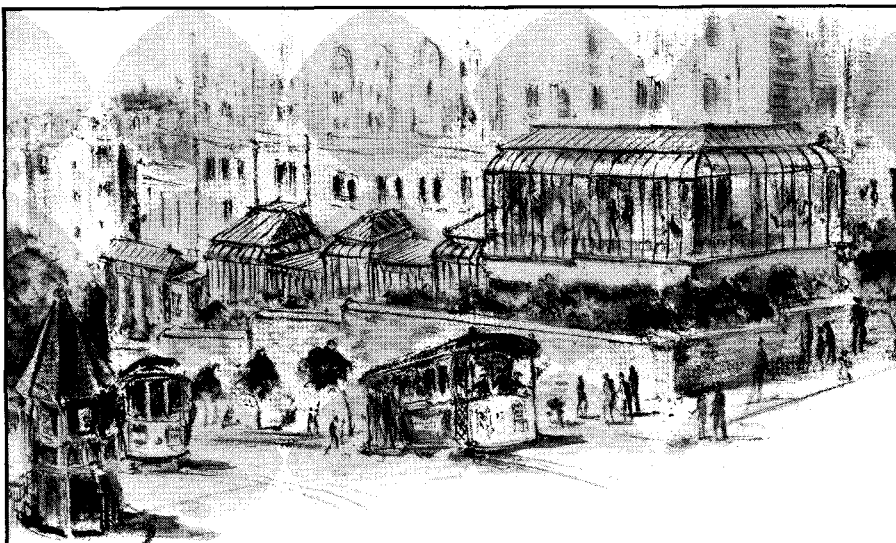
"I'm not afraid of the coloureds," a Wyndal woman, an Afrikaner, said stubbornly. "I sleep with my windows open. When the coloureds are in trouble, they go to the whites. They're like children. We are like parents. I'm not afraid of educated coloureds. The schoolmaster here is a fine man. I've had tea with him, but I wouldn't go to bed with him. And I'm not afraid of the farmhands. It's the half-educated ones—the troublemakers—who scare

me. The Bantus are different. They are not loyal, the way the coloureds are. They are always fighting one another. One of them, a truck driver, shouted to my father, 'Get out of the way, you white Boer!' They've become so cheeky. They don't know their place anymore."

"The blacks are barbarians, uncivilized, raw," another woman, also an Afrikaner, told me. "They can become professors and doctors, but there is always something lacking. Just a few days ago, a black man who had been educated in Europe said that he found something lacking in his own people—he was talking on TV. It is in the blood. Give a black, even an educated one, a drink, and—well, the same is true of common whites—he will drink until morning and behave in a barbaric manner. It is a question of breeding and background. My son is in the Permanent Forces, in South-West Africa. He says, 'You can take a black man from the bush, but you can't take the bush from the black man.'"

South Africa's apartheid, understood in its broadest sense, is an extreme case of the Western predisposition to classify and categorize just about everything in essentialist terms. In this view, once an object or a being is classified it is forever that object or that being. It has an identity. It partakes of a particular essence. It is subject to certain regularities, which are understood as rules or laws of nature, and it has its own place within a particular picture of the universe, like a piece in a jigsaw puzzle. Essentialist classification is static. Any change in identity, in essence, in regularity, or in place poses a problem; indeed, it threatens the classificatory system itself. When essentialist thought is applied to human beings, it precludes that small space of freedom which is at the heart of our humanity and which enables us to engage in a vital manner with those about us.

Racist and other essentialist social categories are not as freely manipulated by the dominant—the possessors of power, status, and wealth—as is popularly thought. In the popular imagination, the dominant are often seen as immune from social, cultural, and psychological constraint. How often is "the imperialist" characterized as a ruthless exploiter without conscience! If he were only that, he would have been far more successful in his exploitation. Such a view fails, of course, to recognize the constraints on the dominant. To be dominant in a



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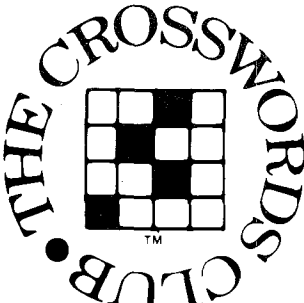
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system is not to dominate the system. Both the dominant and the dominated are caught in it. One has the advantage; the other does not.

Apartheid is the product of an essentialist racism, in which people of color are considered to be quintessentially different from whites and cannot, as such, enter in any meaningful way into the formation of white identity. They—the “blacks,” “coloureds,” “Asians,” “kaffirs,” “browns”—are “a lower race,” “childlike,” “prolific,” “raw,” “primitive,” “savage,” “uncivilized,” “of the bush.” This difference is preserved through distance. Apartheid precludes any contact with people of different races which might undermine the assumption of essential difference. Interracial residence, marriage, sexual relations, political gatherings, most sports, entertainment (in the dark of the cinema, at bars and night clubs, at the beach), toilets, elevators, waiting in line, travelling on buses and trains, eating—in short, any situation in which bodily contact between members of different races is possible—have been largely precluded. Bodily contact is considered polluting. It is considered dangerous. Fear of assault, rape, and murder is widespread. (Violence is at some level always a demand for bodily recognition.) The body of the other simply cannot be acknowledged. And the body covers social, spiritual, and intellectual attributes.

Two examples—one ideological, the other psychological—may illustrate this point. An old Afrikaner couple invited my family to dinner. They were very much distressed by their children, then in their thirties, who had joined a Baptist church. One of the children, Marliese, tried to convert my ten-year-old daughter that evening. When Marliese's father saw this, he called my daughter over and, to my surprise, told her not to pay any attention to what Marliese said. “Don't believe those people,” he said. “They think every word in the Bible is true. You can't, because then you wouldn't be able to explain how the black man got here. The blacks come from baboons. That's what evolution has taught us, and the Bible doesn't say anything about evolution. God created the white man in a day. *That* the Bible tells us. It took evolution to create the black man.”

Many whites—certainly most of those I spoke with—had had coloured or black nannies. Most adults had only dim memories of their nannies and did

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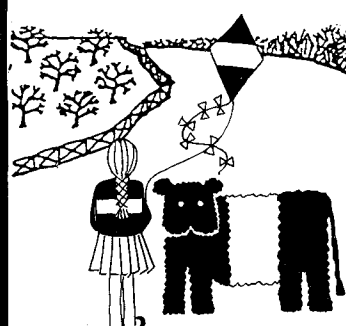


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not know what had happened to them. "She must have gone back to her people" was a typical reply when I asked where the nanny was. The replies were often cold—forcedly indifferent. I took this coldness to be a reaction to the devaluation of the nanny as the child became racially conscious. Often the first, most intimate emotional and bodily contact a child has, among the English and, perhaps to a lesser extent, among the Afrikaners, is with a person of color. In Durban, a six-year-old English child named Linda began to act wild in school—to hit other children, to spit at the teacher, and to defecate in the classroom. Linda's mother took her to a child analyst, one of the very few child analysts in South Africa. She could not account for her daughter's sudden change in behavior. Linda had always been a model child. Nothing unusual had happened in her life. The analyst questioned her closely. After several months of play therapy—Linda would not speak to the analyst, a woman—it became clear that she was strongly hostile to her mother, symbolized by a white doll. Her hostility alternated with suffocating affection. Finally, the analyst asked Linda's mother about the child's nanny, and learned, to her astonishment, that the nanny had been fired about a week before Linda began acting up in school. Linda had apparently been deeply attached to her nanny, a Zulu woman. The mother had never bothered to explain the nanny's sudden departure to her daughter and had not thought it significant enough to tell the analyst. Of course, the analyst had not thought to ask about the nanny in the first place.

—VINCENT CRAPANZANO

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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[John Kitchen in *West Hawaii Today*]

Under the always capable direction of conductor Donald Johanos, the Symphony presented a program Friday night that showcased two popular works by Russian composers Peter Tchaikovsky and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov. And the symphony added icing to its Russian coup de grace with an encore performance of an overture by Russian composer Kabelevsky.

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THE THEATRE

Sudden Death

WE accuse a work of art of sentimentality when it seeks to exact from us a degree of emotion greater than, given its nature, it has any right to exact. Certain popular songs (one thinks of Noël Coward's remark in "Private Lives" "Extraordinary how potent cheap music is"), movies, and plays have this effect on us, leaving us not unpleasantly on the brink of tears and yet obscurely ashamed of finding ourselves there. Rod Serling's "Requiem for a Heavyweight" is unquestionably such a play; it tugs at our heartstrings in a fashion that sometimes approaches the impertinent, but most of the emotion it evokes is earned, rising as if of its own accord out of the dark cave of the unconscious, and when the play enjoys a well-nigh perfect production we are willing to consent to what it evokes—the question of its sentimentality becomes an irrelevance. And this leads me to say how hard I find it to believe that a production of "Requiem" on the highest possible level of excellence which arrived at the Martin Beck last week received what are called mixed reviews and died after just four performances.

The decision to abandon "Requiem" was based, of course, on the murderous economics of Broadway, of

which producers, actors, designers, and audiences are equally the victims. Without a sufficient number of immediately reported rave reviews, the play couldn't afford to continue for the couple of weeks during which word-of-mouth praise would almost certainly have turned it into a hit. (Perhaps, also, the producers couldn't afford the money it would have taken to commission a TV commercial of the sort that has helped many a miserable musical to go on flourishing year after year.) Four performances! That means that in the thinnest and sorriest season that Broadway has experienced in a decade only a few thousand people were privileged to see nineteen superb actors, in parts large and small, invent a world together, under the direction of Arvin Brown at his best, in the finest set that Marjorie Bradley Kellogg has ever designed. I feel grateful to have been among those few thousand.

John Lithgow played "Mountain" McClintock, the fighter who after fourteen years in the ring is declared physically incapable of continuing his career. Battered and bloody, he perceives, however dimly, that the rest of his life will be but steps going down into punch-drunk dottiness. Lithgow was infinitely touching in his embodiment of McClintock's helplessness and

despair. As Maish Resnick, McClintock's manager, who knows no law except that of survival, George Segal never struck a false note; being a rat and knowing himself to be a rat, he wore his rattiness as if it were a skin, dangerous to anyone who touched it. Maria Tucci, as the virtuous social worker who hopes to save McClintock from his doom, brought a mingled rigor and tenderness to what could have been a soppy role indeed, and David Proval made a valiantly loyal figure out of Army Hakes, McClintock's handler. The period costumes (the time of the play is 1956) were by Bill Walker, and the lighting was by Ron Wallace. My admiration and sympathy to all who took part in this brave adventure.

ACCORDING to the program notes, "The Loves of Anatol," at the Circle in the Square, is an adaptation, by Ellis Rabb and Nicholas Martin, of Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," published in 1893. With a typographical carelessness characteristic of the entire enterprise, the notes say of Schnitzler that he and Richard Beer-Hofmann and Hugo von Hofmannsthal were known in the nineties as "Vienna's *Jung Wein*," which means, more or less, "Vienna's young wine" but which the program translates as "Vienna's young Vienna." The fact is that Mr. Rabb and Mr. Martin have managed to expunge every trace of Vienna, and therefore almost every trace of Schnitzler, from this series of dramatic sketches; they appear to have believed themselves to be translating Sacha Guitry, with Anatol as a youthful Maurice Chevalier, and their confusion is compounded by Stephen Collins, who plays Anatol as a strenuous, distraught Boy Scout. As Anatol's crony, Philip Bosco, who in his new-found embonpoint begins to resemble the late Ralph Richardson, is also plainly a long way from Vienna, while the women in Anatol's life—Mary-Joan Negro, Valerie Mahaffey, Michael Learned, and Pamela Sousa—are unmistakably American in voice and gesture. Schnitzler's Vienna was a compost heap of rotting wonders; the waltzes with which Rabb, as director, has sought to link the episodes of "The Loves of Anatol" are unerringly beside the point.

IF you were a professor of playwriting at some university so ill-advised as to have established a professorship of playwriting, and if you



*"I suppose if we've got through what we've got through
we can get through anything."*

wished to assign your pupils a task so nearly impossible to achieve that even a Shakespeare would slink from the classroom in tears, then you would propose that they write a comedy about a family of eight tiresome, middle-aged Irish Catholic sisters living in Rhode Island who meet every other Friday to play bridge and gossip. To make matters worse, you would propose that the first act take place in 1934, and the second and concluding act ten years later, and that every single thing that was broadly hinted at in the first act would be found to have come true in the second. To my astonishment and dismay, just such a play has been written by P. J. Barry and has opened at the Music Box. It has an agreeable setting by John Lee Beatty, appropriately hideous costumes by Carrie F. Robbins, lighting by Roger Morgan, and direction by Tom Moore. The actresses who play the sisters—grisly coelacanths fetched up out of the depths of the smallest of our states—are Peggy Cass, Nancy Marchand, Bette Henritze, Anne Pitoniak, Elizabeth Franz, Lois de Banzie, Elizabeth Huddle, and Gisela Caldwell. As the sisters themselves would be the first to say, God love them.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

*O'Brien, Nelligan
& Woolf*

AND now, at the Public, we have Virginia Woolf, by way of Edna O'Brien, but, unlike the mean-spirited dramatist of "Tom and Viv," who scored off T. S. Eliot at every turn, Miss O'Brien is a writer, and, in "Virginia," well disposed toward her heroine. Whether Kate Nelligan—an unlikely choice for the role—convinces us that she is that heroine is open to question, but she is an arresting actress, who never allows our attention to waver. Most of the action is a monologue, an autobiography of sorts, composed of selections from Virginia Woolf's diaries and letters, supplemented by a sprinkling of scenes with her father, Leslie Stephen, and her husband, Leonard Woolf, and with Vita Sackville-West, with whom she had a brief, intense sexual fling in middle age. These scenes were, of course, written by Miss O'Brien with lines excerpted from Mrs. W., and they blend in well. The evening opens with Virginia, framed in a doorway, recounting a terrifying dream of drowning, and as it closes, after Leon-



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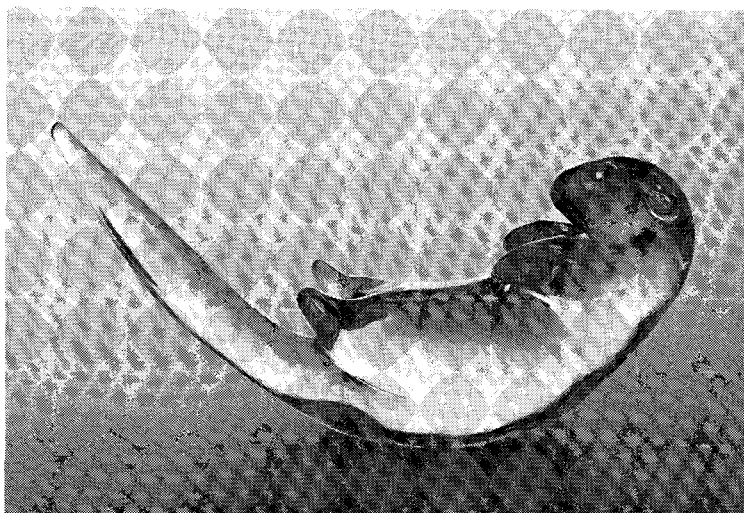
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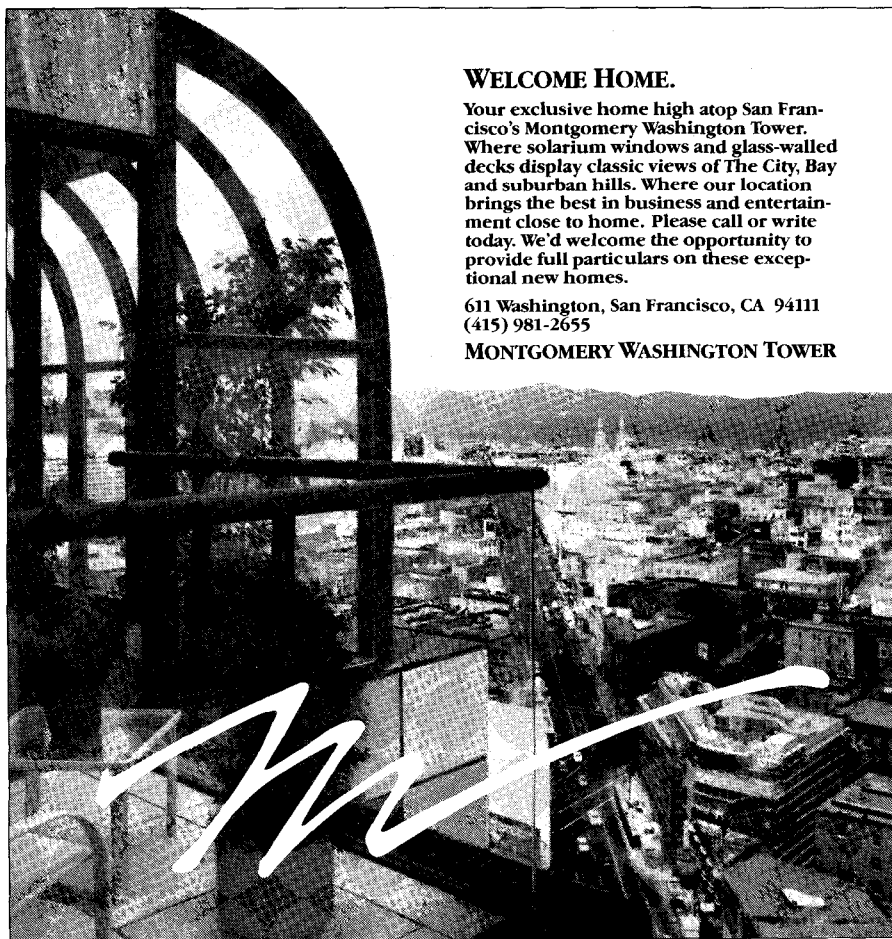
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ard has read aloud with her the heart-breaking suicide note, Virginia is again framed in a doorway, speaking the same speech. The first act takes place in London, the second at Rodmell, the Woolfs' country house. It is there that Virginia's unsettling (to Leonard) affair with Sackville-West is touched on, clumsily. Patricia Elliott, svelte and flirtatious, is another unlikely choice, since Virginia refers to Vita's mustache and to her legs "like beech trees." The scenes with Vita, silly as they are, at least provide a lead-in to a reading by both Woolfs of portions of the manuscript of "Orlando," the fantasy that Virginia wrote about Vita and the Sackville family. "I predict that it will sell," says Leonard. It became a financial success and changed their lives. No question, by the way, about the casting of Leonard. In a sketchy part, Kenneth Welsh, stooping, intense, and with a constant quaver, is excellent as this brilliant, saintly man. The spare, appropriate settings and costumes are by Santo Loquasto; the effective lighting is by Arden Fingerhut.

PAN ASIAN REP, whose "Yellow Fever" brought pleasure to quite a few of us a couple of years ago, now presents, in its neat little theatre on West Twenty-eighth, a Hawaiian import, "Manoa Valley," by Edward Sakamoto. The setting is the valley of that name, on Oahu, and specifically the back yard of the family of one Tosh Kamiya on the day in August, 1959, that Hawaii became a state. The large Kamiya clan is about to give a party to celebrate statehood, and the action is, in effect, the prologue to that party. Most of it is seemingly desultory, what with peeling cucumbers and carrots and putting beer on ice and confiding and squabbling, but by the time the play is over a young man of nineteen has obtained his father's permission to leave for the mainland and the University of Southern California to study engineering, and his married sister, in despair because she is barren, has been invited by the father to enter the family business and eventually take it over. The parts are somewhat dim, but the actors perform them well, and Alvin Lum, as Tosh, is so strong that he strengthens the play and gives it substance. Kati Kuroda directed. The expressive, roomy set on the tiny stage is by Bob Phillips; lighting and costumes are by Richard Dorfman and Eiko Yamaguchi, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Airs of Earth and Heaven

ROBERT BEASER and Daniel Asia, the musical directors of the ensemble Musical Elements, regularly devise coherent, attractive, and satisfying programs. An Elements concert in the Great Hall at Cooper Union last month consisted of music by Hans Werner Henze and Peter Maxwell Davies, along with music by two younger Europeans, Hans Abrahamsen and Robert Saxton, who have come to prominence in recent years. It began with Henze's "Carillon, Récitatif, Masque" (1974), for mandolin, guitar, and harp—a small neoclassical suite of uncommon refinement and beauty. The performers were Peter Press, David Starobin, and Susan Jolles, who have recorded the work on the Bridge label. Abrahamsen, a Dane, born in 1952, was introduced to New York last year with "Night and Trumpets," played by the Danish National Orchestra. (It was first played by the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Henze.) Elements gave the American première of his "Winter Night" (1978), a four-movement suite for seven instruments (flute and clarinet, cornet and horn, piano, violin and cello). Abrahamsen has been called a European minimalist—a misleading term except insofar as it can describe uncomplicated thematic material and limpid facture. His music is composed with subtlety and grace. It is unschematic and always lyrical. "Winter Night" proves captivating at a first hearing and loses none of its charm on repetition; rather, admiration grows for the deft, unconventional textures, metrical ingenuities, and unself-conscious contrapuntal play. The Elements instrumentalists, conducted by Mr. Beaser, played it with exquisite skill. Abrahamsen's wind quintet "Walden" is due from the Aspen Wind Quintet at its Naumburg concert in Tully Hall in May. His latest composition, "Fairytale Pictures," was given its first performance, last month, by the London Sinfonietta; may it soon come to these shores.

Paul Sperry then joined the ensemble to sing seven numbers from Henze's "Voices" (1973)—an album of twenty-two songs, lasting nearly two hours, for mezzo-soprano, tenor, and fifteen players who among them command some eighty instruments (and to one song add choral accompaniment). Rose Taylor, Mr. Sperry, and the London Sinfonietta, conducted by the composer, gave the first performance, in 1974. (Elements billed its excerpts as an "American première;" the complete work has been performed in Los Angeles and San Francisco.) "Voices" stands high on the list of Henze's achievements. The text is an anthology of poems—Italian, German, Greek, Cuban, Chinese, American—that caught the composer's attention. The first of them, Heberto Padilla's "Los poetas cubanos ya no sueñan," tells of lyricism invaded by horror as "the world flows over [the poets'] mouths and the eye must look and look and look." In the last of them, Hans Magnus Enzensberger's "Das Blumenfest," the poet overwhelms his foe by drowning him, smothering him—like Boito's Mephistopheles—in flowers. The uniting themes are artists' responses to all the oppressions that are done under the sun and the tears of those who are oppressed and

have no comforter, while the power is on the side of the oppressors. The poems range from chiselled strophes by Heine, Ungaretti, and Brecht to the rawest of anti-Vietnam War verses. Not all is angry, bitter, or denunciatory; there are episodes of consolation, hope, and humor. The music is an anthology of manners ranging from Kurt Weill and Paul Dessau, through electronic collage, Cuban rhythms, Dixieland, pop protest song, aleatory music, and parody, to Henze's personal vein of tenderest lyricism. Each song is differently accompanied. The album is like a rich sketchbook, tracing in epitome procedures and notions that had been or would be more fully explored in other Henze pieces. But these are "finished sketches," each fully worked, complete in itself. "Voices" presumes an educated listener able to respond to verses in Italian, Spanish, German, and English. (Lines by Ho Chi Minh are translated into English, and by Michalis Katsaros into German.) A sense of fellow-feeling spanning countries and centuries, of musics of many kinds turned to moral ends, and of artists as unacknowledged but influential legislators of the world is strong. In 1974, "Voices" was topical. Today, unfaded, it remains what Shaw in 1898 called "Das Rheingold"—"frightfully real, frightfully present, frightfully modern." A full New York performance is overdue. In this bilingual city, the Italian and German



"And this is Bob Ebbinger. Bob always has a pencil and paper handy."

songs should probably be translated into English if the cycle is to make its fullest effect. Elements offered only a sampler, but one that included some of the best songs and was enough to show the force of the work and the genius of its composer.

Davies' "Seven In Nomine" (1965), which followed, is also a moral piece—though less evidently so, in that its message is not spelled out in words. It was one of the works (others are the two orchestral Fantasias on John Taverner's *In Nomine*, of 1962 and 1964) that he created on the way to the completion of his opera "Taverner" (1962-68). The concern of the opera is the role that creative artists—and, by extension, all those who live by, in, or on art: performers, managers, publicizers, musicologists, critics—can in conscience play when they consider all the oppressions that are done under the sun. "Seven In Nomine," less exigent than the opera it led to, explores music's expressive possibilities. It begins with Taverner's own *In Nomine*, from the *Benedictus* of his "Gloria tibi Trinitas" Mass, scored by Davies for string quartet. The fourth and sixth movements are Davies' scorings of *In Nomine* by John Bull and John Blitheman—two of the hundred-and-fifty-odd developments from Taverner's idea which English composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries essayed. The four other *In Nomine* are Davies' own new workings of the chant in the light of music's progress through the four and a half centuries since Taverner's Mass. The sequence as a whole brings the past into the present, makes us one with the ages, and proclaims the steps and leaps of plainchant as basic metaphors relating music to life. On the local level, the scoring (for flute or piccolo, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, harp, and string quartet) delights the ear; a listener smiles happily as the instruments mimic the timbre of the little eighteenth-century chamber organ (the harp providing the "chiff") on which the composer played the pieces to himself.

Saxton, born in 1953, has taught with Davies at the Dartington Summer School of Music, in Devon. His latest work, "Sentinel of the Rainbow," was written for the Fires of London, the ensemble that Davies directs. At the Elements concert, Vicki Bodner and Elizabeth DiFelice gave the American première of his *Arias* (1977), for oboe and piano—a chain of lyrical, shapely miniatures. The

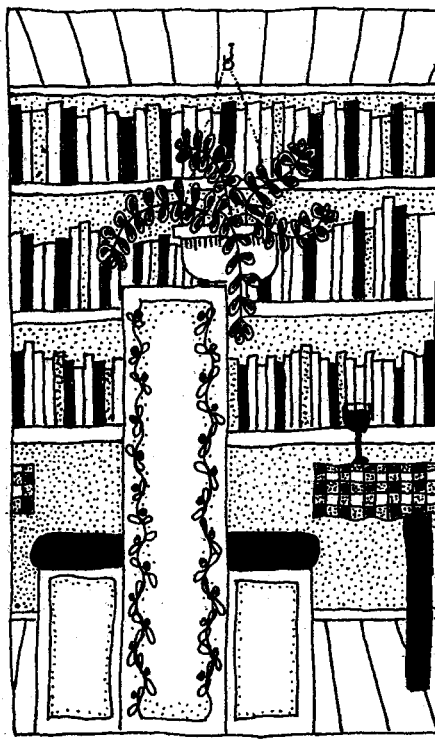
program ended with Davies' "Runes from a Holy Island" (1977), composed for the Fires sextet, playing alto flute, clarinet, celesta, percussion, viola, and cello. The "Runes" are mysterious, cabalistic utterances. They sound like beautiful spells. A thread of plainchant running through them surfaces from time to time. In a program note, the composer invites listeners to find in them also "miniature sea and island soundscapes." The performance, conducted by Mr. Asia, was delicate and intent.

The audience for this concert was not large. Cooper Union, in whose Great Hall Abraham Lincoln and Susan B. Anthony once spoke, now lies off center of New York's musical life. Vauxhall Gardens and the Astor Place Opera House disappeared long ago (but the Public Theatre is a new neighbor). The 1974 reconstruction of the Union cased the hall's slender iron columns in cement, and from many seats the sight lines have become tricky. There's no bar, no buffet, only a water fountain—although after the Elements concert the audience was invited to join the artists over cheeses and wines. In winter, an excursion to a concert at Cooper Union offers few incidental pleasures. (It's different on long summer evenings, for the neighborhood contains many buildings worth looking at, and a pre-concert hour or two can be enjoyably spent.) After a decade in New York, I've learned to stop regretting the extra-

musical amenities that European audiences can take for granted; but this program of European music reminded one that over there concertgoing is a sociable activity.

IN 1983, I wrote in these pages about Saxton's orchestral piece "The Ring of Eternity," a work springing from contemplation of Henry Vaughan's "I saw Eternity the other night Like a great Ring of pure and endless light, All calm, as it was bright." It had had its first performance that year, conducted by Oliver Knussen, at the London Proms; Knussen has also done it with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. Ideas of music as a metaphor for light, and of both as emblems for transcendental adventure, have run through Saxton's work. He first set the Vaughan poem at the age of eleven—the year before his first opera was staged in London. "The Ring of Eternity" opposes images of shining calm and shadowy turmoil ("And round beneath it, Time . . . Like a vast shadow mov'd"). At last year's Proms, Saxton's Concerto for Orchestra had its first performance, given by the BBC Symphony, conducted by John Pritchard. The idea behind the work, the composer revealed in a program note, depends from "the Hekhaloth tracts, Jewish writings which describe the mystical experience of journeying through the seven heavens and the seven palaces in the highest heaven until the Divine Presence is reached; after the brightness and sometimes fearful qualities of the celestial palaces the eventual goal is total simplicity, calm and infinite light." It is music that juxtaposes shimmering, active chords from the upper strings (the violins in twelve parts, each oscillating in thirty-second notes); slow brass chords that well up, note added to note; bursts of splendor from the woodwinds as they take over the string music with a brighter shine; silvery glints from piano, celesta, and harps; occasional trumpet fanfares. There is a clear sense of stages along a journey. There is a large-scale harmonic ground plan. The goal is reached when the shimmering turns to a steady radiance, and a serene English-horn melody—some of its contours intensified by clarinets, alto flute, or trumpet—sings out. The vision does not last long: a sudden flicker passes across it, and it is gone. The mystical progress is apparently one that souls can make repeatedly.

There is perhaps something of Mes-



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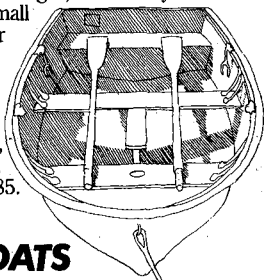
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siaen here, and something of Ligeti in the writing for the large orchestra. But it's new music, of the kind that Constant Lambert called for half a century ago in "Music Ho!"—music that cannot be labelled "the new This" or "the new That," music that, while consolidating "the reckless and fascinating experiments" of pioneers, neither truckles to topicality nor loses itself "in a dream world of forgotten loves and vanished days." One aspect of the Concerto for Orchestra bothers me a little: the solo-violin passages. Saxton has illustrious precedents: Beethoven, Mahler, Schoenberg in "Die Jakobsleiter" used the solo violin in episodes of mystical rapture. But the sound of it brings one down to earth, draws attention to an individual, human player. Of the solo violin in the Benedictus of the Missa Solemnis, Martin Cooper (in "Beethoven: The Last Decade") remarked, "It would hardly be more unsuitable to introduce a ballerina into the sanctuary."

ACTS and episodes from Karlheinz Stockhausen's opera-in-progress "Light," a seven-day work, have been performed in many European cities, and the complete "Thursday" and "Saturday" from "Light" have been staged by La Scala. An album of "Thursday," assembled from episodes recorded in Cologne, Paris, Hilversum, and Hamburg, has been published by Deutsche Grammophon. At the 92nd Street Y last month, the trumpeter Stephen Burns played and danced the final section of "Thursday," called "Michael's Farewell." The protagonist of the opera, the plot of which is largely autobiographical, is Michael, the archangel, incarnate as a mortal musician:

I became a human . . .
as a child born from a mortal mother's womb
to grow, learn, aspire
childlike to invent games with sounds . . .
to bring celestial music to humans
and human music to the celestial beings.

Michael, like the other main characters, Eve and Lucifer, is played by a singer, an instrumentalist, and a dancer. Michael's instrument is the trumpet, Eve's the basset horn, and Lucifer's the trombone. At La Scala, Matthias Hölle, the Met's Night-watchman in "Die Meistersinger," sang Lucifer. Mr. Sperry was the tenor Michael of Act III; the composer's son Markus was the trumpeter Michael. But the Farewell was sounded by five trumpeters in Michael

costumes, illuminated like tower statues, who stood—two on the outer balcony of the opera house, three on the palaces that front the other sides of the vast Piazza della Scala—and exchanged Michael calls across the piazza for about half an hour. On the recording, Markus Stockhausen, doing all five parts, plays a condensed version, lasting about eleven minutes, recorded in a Hamburg studio. At the Y, Mr. Burns had prerecorded four of the parts and played the fifth, dancing the while. Aged twenty-five, he's fresh-faced, slim, and graceful (the Farewell in this form is not a work that more burly trumpeters—Maurice André, for example—could easily tackle); the simple, well-judged steps, turns, gestures, and attitudes mirrored the phrases and made pleasing images. Heard out of context, "Michael's Farewell" is perhaps hardly more than an impressive series of lapped trumpet calls, but the general effect was one of awesome, joyous majesty. "Michael's Greeting," a prelude for eight brasses, piano, and percussion which welcomed the Scala audience in the foyer, is billed to open Merkin Hall's Music Today concert next Wednesday.

The concert began with a sonata by Pietro Baldassare, composed for cornett and strings, and Alessandro Scarlatti's cantata "Su le sponde del Tebro," composed for soprano, Baroque trumpet, and strings. Mr. Burns played both on a rotary-valved piccolo trumpet with warm, bright, rounded tone. Beverly Hoch, the soprano, showed disappointingly little feeling for the words. In the Stockhausen, in a workaday sonata by Kent Kennan, and in a bold transcription of Schumann's Fantasy Piece Opus 73, No. 3, Mr. Burns played the regular instrument. Encores produced trumpets in other sizes and a flugelhorn. His tone was unfailingly delightful—now brilliant, now gentle, never blaring or aggressive. His manner was buoyant and winning. He's a stunning virtuoso (as can be heard on his first record, Music-masters MM 20074, a concert of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music). But his sense of Baroque style was less than sure.

—ANDREW PORTER

Above right: the Queen Mother was presented with an enormous bunch of glowers when she opened the Guinness Trust's Lord Gage centre in Newham.

—Photo caption in *Majesty*.

It's been a long, hard winter, and it's not over yet.

They've come again. There have been several vacations since their last visit, but Waikiki is the only place the children would come back to. Their boy is still wet from the outrigger and is excited about a surf lesson at two. Tonight, there will be the big hula show for sunset and tomorrow will be around the island. The next day, their daughter dances. They're having a great time together. Well, now. We're United — the airline that flies them here and back again, happy.



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AMERICAN CHRONICLES

"I'VE GOT PROBLEMS"

JIM TITSWORTH, a reporter for the *Grand Island Independent*, made the first phone call to Arthur Kirk once a Nebraska State Patrol SWAT team was in place around the Kirk farmhouse. Titsworth had interviewed Kirk that afternoon in the driveway of Kirk's farm, near Cairo—a fading little farm town in flat corn-and-wheat country fifteen miles northwest of Grand Island. At the time, Kirk seemed calm—he had just driven into the farmstead with a truckload of newly cut beans—but he was still angry about his confrontation earlier in the afternoon with some Hall County deputy sheriffs who had come out to serve legal papers for a Grand Island bank. The deputies had no right to come on his land, Kirk told Titsworth—he had what he called “a federal post” on it, excluding government officials as well as ordinary trespassers—and they had no business carrying out “the bankers’ dirty duties.” He didn’t deny that he had pointed a pistol at the head of one deputy; in fact, he pulled a long-barrelled .41 magnum out of his coveralls to show it to Titsworth. About an hour after the interview, Art Kirk called the offices of the *Independent*, but Titsworth was out. Kirk left his name and a short message: “I’ve got problems.”

He had serious problems. Jim Titsworth was returning the call that evening from a command post at the headquarters of Troop C, the Nebraska State Patrol's Grand Island detachment. The Hall County Sheriff's Department had obtained a warrant for Art Kirk's arrest, and had asked Troop C's SWAT team for help in bringing him in. Titsworth was using the call from Troop C headquarters partly to nail down some facts for his story—he wanted to know how many acres Kirk had been farming before his operation began to shrink; he wanted to make certain that he had the correct first name of Kirk's wife—but he had also been asked by the state police to do whatever he could to feel out Art Kirk's state of mind. Kirk answered Titsworth's questions—he had once farmed about two thou-

sand acres; his wife's correct first name was Deloris—but he seemed more interested in talking about the problems brought on by his confrontation with the deputies. He said that the deputies had brandished guns themselves. He said that a Sheriff's Department car had followed him when he went out afterward to cut beans on some rental land several miles away. He said that an unmarked Cessna had been making passes over his house. He had seen roadblocks being put in place on country roads near his farmhouse. His wife had apparently been detained on her way to the farm from Grand Island. Kirk said that his phone had an odd sound in it; he was convinced that it had been tapped for some time. In answer to Titsworth's questions about financial problems—the setbacks that had eventually brought the court papers from the bank—Kirk talked mainly in general terms. “You always thought, you know, that things would improve,” he said. “But they have gotten worse.” He was quite specific, though, on who was leading the forces against him.

“Mossad,” he said to Titsworth.

“You ever heard of that?”

“What's that?” Titsworth asked.

“Mossad.”

“No, sir, I'm not familiar—”

“M-o-s-s-a-d. Look that up. That's what I'm fighting. That's who I'm dealing with. There isn't much hope. They are the most ruthless people. You think the N.K.V.D. and the Gestapo were ruthless—you look up the Mossad and see what they've been involved in.”

“I've never heard of that name,” Titsworth said.

“I know who I'm fighting.”

Titsworth tried a couple of times to suggest that Kirk's problems with the sheriff could be settled without violence. “You know, what you ought to do is you ought to try and call somebody and get this thing over before—just to be sure no one gets hurt,” he said shortly after the phone conversation began.

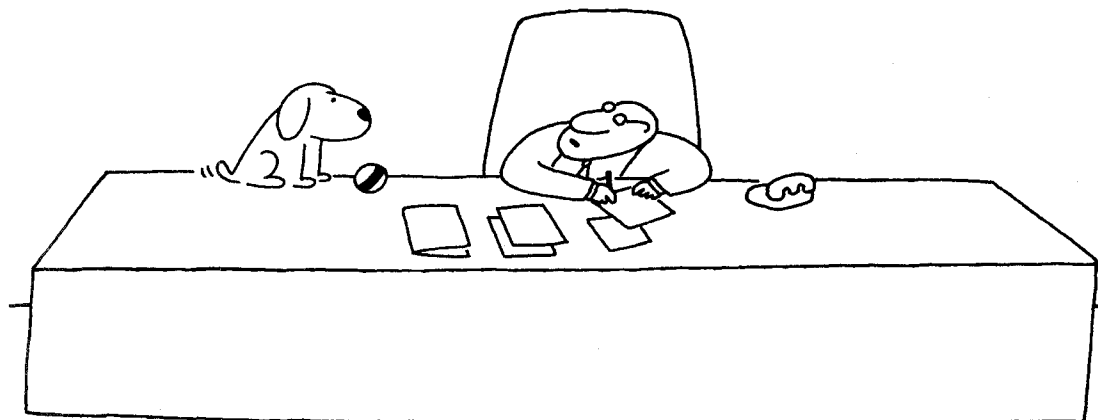
Art Kirk laughed. “They'll be somebody get hurt,” he said. “About all I got hopes of doing is taking as many of them with me as I can.”

“ANOTHER one sneaking down to the north, just like the last one,” Kirk said.

He was on the phone with Jan Steeple, a deputy sheriff he happened to be acquainted with, and as he spoke he peered out the window toward movements in the farmyard. It was their second conversation of the day. After the confrontation with the deputies, Steeple had phoned from the sheriff's office and discussed the possibility of coming out to talk to Kirk about his problems. But Kirk, a man who was known to have a lot of guns, had insisted that Steeple leave his gun in the mailbox at the side of the road, and the visit had been ruled out as too dangerous. Talking to Steeple again, Kirk berated him for not showing up. He complained that his wife was being prevented from returning home. He complained that his telephone had been tapped. He complained about having had a motorcycle stolen from his barn some weeks before. Steeple tried again to persuade Kirk to come out of the house unarmed.

“I'm coming to no goddam place,” Kirk said. “If you want to talk to me, you know where I'm at, and I'll be here.”

A State Patrol sergeant who had some training in negotiating armed standoffs took over from Steeple. He



“Later.”

O'Garrett

spoke calmly, in a tone of generalized sympathy. ("I understand what you're saying, Art, and you have some reasons to be upset.") He avoided comment on the specifics of Kirk's complaints. But Kirk seemed to grow angrier as the conversation went on. His voice became high-pitched. Some of his grievances were expressed in a sustained, obscene shout. Eventually, he talked about how the attack on his house might begin—tear gas, or a flamethrower that could burn him to a crisp, or a volley of gunfire.

"Art, nobody wants to shoot you," the sergeant said.

"Well, then, damn it, come up here and talk to me," Kirk said. "I don't want to shoot you, either, but, damn you, you respect my rights."

Kirk said that the deputies he had driven from his property were cowards. He railed against "filthy, lying members of the bar—outlaw bastards." Speaking of a lawsuit he had filed without assistance from members of the bar, Kirk said, "I filed a suit against the goddam bank that's been misusing me for years and years and years, unbeknowned to me, until I started reading the laws myself. . . . I found out them dirty rotten son of a bitches have done everything despicable that they can think of to me. Everything you can think. It's unimaginable. It's covered by the U.S. Constitution and U.S. titles passed by Congress, the highest lawmaking body in the land, and they tell me that my suit is meritless. I'm going to tell you something: If the Constitution and the laws Congress passes are meritless, them son of a bitches are completely discredited."

Sometimes Kirk seemed to ramble. He said that he was a son of Abraham whose birthright had been claimed by Lucifer, and that the bankers had been Luciferized. He made an extended play on words comparing the service of court papers to a bull's servicing a cow. Most of the time, though, he focussed on the shootout that he seemed certain was about to take place. He said he was unafraid—a man who had never let anyone walk over him and wasn't going to start now. "You ain't going to walk over me until I'm cold," he said. "And if you want to make me cold I'm not afraid of it. I've led a damn good life, and I'm not ashamed of nothing I ever done." He said he had fired guns all his life ("Nobody's going to take my guns. Is that kinda clear?"), and could even have brought down the Cessna. "I

don't intend to kill anybody," he said. "But if you force me, if you shoot at me, damn you, there will be hell to pay. I intend to make the toll as great as I can. That's the only thing you leave me now, and that's what I'll do."

At other times, Art Kirk seemed to be asking why he could not simply be left alone. "Why all this goddam monkey business?" he asked. "Why don't you let me try and make a living?"

"Art," the sergeant said, "I didn't have anything to do with what's—"

"Goddam fuckin' Jews!" Kirk shouted. "They destroyed everything I ever worked for! I've worked my ass off for forty-nine goddam years, and I've got nothing to show for it! By God, I ain't putting up with their bullshit now. I'm tired, and I've had it, and I'm not the only goddam one—I'll tell you that."

"Yeah, but, Art—"

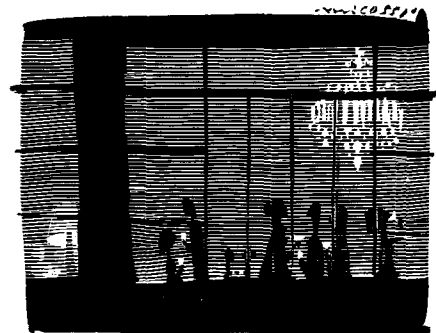
"Farmers fought the Revolutionary War and we'll fight this son of a bitch. We were hoping to do it in court, but if you're going to make it impossible, then, damn you, we'll take you on your own terms."

Deloris Kirk came on the phone for a while, from the command post. She kept reminding her husband that they had discussed what to do in such a situation, but she seemed to have trouble holding his attention. Steeple got back on the line, and again he pleaded for Kirk to come out unarmed.

"Well, hey, Jan," Kirk said to Steeple. "If you're just trying to divert me, I'm going out and clean the bushes out."

"Art, you don't want to do anything silly," Steeple said.

By that time, Deloris Kirk was off the phone. From a snatch of conversation she had overheard on a police radio, she believed that the SWAT team was moving in. She insisted on talking to Chuck Fairbanks, the sheriff of Hall County, who was at an operational headquarters that the police had set up in a state road-repair depot in Cairo.



"Call all of those people away from my farmhouse," Mrs. Kirk said.

"We can't do that right now," the Sheriff replied.

"Why not?"

"Because he threatened deputy sheriffs, that's why," Fairbanks said. "The judge issued a warrant for his arrest."

Sheriff Fairbanks and Mrs. Kirk seemed to be at a standoff. Mrs. Kirk wouldn't respond to the Sheriff's request that she telephone her husband and ask him to come out peacefully. The Sheriff continued to say that he could not agree to allow her to go into the farmhouse. They were still talking when Art Kirk burst out of the back door of his house. He was wearing the green coveralls he normally wore around the farm. Strapped to his arms or jammed in his pockets, he had a gas mask and a hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition and a long-barrelled .357 magnum pistol. He was wearing a motorcycle helmet. He was carrying an automatic rifle.

"The trooper who was stationed on the southeast perimeter of the house in a shelter belt area advises that he saw the subject come out of the east door, carrying what appeared to be an AR-15 or M-16 by the sight on its barrel," a report prepared by the county attorney a week later said. "This trooper yelled as loudly as he could in the direction of Kirk, 'Freeze—police.' He then saw a movement in his direction, saw muzzle flashes and heard automatic rifle fire. He returned the fire toward the muzzle flashes and lost sight of the subject." Another SWAT-team member had also fired at the flashes. For some minutes, there was silence. Then the SWAT team asked some deputies to shine headlights on the area where the shots had come from. Arthur Kirk lay on the ground near a wire dog kennel, not far from his back door. He had been hit by two bullets. "The cause of death," an autopsy report said several weeks later, "is attributed to exsanguinating hemorrhage secondary to a gunshot wound of the anterior right shoulder and of the upper left thigh." In other words, Art Kirk had bled to death.

ARTHUR KIRK was born and raised where he died—on the two hundred and forty acres near Cairo that was his family's home place. His mother had been raised on the same farm. Her forebears were among the Germans who had arrived in the late nineteenth century in such numbers

that they dominated Grand Island and the rich Platte Valley farmland nearby. Art Kirk's parents were not prosperous. In the years after the Second World War, they were still farming with mules. For a while, Art and his younger brother slept in a brooder house so that there would be enough room for their parents and sisters in the tiny two-room farmhouse. Eventually, the Kirks managed to build an adequate farmhouse, with indoor plumbing. Partly with the money the Kirk children made detasselling corn, a small tractor was bought to replace the mules. By that time, Art was old enough to help adapt the mule-drawn equipment to the tractor. He liked working with machinery. He liked working with farm animals. He was interested in trying various combinations of chemicals and fertilizers to increase crop yields. Art Kirk might have simply remained on the home place to farm except that he and his father did not see eye to eye when it came to farming. The elder Kirk was apparently not interested in trying his son's ideas on crop rotation or irrigation or equipment maintenance. In 1953, Art Kirk got a job with the gas company and moved in to Grand Island.

In a small farm-state city the size of Grand Island, a large part of the population consists of people who grew up on the farm and moved in to town—people whose connection to farming is made up of childhood memories reinforced every so often by a visit to the home place for a family meal or for a harvest that requires some extra hands. Art Kirk appeared to be one of those people. He and his wife, who had also grown up on a south-central Nebraska farm, began to raise a family in Grand Island. Kirk worked in the gas company's meter-repair shop for about ten years and then switched to the service truck—calling on people who needed a pilot light adjusted or a gas dryer repaired. Altogether, he worked for the gas company for nearly twenty years, but nobody who knew him had any doubt that he still had his heart set on being a farmer.

In 1971, Kirk persuaded Dan Stauffer, who sells farm real estate in Grand Island, to rent him a hundred and sixty acres of farmland that Stauffer owns on the road between Grand Island and Cairo. A common way to rent farmland is for the owner to take a share of the crops as rent, and Stauffer was impressed by what Kirk managed to produce. "He had the crudest

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damn equipment you ever saw in your life," Stauffer said not long ago. "But the crops he raised were clean, and he had a good yield. He worked like mad all the time, and so did his wife." A few years later, Kirk began acquiring his father's farm on a land contract—an arrangement more or less like a home mortgage. When the elder Kirk died, in 1979, Art and Dee Kirk and their children moved from a house on Stauffer's land to the Kirk home place. By then, Kirk was also renting twelve hundred acres from the federal government—land at the Cornhusker Army Ammunition Plant. A frugal, meticulous farmer with set ideas about how things had to be done, Kirk attacked farming mainly with a nearly limitless capacity for hard work. For relaxation, he hunted and fished. When he wasn't in the fields, he was likely to be in the woods with a shotgun, and neighbors thought of him as someone who didn't spend much time socializing. Aside from using guns for hunting, he collected guns—not an unusual pastime in rural Nebraska. He liked to own guns whose design he admired. He liked to reload his own shells. He liked to rebore guns. According to someone who shared his interest in firearms, Kirk's greatest joy in life was "to take a gun and get it perfectly sighted so that the variance was less than half an inch in a five-shot group at two hundred yards." As he settled down on his home place, where he had once plowed behind a mule, Art Kirk seemed to be fulfilling his dream, whatever the cost in toil. He was a farmer with a full operation—corn and soybeans and milo and some feeder cattle and hogs and horses—and he had nearly two thousand acres under cultivation.

Around that time, the notion that dreams had come true was common among American farmers. There had been a number of good crop years in a row. More important, farmland seemed destined to grow in value indefinitely. There was a lot of talk about how America would be feeding the world for the foreseeable future—talk meaning that farmers might be selling ever larger harvests at steadily increasing prices. The experts said that effective, ambitious farmers should expand, in order to spread the cost of expensive farm equipment and to acquire land before its price got even higher. The farmland of America was a finite commodity that could never be replaced, it was said, and you couldn't go wrong owning it.

Credit was easy. Even if a loan on land did not, as bankers say, "pencil out"—that is, even if the interest on the purchase price and the other costs of production seemed to be greater than the price of the crops the land could be expected to produce—the bank often went along. The loan was secure, after all, because the farmer's holdings had become worth so much money. Turning down the loan would just mean that the farmer would take his business to the bank down the street. The steady increase in land values, a Nebraska banker said recently, "seemed to prove the pencil wrong." But the pencil was right all along.

Grain prices didn't go up, but interest rates did—so at one point farmers were paying interest as high as twenty-two per cent on their loans. The value of farmland began to decline even faster than it had increased. Since 1981, the value of Nebraska farmland has dropped by a third. Farmers who had been millionaires on paper a few years before began having trouble keeping up with their interest payments. As some farm-oriented banks got into financial difficulty, bank examiners started insisting that loans show some real prospect of being repaid by cash flow rather than simply secured by net worth. A lot of farmers—particularly farmers who had expanded their holdings during the boom—had to declare bankruptcy.

The experts said that some farmers—especially those sometimes called the Young Tigers, who bought up farmland almost as fast as the previous purchase could be appraised as collateral—had simply overextended themselves. The experts said that some farmers had been shown to be poor managers. That's not the way farmers saw it. Farmers, of course, are accustomed to being buffeted by elements beyond their control—the weather, for instance, or some flip-flop in world grain prices. This time, though, there was something particularly maddening about the combination of a boom—a boom celebrated by farm experts and bankers and government agricultural specialists as proof that expansion was

the wave of the future—and a bust that cost some supposedly successful farmers the land that their more modest forebears had managed to hang on to for generations. This time, also, it was more intense. By some estimates, the farm foreclosures still going on in the Midwest represent the greatest dislocation of Americans since the Depression. Some farmers blamed the bankers. In Minnesota, a farmer and his son shot and killed two bankers they had lured to their farm. Some farmers blamed the government or the grain embargo imposed in 1980, and organized tractor caravans to protest to the authorities. A lot of farmers didn't know whom to blame. They carried around a bitter, unfocused anger that sometimes erupted into blockades at farm sales or shoving matches at courthouses. In the last few years, it has become common for someone serving papers on a farmer to do so with a weapon handy.

In the tumult of the past few years—the foreclosures, the public meetings, the demonstrations—Midwestern farmers have been exposed to the message of some organizations that seem quite certain about whom to blame for the plight of American agriculture, or for just about any other problem in American society. The organization that has received the most public attention is the Posse Comitatus, a loosely knit crowd of prairie vigilantes who spend a lot of time stockpiling food and undergoing paramilitary training for the day when they will have to protect themselves against urban hordes desperate for the food supply. According to Posse doctrine, the Federal Reserve System and the income tax are both illegal, and there is no legitimate law-enforcement authority beyond the sheriff and the local posse that may be formed among the citizenry, with or without the sheriff's permission. Adherents sometimes shoot at law-enforcement officials they don't consider legitimate; the Posse owes part of its notoriety to an incident in February of 1983 in which one of its members, a North Dakota farmer named Gordon Kahl, shot and killed two federal marshals who were trying to arrest him for a parole violation.

The other right-wing fringe organizations preaching to American farmers these days vary from the Posse Comitatus and from one another in the details of precisely how the conspiracy works. Even people who adhere to the same theories vary in the intensity of

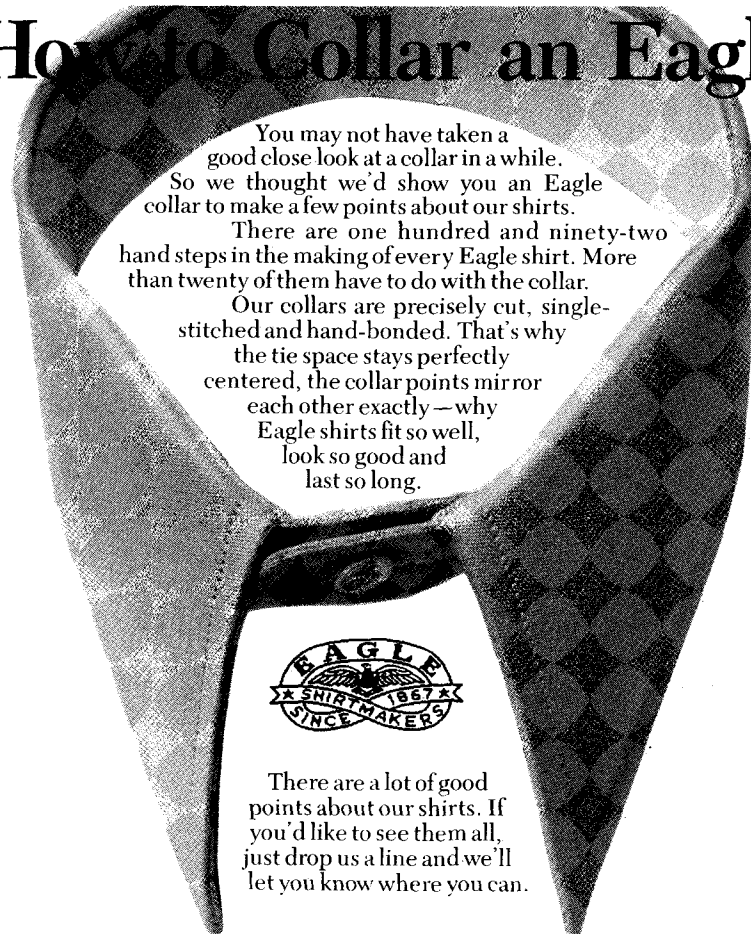


d. ehrenberg

their adherence—so some people may simply attack the Federal Reserve System as illegitimate, while others refuse to transact commerce except by silver or barter. Still, there is enough overlapping in theory and in membership to form a loose body of fringe-right beliefs. Lawyers are generally seen as the enemy, and court decisions are therefore dismissed as predictably unfair. There is a lot of talk about the Constitution. There is a strong element of anti-Semitism, some of it leaning on the information in hate tracts so old that the place of business of some international Jewish bankers is given as Berlin or Hamburg. There's a tendency to sympathize with the teachings of "identity churches"—churches teaching that Anglo-Saxons are the true descendants of Abraham, and that Jews are the people of the Devil. There is often a belief that the loans that banks have made to farmers are illegal, and can be dissolved by one sort or another of do-it-yourself legal action—do-it-yourself legal action being the only sort of legal action available to people who believe that lawyers are among the conspirators lined up against them. There is a strong belief that a farmer has the right to keep anybody, and particularly representatives of the government, off his land—by force, if necessary. Some of the no-trespassing signs distributed by the fringe right begin "LEGAL NOTICE—To Federal Officers of the IRS, HEW, HUD, Environmental Health and other *Unconstitutional* agencies; and to all local members of planning & zoning boards. NO TRESPASSING." That sort of warning is sometimes referred to among the fringe right as a "federal post."

ART KIRK was not one of those farmers who overextended themselves through land purchases. The only land he actually owned was the home place; he had inherited a one-third interest in it, and was buying the rest gradually, with payments to his brother and a sister. Still, he borrowed a lot of money from the bank. There was once a time when farmers borrowed operating money in the spring and paid off the loan after the fall harvest, but that time is long gone. Farmers now tend to have what amount to semipermanent bank loans. A farmer borrows money for planting expenses in the spring. He borrows money for a combine and other equipment. He may come in throughout the year to sign small notes—four thou-

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sand dollars for a used pickup, say, or twenty-five hundred dollars for sharpening blades and "general farm expenses"—as if he had a sort of drawing account. When he sells his crops, which are normally part of the collateral for his loan, he brings in the money, it's applied to paying off the interest and reducing the principal, the loan is refinanced, and the process starts all over again. In the last few years, Kirk's loans began to show what bankers call deterioration; he wasn't producing enough income to take care of all the interest, so each year his principal got larger and the interest on it even harder to pay off. By last spring, his debt at Norwest Bank of Grand Island was approaching three hundred thousand dollars.

How did Art Kirk get that far behind? There had been some bad crop years, of course. He was paying high interest on operating loans. Although Kirk was the sort of farmer who would haggle over the price of a spare part and adapt scrounged secondhand machinery to his needs, there are some who say that he never really mastered the business aspects of modern farming—that he was trying to make up with labor in the field what he lacked in finesse with the calculator. "He didn't understand bankers or lawyers," someone who knew him well said recently. "He thought they were all bad and greedy. He thought they were out to get his money. A farmer *needs* a banker. He *needs* a lawyer. He *needs* a good accountant." There are some who say that Kirk was distracted by family problems. The Kirks were having so much difficulty trying to control their teen-age son that at one point Dee Kirk tried to persuade the Hall County Sheriff's Department to put the boy in jail. Some years before, one of Art Kirk's sisters had committed suicide by shooting herself in the head with a .357 magnum; in 1982, one of the Kirks' daughters—a married daughter who had been having emotional difficulties—came to her parents' home, picked up Art Kirk's .357 magnum, held it to her head, and killed herself.

As Kirk's loan deteriorated, so did his patience. "He became more and more bitter with the establishment," someone who saw him during that period said not long ago. "I think he was beginning to realize that he was getting in deeper and deeper and there was no way to get out." Testifying in an investigation of Kirk's death, Richard Falldorf, who handled Kirk's loan

at Norwest Bank, put it this way: "It was just difficult to get Art to answer rational-type questions with rational-type answers." In February of 1984, the lease came up on the ordnance-plant land that Kirk had been farming—the federal government leases out the land for three or five years through sealed bids—and he had to decide whether to bid on a new lease. The bank would agree to back him only on a rental figure that pencilled out. Kirk made the bid, but he didn't get the land, so he was faced with the task of making a dent in his enormous loan with the income on the home place and the hundred and sixty acres he was renting from Stauffer. Kirk had always been known as a man with a quick temper, and his temper had grown worse. It was said that he usually kept a gun in his coveralls, even while he was plowing. It was said that when some local kids got too close to his land one day he fired shots over their heads.

Last May, Kirk drove in to Grand Island to attend a meeting of an organization called Nebraskans for Constitutional Government, which has been described by its Grand Island representative, a man named Robert Mettenbrink, Sr., as a group that meets to study the Constitution. At times, the lesson has been led by a speaker from the Posse Comitatus. That night in May, the visiting speaker was Rick Elliott, of Fort Lupton, Colorado, the founder of an organization called the National Agricultural Press Association, or NAPA. Although Elliott had talked from time to time about a plan for NAPA to provide farm reports, the only apparent connection NAPA had with the press was that anyone who joined got a NAPA press sticker for his pickup truck and that Elliott was putting out a newspaper called the *Primrose & Cattleman's Gazette*—an odd and erratically published mélange of conventional ranch news ("HEREFORD BREED DEMONSTRATE STRENGTH AND QUALITY AT COLORADO STATE FAIR") and some of Elliott's other interests ("HOW THE JEWISH QUES-

TION TOUCHES THE FARM"). Elliott had been travelling around the Midwest—particularly southern Minnesota and Iowa—telling farmers that there was a legal and nonviolent way to solve their financial problems. He said that all loans made since 1974 were illegal under federal truth-in-lending legislation. He said that by joining NAPA and following its guidance farmers could, without hiring lawyers, file lawsuits that would result in their bank loans' being declared null and void. He said that NAPA could find low-interest loans for farmers. He said all this in vigorous, dramatic speeches that were laced with patriotic references and historical anecdotes and citations of federal codes. The Kirks joined NAPA, and when Robert Mettenbrink opened a Nebraska chapter in Grand Island, Deloris Kirk worked for a while in its office. According to Mrs. Kirk, her husband had returned home from that first meeting and said, "Mama, I'm sure at last we found the answer to our troubles."

That view would not have been shared by Norwest Bank. In June, the bank found out that Kirk had sold seventy thousand dollars' worth of stored corn and thirty thousand dollars' worth of cattle—property that, by the terms of his note, belonged partly to Norwest—but hadn't brought in the receipts. The bankers had a talk with Kirk, but he still didn't produce any money. What he did instead was to file a case in the federal district court in Lincoln asking that the Norwest loan be declared null and that the bank be ordered to pay him several million dollars in damages for a number of reasons, among them that the bank's conduct "has led to Plaintiff being accused of stealing his own property which Plaintiffs have proof of ownership by bills of sale and checks which is surely the most wanton form of conduct on the part of Defendants that would make a skunk belch from odor while leaving Plaintiff with horrendous damages." Kirk didn't use a lawyer; Robert Mettenbrink notarized the papers.

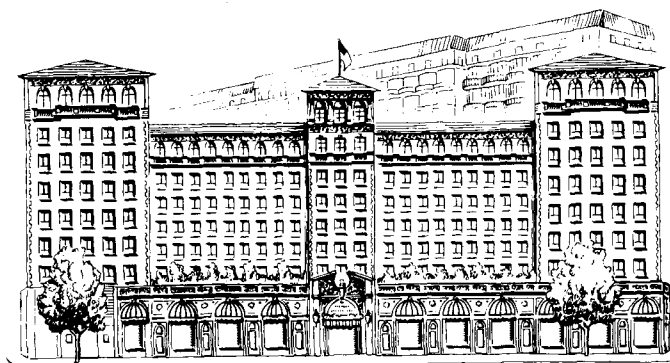
The chief judge of the federal district court in Nebraska, Warren K. Urbom, was not impressed by Kirk's legal reasoning. Except for one claim that didn't include enough information to permit a judgment, the case was dismissed without a hearing in October. Of the citations of law that Kirk had made, Judge Urbom wrote, "Many of these provisions have absolutely nothing to do with the facts



alleged." In fact, the homemade cases inspired by NAPA had been dismissed wholesale by federal judges in the Midwest, and at least one judge had spoken of the possibility of assessing future plaintiffs court costs for taking up the court's time with frivolous litigation. "These cases display a disturbing pattern of identical styles, identical statutory and case-law citations, and even identical typographical errors," Judge Urbom had written in a decision last August. "Given the meritlessness of the claims, I have to suspect that these complaints are being filed for purposes other than good-faith assertion of legal claims. Whether the plaintiffs have the purpose of harassment or are deceived by some third party into believing there may be merit in their claims, I do not know." The Kirks had a newspaper clipping quoting Judge Urbom's August decision. They also had a smudged photocopy of a clipping from the Rochester, Minnesota, *Post-Bulletin* that went further than Judge Urbom had in criticizing what he referred to as the third party. "Rick Elliott, who is helping farmers prepare lawsuits against their lenders and says he can get low-interest loans for farmers, has a criminal record that stretches from 1949 to 1972," the *Post-Bulletin* reporter, Bruce Maxwell, wrote. Maxwell listed convictions for perjury and bad checks and selling stocks without a license. He also reported that the NAPA programs Elliott operated were being investigated by attorney-general offices in several states.

ONCE Judge Urbom had dismissed Kirk's suit, Norwest's lawyers entered a claim to the property that was security for Kirk's loan—his farm equipment and whatever crops had not been sold and the unaccounted-for hundred thousand dollars. Papers were drawn up notifying him of the date on which the state court would hear the bank's claim and ordering him not to dispose of any more secured property before that date. As was required by Nebraska law, Norwest turned the papers over to the civil section of the sheriff's office for service. The Norwest people also informed the Sheriff's Department that during their last conversation on Kirk's farm he had been wearing a .45. They may have mentioned that he was suspected of being a member of the Posse Comitatus. The Sheriff's Department, which had served papers on Art Kirk before, al-

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ready knew him to be a man with a lot of guns and a quick temper. It was decided to send three deputies, and to send them armed.

When the events of that day are discussed now in Grand Island, a lot of people are described as having done what they did because they couldn't be put in the position of doing otherwise. The bank, it is said, couldn't be put in the position of ignoring a debt of three hundred thousand dollars and a debtor who had sold a hundred thousand dollars' worth of secured assets. The bank had a responsibility to its depositors and to its investors. It was required to answer to bank examiners. The sheriff and the county attorney, it is said, couldn't be put in the position of permitting a citizen to avoid service of court papers by threatening deputies with a gun. Since the threatened deputy had responded by telling Kirk that he was under arrest, to which Kirk's response had reportedly been to mention the possibility of shooting the deputy's head off, it was decided that a warrant could be obtained charging Kirk with resisting arrest with a dangerous or deadly weapon. To judge from Art Kirk's conversation on the telephone that evening, he may have believed that he could not be put in the position of permitting armed deputies on land that had been federally posted. Once the warrant had been obtained, the county could not be put in the position of having its law-enforcement officials driven off the Kirk farm again—and that meant alerting the Troop C SWAT team.

"I am just afraid we're going to need some help, 'cause I'm afraid the guy's going to do some shooting," the chief deputy sheriff said that afternoon in a telephone call to the state-police captain in charge of Troop C.

"Well, you understand if the SWAT team goes out there and there's any shots fired, they'll take him down—they won't worry about the consequences," the captain said.

"Well," the deputy sheriff said, "I don't know that the guy leaves us any choice, does he?"

In deciding to call in the SWAT team, Sheriff Fairbanks was, of course, conscious of the murders that had taken place when law-enforcement officials tried to arrest Gordon Kahl in North Dakota. A couple of months after the North Dakota shootings, Fairbanks had helped organize a Nebraska Sheriffs Association briefing in Grand Island on the Posse Comitatus and other fringe groups—a briefing at which

the sheriffs were told that a number of Nebraska farmers and ranchers had been engaging in combat maneuvers. Late in the afternoon, the SWAT team was officially called in. Negotiators were named. An operational headquarters was set up in Cairo, and a command post was established at Troop C. Arrangements were made for an ambulance to be on hand in Cairo. "At approximately 8:00 pm, the command post was advised that the SWAT team was deployed in the vicinity of the Kirk farm," the county attorney, Stephen Von Riesen, said in his report. "The negotiators interviewed Mr. Titsworth, and it was agreed that he should be the first person to call the Kirk residence."

AMONG Nebraska farmers, one response to the news of Arthur Kirk's death was outrage. From some initial news reports that didn't go into what Kirk believed politically, or precisely why the SWAT team had surrounded his house, Art Kirk seemed to be a harassed farmer trying to defend his family's land against foreclosure—a tragic real-life version of the plucky farm folks that people like Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard and Sally Field had been playing in Hollywood movies. When Kirk, a man who hadn't done much socializing, was buried, several hundred people turned up for the funeral service. One local business took an advertisement in the *Independent* announcing that it would be closed for two hours so employees could attend "the funeral of Arthur Kirk, who was shot to death by State Police while trying to defend his family farm." Farmers held protest meetings. The headquarters of the Northwest Bank, in Minneapolis, sent a security team to the Grand Island branch. Kirk's pastor wanted to know why a churchman hadn't been called in. Kirk's wife wanted to know why she hadn't been allowed to go to her husband. A lot of people wanted to know why it was imperative for Arthur Kirk, a man who held no hostages and didn't seem to pose an immediate threat to the community, to be confronted with such force of arms. At least two state senators called for an inquiry into the circumstances of Kirk's death, and the governor eventually asked a retired district judge, Samuel Van Pelt, to conduct an investigation. The *Independent* got a lot of letters to the editor, most of them expressing sympathy with Art Kirk and condemnation of the law-enforcement

authorities. "A large Chicago bank goes on the rocks," one letter began. "What happens? Several banks from around the world donate and the federal government comes with I forget how many billion dollars. . . . A farmer goes broke, they can't get to him to sell him out, so they kill him."

The Hall County authorities and the state police defended themselves vigorously. They pointed out that a number of widely held assumptions about the incident were not true. The SWAT team was there to arrest Kirk on a felony charge, for instance, not to foreclose on his farm. The bank had made no claim to Kirk's land. The superintendent of the State Patrol said that SWAT teams were a device for controlling violence rather than raising the level of violence; the SWAT teams were organized in 1975, he said, and until Art Kirk started shooting his automatic rifle that night they had never been involved in an exchange of gunfire. The burden of the case made by the authorities was that Art Kirk had been a dangerous man, more like Gordon Kahl than like Sam Shepard. The morning after the *Independent* carried the story of Kirk's death, its lead headline was "LINK BETWEEN KIRK AND VIGILANTE GROUP PROBED." The State Patrol released transcripts of Kirk's telephone conversations on the night of the shooting—transcripts full of vituperation and threats and obscenity and bigotry. At a news conference, police displayed twenty-seven weapons that had been seized from Kirk's farmhouse after his death. Stephen Von Riesen revealed that papers seized from the house at the same time included Posse Comitatus propaganda. They also included material from organizations like the Committee to Restore the Constitution and the National Commodity and Barter Association and the Anti-Lawyer Party and the Christian Nationalist Crusade, whose booklet "Jews and Their Lies," by Martin Luther, carried an epigraph of singular ecumenism: "Attention Reader: This book is not published for sectarian purposes. The publishers, as indicated above, are also publishing the edicts of more than 20 popes who dealt with the Jewish problem. Their edicts are as strong as anything contained in this work by Dr. Martin Luther."

Stephen Von Riesen maintained that those who wanted to assign blame for Art Kirk's death should have been looking not toward law-enforcement

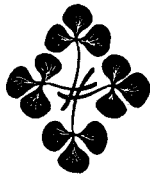
officials but toward the organizations that sell desperate farmers pipe dreams about how to escape their problems. "It's always easier to blame some amorphous conspiracy," Von Riesen said not long after Kirk's death. "Farmers have reached the point where the normal ways of handling problems aren't working. They're faced with losing their farms, and they're susceptible to radical, spurious approaches to the problem. Arthur Kirk was a victim of these groups that told him that there is a free lunch. There isn't any free lunch. If you borrow money, you have to pay it back."

Deloris Kirk continued to blame the police and to support NAPA. In fact, she seemed to draw closer and closer to the organization after her husband's death. Requests for interviews were referred to Robert Mettenbrink. When Mrs. Kirk held a press conference in Grand Island just after her husband's death, Mettenbrink introduced her, and Rick Elliott was also on hand. By that time, he had been charged by the attorney general's office in Colorado with nineteen felony-theft counts for activities having to do with NAPA. When Mrs. Kirk was asked at the press conference how people could help, she suggested that everybody read five works "that they're trying to destroy"—the United States Constitution, the Nebraska Constitution, the Bible, and two booklets associated with the fringe right. Mrs. Kirk spoke at NAPA rallies, saying that her husband had been a happy man from the moment he heard Rick Elliott speak.

A few weeks after the shooting, Rick Elliott was back in town. He said that NAPA had found lawyers to represent Mrs. Kirk in her litigation with the bank and in a suit against the state for depriving Arthur Kirk of his civil rights. It happened to be the day before

the *Independent* ran its first story on Elliott's run-ins with the law. Some people saw what was happening as a sort of race: Could the NAPA people make Arthur Kirk their martyr before they got completely discredited?

When Deloris Kirk was asked at her press conference if she considered her husband a martyr, she said, "No, I think he was a victim." It was easy to see Art Kirk as a victim, although there was a lot of disagreement about whose victim he was. Some people agreed with Stephen Von Riesen that Kirk was the victim of those who led him to believe he could get his loan



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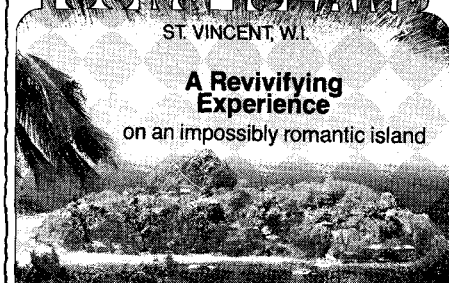
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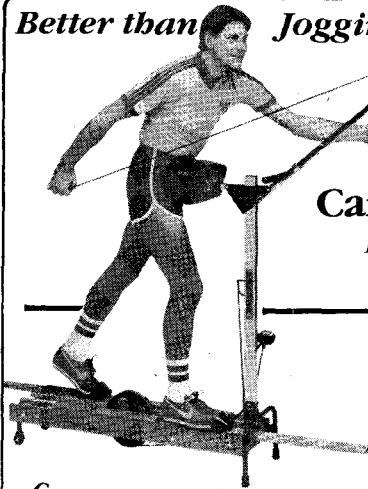
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declared null with a do-it-yourself lawsuit and could keep the sheriff off his land with a legally worthless piece of paper. A lot of people saw Kirk as the victim of the pressures that farmers have had to face for the last few years—a desperate man driven so far from rationality that he could believe that the Mossad, the Israeli intelligence agency, was pulling the strings in Hall County, Nebraska. Some people thought that there was plenty of blame to go around. Some Nebraskans who despised the message that groups like NAPA and the Posse Comitatus bring to farmers also thought that what Arthur Kirk chose to read in his own house was nobody's business and no justification for the state's show of force at the Kirk farmhouse that night. The *Independent's* editorial on the shooting said, "There are people who are profiting from the plight of farmers, some indirectly and even innocently because they are themselves deluded, and some more maliciously defrauding them." But it also said that the fact that Kirk owed the bank far more than he could ever hope to repay from the income on his land "says something to lenders and borrowers alike."

In his report to the governor, Judge Van Pelt said that someone analyzing the circumstances of Arthur Kirk's death could identify several junctures at which a different decision might have avoided catastrophe. If the bank hadn't pressed its legal case or if the Sheriff's Department had sent out one unarmed deputy instead of three armed ones or if Deloris Kirk and some friends who went to counsel with Art Kirk after the incident with the deputies had stayed around or if Jan Steeple had gone to the Kirk farm to talk things over or if an arrest had been attempted while Kirk was cutting beans instead of while he was barricaded inside his house or if the SWAT-team deployment had been delayed until Kirk had a chance to cool off, the Judge said, Art Kirk might have survived. Still, Van Pelt found that at each juncture the decision reached had been understandable, given the knowledge and resources available at the time. In other words, a lot of people had acted as they might have been expected to act, and at the end Art Kirk lay bleeding to death in his farmyard. It was not an analysis that offered much comfort to the Nebraska farmers who had been so upset by the shooting in the first place. A lot of them have a lot of Art Kirk's problems.

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WELCOME to Pilobolus," the voice on the loudspeaker says before every performance. And this intelligent, imaginative company really does exist in a world of its own creation, one to which we were carefully displaced, on each of three programs presented at the Joyce, by the opening work—a "Bonsai," a "Ciona," or a "Mirage"—which told us what Pilobolus is and does. The metaphors sparkled, the acrobatics delighted, and when the metaphors were produced by the acrobatics—by the extreme extension of physical wit—Pilobolus was at a peak of expression. Next would come a solo (Moses Pendleton's "Mommix" or Jonathan Wolken's "Pseudopodia" or Alison Chase's "Moonblind" or "A Miniature") that told us that the Pilobolus ethos is roomy enough to accommodate individual variations, however eccentric (Pendleton), abstract (Wolken), or whimsical-experimental (Chase). Another solo, extracted from "The Empty Suitor" and performed by its creator, Michael Tracy, shows Pilobolus' links to the new currents in circus and mime performance (the Pickle Family Circus, jugglers like Michael Moschen and the Flying Karamazov Brothers, mimes like Bob Berky and Bill Irwin). There would also be a duet—a deliberate trifle, like Carol Parker and Michael Pucci in their impressions of the big-band era, or else something madly improbable, like Pendleton's "Stabat Mater," danced by one figure in a hooded monk's robe and another on stilts. Through all this part of the show, Pilobolus maintained its good humor along with its customary style of casual contrivance. But in the second half things took a turn.

Program A: "Return to Maria la Baja." In front of the audience, Robert Faust, a tall, powerfully built man, rummages in a trunk. He pulls on a skirt, clamps a mask on Lisa Giobbi and something on his own head, then backs upstage, bent over. When he straightens up, he's wearing a mask with a mop of long hair. Faust is a woman of inhuman strength. He reaches behind him, seizes Giobbi, lifts her slowly over his head, and lowers her onto his lap. Later, this girl, who is manhandled and raped, and whom we see dangling in the air like a doll,

carries him around the stage on her back. These are effects that only dancer-mimes can bring off, and this version, by Alison Chase and Robby Barnett, of "The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother," by Gabriel García Márquez, brings them off all too easily. The piece is a coldly methodical conception that gives you nothing to react to but shocks. I could make no sense of the drama, which is about a child who is sold into prostitution by her grandmother, and which is depicted as a series of atrocities ending with the murder and decapitation of the grandmother (the mask with the hair comes swinging out at us, hanging from the murderer's arm like the head of Medusa), but on some mechanically theatrical level the piece is effective. I enjoyed the smooth performing of Faust and Giobbi even as I wondered why we'd had to watch them dress up or why Giobbi's post-rape scenes had to be so consciously pathetic. Barnett appeared as various rapists and murderers; I enjoyed watching him as much as ever even as I tried to figure out why his accomplices, all male, were played by Carolyn Minor. (The travesty impersonation doesn't jibe with the travesty impersonation of the grandmother.) I admired the masks, the costumes, the lighting, and

the immaculate timing of each horrific event even as I winced at the unleavened grimness and the third-rate surrealism of it all. When Pilobolus loses its humor, it loses its grip on style, too. "Return to Maria la Baja" is an attempt to produce a narrative, using characters and continuously consequential action—something the company is not known for. Pilobolus pieces tend to be agglutinations; one happening follows another in a more or less logical sequence, with little concern for tempo and climax. This piece not only doesn't dispense with the episodic structure and with all discontinuity (the action stops for a passage of mask-twiddling); in its pursuit of violence and horror, it bypasses the dream logic that has always characterized Pilobolean fantasy. It's too literal a nightmare—it runs on a monorail of luridity. The only element of fantasy is the transsexual casting, and that isn't enough. For the first time at a Pilobolus performance, I found myself thinking of other companies that do this sort of thing better—the Royal Ballet, for example, with its clinical-grotesque pieces by Kenneth MacMillan. And I tried not to think about the only other atrocity piece dominated by an oversize female I've ever seen: "Big Bertha," by Paul Taylor.

Program B: "What Grows in Huygens' Window." Actually, this isn't so bad. An Alwin Nikoia-type costume piece, it was designed by the choreographer, Jonathan Wolken, in



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collaboration with Kitty Daly, who has designed or constructed the bulk of Pilobolus' costumes for the past ten years, and who must be the greatest unsung designer in the business—unsung, I suspect, because she produces unobtrusively perfect results in a variety of styles. Here the dancers wear big downward-curving hats, and tent dresses beneath which they manipulate sticks with hands on the ends, so their arms seem twice as long. The costumes are activated to suggest changing shapes, and then—the Pilobolus touch—they give birth to their wearers. The lights fade as the “mothers” rock their “babies.” The title is an enigma. Huygens was a seventeenth-century Dutch mathematician.

Program B also featured “Tarleton's Resurrection,” in which two churls (Peter Pucci and Michael Tracy in medieval togs) play nasty tricks on each other. Some of the jokes are good, such as the fistfight where the two stand apart, never touching, but reacting to the blows each deals in turn. On the whole, though, the piece falls into the art-clown category—the rear guard of the new movement in mime performance.

Program C: “Elegy for the Moment.” Conceived by Alison Chase in one of her misterioso moods, this traces the doings of a sexually ambivalent trio; there's a woman in one of Kitty Daly's clinging silk gowns, a man in a tuxedo, and a woman in a tuxedo. They all move to the morose hooting of a soprano, and they're lit so that their shadows loom on the backcloth. The lighting may be a technical outgrowth of the study in light that Chase presents in her solo “A Miniature,” but it's artistically regressive. “A Miniature” is a composition in swirling lights and darks, as elegantly turned as a sonnet, as turbulent as a painting by Munch. Taken separately, its effects (all of which are achieved by Chase with two hand-held flashlights) are nothing the world hasn't seen before. Taken together, they are theatrical magic. “Elegy for the Moment” is a loose bundle of ideas, none of them fascinating to begin with. Why are Piloboli hipped on violence and kinky sex? They made wonderful satyr plays in the seventies. Now they make these passionless orgies.

Luckily, all three programs ended with a lift. “Day Two,” the last of the epics of Priapean joy, and “Untitled,” the fable about the Victorian giantesses who give birth to their lovers, are Pilobolus classics that one can see

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again and again. Of the six pieces that were new to me, only "Stabat Mater" seemed close to that level. With its trompe-l'oeil opening, its strange amalgamation of the stiltwalker and the scurrying little priestess, its dashes of wild humor (the priestess rushing between the stiltwalker's legs, the stiltwalker dragging her by the cowl, her leaps that freeze in the air), it built what might have been a pat statement of repressed erotomania into something completely novel. As far as new directions go, the path seems to me to lie with Pendleton's recent pieces, which have a dance continuity and use music contrapuntally, rather than with the Chase-Barnett prose dramas to synchronized sound. The new talent in the company includes some very good dancers. Two of the best, Parker and Pucci, are also comedians of inspiration. When they come on to do their turn to classic swing music, "Can't Get Started," they look self-conscious and external, like students of the era who have discovered their characterizations—"bobby-soxer," "hepcat," "eager beaver"—in the attic. But their bodies are inside the music. Though it isn't really a dance (most of it is done sitting down), "Can't Get Started" swings.

As I look back over the season, it seems clear that when the agglutinated Pilobolus piece works it does so through a process of assimilation; its key element is montage. The piece fails when the ideas don't come together or when (as in "Return to Maria la Baja") there aren't enough of them to create the friction and tension of montage. Sometimes there are too many ideas, and we get a kind of spillover; the second part of "Bonsai" and the middle part of "Mirage" don't seem organic to those pieces. But even a nutty lightweight duet like "Can't Get Started" works through montage. Its double-edged consciousness is a Pilobolean state of mind.

A PERFORMANCE of "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3" at New York City Ballet this past season had Suzanne Farrell in the *Élégie* and Lourdes Lopez in the finale (*Theme and Variations*). Only a few years ago, the casting might have been the reverse: Farrell as the dazzling classical ballerina, and Lopez, with her dark, glamorous looks, as the elusive vision in the haunted ballroom—the woman who emerges from a line of women and fades back into it, leaving the man to dream on without her. The role is a

simplified version of Farrell's role in "Meditation"—simplified dramatically and technically—and it was a natural one for her to take on in a season in which, because of injuries to two of her partners, Adam Lüders and Joseph Duell, she was losing performances. (Her partner in the *Élégie* was Alexandre Proia.) But it really isn't a Farrell role. Not only is it relatively undemanding but the fact that it is danced in unblocked slippers means that a major portion of her technique goes unused, and at this stage in Farrell's career, when her repertory is diminishing anyway, we want to see that technique of hers in full play as often as possible. Farrell off point is still a great dancer—she proves it in the first half of "Liebeslieder Walzer" and in "Vienna Waltzes"—but in a pure "glamour" role, like the *Élégie*, with no technique to it at all, she's neutralized. Farrell was the first ballerina in our time to announce herself to an audience wholly through her dancing; she made no appeal on the basis of personal charm, acting ability, or resemblance to a known ballerina type. Her technique was and is the definition of her personality. Lopez is very much a type; she reminds me of the ballerinas of the forties who had large dramatic faces and moonlighted in the movies. She's a very beautiful woman for whom classical technique has as yet nothing like the expressive force that it has for Farrell, and in the *Theme and Variations* she seemed as anonymous as Farrell did in the *Élégie*.

Lopez is strong and talented, and she wasn't miscast, yet the beauty she brings onstage isn't amplified and dramatized by her dancing. Her gifts were apparent from the minute she turned up in a School of American Ballet workshop, in 1973. She graduated into the company the following year (along with Maria Calegari, Kyra Nichols, and Judith Fugate); last year, she was made a principal dancer. Lopez has never sought to trade on her looks, and while I can't help feeling that she might have come along faster if she had, I also feel that she habitually dances with less than her full impact. Looking at her feet in *Theme*, I saw carelessly loose fifth positions wherever the choreography calls for airtight ones—for example, in the *soutenu* turns that are practically the role's signature step. Narrowly based footwork is more than just a technical nicety, a sign of



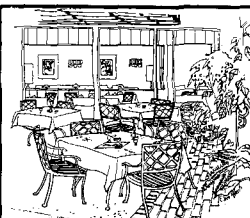
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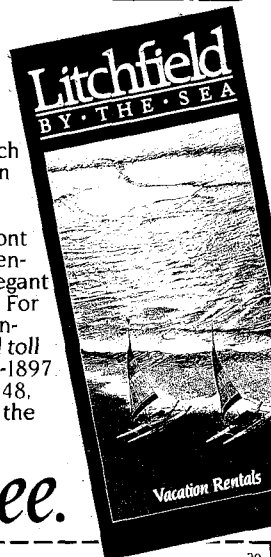
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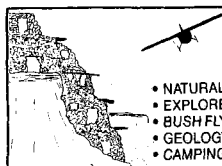
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good workmanship; it's a hallmark of Balanchine style. Not only in this role but throughout his choreography, it is the chief means by which the moving image of a woman is given focus and distinction. Lopez's beauty is soft and doelike, and sometimes I think she keeps her base wide in order to further soften her image; in other technical respects she's as punctilious as Merrill Ashley. Ashley-style enunciation with Spanish consonants—that seems to be what she's aiming at. It's much too modest, too general a goal. Maybe, though, if she tried closing her fifths as tightly as Ashley does, she'd look more herself. Cleaner technique can only make her a more individually beautiful dancer.

Technique is the key to distinction for men, too. Christopher d'Amboise can dance. Like his father, Jacques, he has natural elevation and ballon, a captivating presence, and a good ear. But his abilities are underrepresented by his technique, and he compounds that problem by trying to turn minimal and blurry technique into a style. He achieves distinction, but of the wrong sort; among the other male soloists he looks like a visitor from another planet. If Lourdes Lopez's face belongs to a past era, d'Amboise's whole style is an unwelcome reminder of the "real guys don't turn out" days. Ib Andersen is not greatly turned out, either, yet he has built on his classical training to strengthen his technique. In the past year, he has become more accurate in his leaps, more imposingly calm, and more musically fluent, all at the same time. Opposite Lopez in Theme (it was a double debut), he gave a forceful performance in a notoriously difficult role.

With Sean Lavery (and in the absence of Lüders, Duell, and Helgi Tomasson, who has now retired), Andersen has taken over most of the first-dancer roles. Jerome Robbins put him and Lavery in his new piece, "Eight Lines," where they appeared with Calegari and Nichols—golden girls for two golden boys. Robbins' choreography never explained why he needed such high-powered talent or what he saw in his music, by Steve Reich. Occasionally, there'd be a mettlesome dance passage or something that corresponded visually to a musical event, but by and large Robbins made no attempt either to build on the virtuosity of his performers or to follow the music's process. And there didn't seem to be any other conception behind his rather desultory choreog-

raphy. Robbins, in his indecisive way, is a montage artist, too. Looking this season at "Piano Pieces" and noticing the veering course he pursued in variation after variation—heading one way, breaking off, starting over, breaking off, and so on—and noticing, too, how each variation invariably met with storms of applause, I began to think that Robbins' choreography is not the progression of moments I have always looked for but a collection of moments. And yet when Heather Watts appeared in the Barcarolle, she got the most applause of all, because she understands how all the moments add up—or, rather, how they don't add up. Watts is the perfect Robbins dancer; she makes his indecisiveness and evasiveness seem purposeful. Nichols and Calegari are also in "Piano Pieces;" next to Watts they look weak. And Robbins casts them and not Watts in his new piece.

Farrell still dances "Meditation." She gave a performance of it on closing night, Lüders managing to partner her for the occasion (a benefit given by the dancers for their emergency fund), and the experience was one to set beside the astonishing performances of "Chaconne" and "Tzigane" and "Walpurgisnacht" she had already given us this season. It's hard to believe that this slim, young-looking Farrell will be forty this summer. By never trying to outpoint her former self, by concentrating on uncovering new riches in her roles, she has found the secret of perpetual youth. To the loss of athletic power she responds with heightened plastic sensitivity and musical discrimination. In two back-to-back "Chaconne"s she gave two different performances, one separating and dramatizing the components of the role, the other emphasizing their structural continuity. And she's still very strong, although her presence has become sweet and light, almost moth-like. She's always been the wittiest dancer alive, but in this new condition of impalpable strength spirituality enters in; wit becomes a beatitude.

A major event of the season was Darci Kistler's return to the company after a two-year absence. She danced several performances of "Afternoon of a Faun;" all of them had the exuberance, magnetism, and sheer animal energy that one remembered, but the last one, on the benefit night, had subtlety and discretion as well. Afshin Mofid, one of the company's young lions, was her perfectly matched partner.

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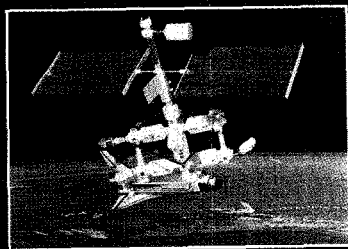
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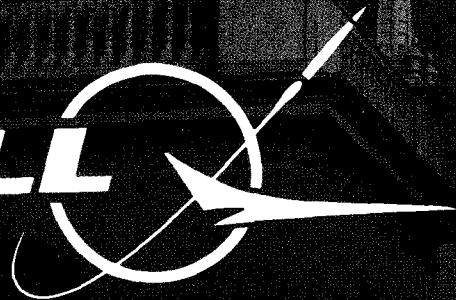
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BOOKS

Solzhenitsyn

WHEN the Soviet Union expelled Alexander Solzhenitsyn, in 1974, the Russian state was ridding itself, as usual, of a world-famous writer and—more dangerous for it—an inflexible, masterly, and defiant publicizer. Relieved on that score, the state perhaps hoped that so dour and irreconcilable a Luther would be equally divisive and confusing to his audiences in the West; and so he was at first. (Throughout the nineteenth century, the great Russians—Turgenev was the chief exception—despised the amenities of Western life, and already spoke of Western decadence.) In the Soviet Union—where he was eulogized in the Khrushchev period as a “true helper of the Party” and as a “writer with a rare talent,” and was renowned and medalled for his war record—all mention of him in the encyclopedias has been removed. He is dismissed as “a mediocre writer with an exaggerated view of his own importance;” a man who has “abandoned his conscience,” a “corrupt self-seeker,” an “internal émigré, alien and hostile to the entire life of the Soviet people.” To this fantasy, flagrant lies have been added about his war record. He is now said to have surrendered to the Germans at the front, to have fought with Leonid Vlasov against Soviet forces, and to have worked for the Gestapo, and even with the C.I.A.

As Michael Scammell says in a preface about the difficulties he met in his years of research on “Solzhenitsyn: A Biography” (Norton; \$29.95)—an exhaustive book, running to a thousand pages—there is no regard for objective truth in the Soviet Union. Mr. Scammell was disadvantaged there by being (until 1980) the editor of the *Index on Censorship*. Although he is a well-known translator of Tolstoy, Dostoyevski, Nabokov, and Solzhenitsyn himself, his notes were confiscated at the Mos-

cow airport in 1973, and he has not been allowed even restricted travel in the country since. On the positive side, he already knew a great deal about Solzhenitsyn’s friends and enemies. He stayed for a week with Solzhenitsyn and his second wife at their home in Vermont in 1977, and the novelist was ready to answer questions and was very agreeable. He was particularly interesting on his childhood. He continued to answer questions by letter but eventually said, quite naturally, that going over the past interfered with his present work. So the biography is not strictly authorized. It was a great help that Solzhenitsyn has been very autobiographical in his novels. Mr. Scammell describes his book as an examination of the Soviet experience through “the prism of one exceptional man’s life and career.” Solzhenitsyn’s life and writing dramatize something larger than himself: “By its restitution of medieval and in some respects barbarous social and political forms . . . the Soviet state defies all logic.” Are we ourselves threatened by a collapse of civilization? To study Solzhenitsyn’s life and career, “with all his faults and fail-

ings,” is, Mr. Scammell says, to study the question. His excellent book is objective and scholarly. It is certainly not a polemic.

Solzhenitsyn was born in December, 1918, into the bloody chaos of the civil war; his mother had fled to a fashionable spa in the Caucasus, which soon changed hands. She was already a widow. Her twenty-seven-year-old husband, who had been a distinguished officer in the 1914 war and had come back safely, died in a hunting accident six months before the son was born. Solzhenitsyn’s parents were half Ukrainian, the descendants of peasants who generations before had been sent forcibly as colonists to the rich and empty lands of the region and thrived there to become yeoman farmers. The parents were of a liberal disposition—the father was a populist and a Tolstoyan, the mother had been to an excellent school for girls in Rostov-on-Don. This background was enough to damn her officially as a “class enemy.” She was soon penniless and had to earn her living as a shorthand typist. She refused to marry again: she lived for the memory of her adored husband. (“A mistake,” Solzhenitsyn said, “since I



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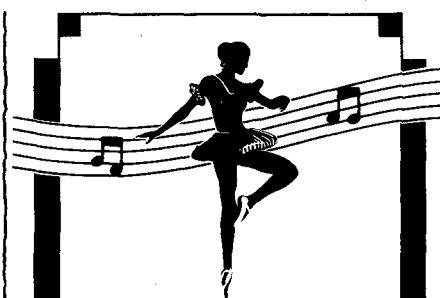
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believe no harm is done to children by their having a strict father.") The boy became inevitably the precocious ruling little male in the household, self-willed, impatient of authority for the rest of his life—"whether in the shape of parent," says Mr. Scammell, "teachers, senior officers, prison guards, the Writers' Union, the Soviet government, or of anyone but God Himself." His young energies were practical; self-sufficiency soon became "solitariness and self-absorption." He was often packed off to stay with relatives, and particularly with his Aunt Irina, a woman more resourceful than his mother and very religious, whose husband had once been imprisoned by the Bolsheviks and had somehow escaped the mass executions by Whites and Reds. Irina had managed to save a considerable library, and when the boy stayed with her he read all the Russian classics: Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoyevski, Turgenev—indeed, he claimed to have read the whole of "War and Peace" when he was ten—and, like most literate Russians, the stories of Jack London. Aunt Irina told of an astonishing grandfather who had started life as a shepherd boy and had grown up to be a rich farmer, and had built himself a grand house famous for having electric light and a crowd of servants. His son (Irina's husband) had also grown up to be a Tolstoyan and a mild socialist, but affected dandyish English clothes and cultivated the sang-froid of an English country gentleman, and even bought a Rolls-Royce! He managed to survive somehow to a good age, though he was a broken man.

The young Solzhenitsyn, like his school friends, grew up eagerly under the new dispensation and became at once an ambitious Komsomol. He excelled at school, especially in mathematics and physics. (He was known as the Walrus, because of his love of intense cold.) Marx and Lenin were his heroes. In his novel "August 1914" we read of his close friendship with a local and distinguished family in Rostov: the father was a mining engineer and technocrat who was broken when Stalin's First Five-Year Plan followed Lenin's death. There is an omen here. It was impossible to believe that an engineer, a man of science, could be a traitor. Here was the first seed of doubt about Stalin. There is another pointer to independence: clever boys were offered the chance of getting into the highly paid secret police, but the young Solzhenitsyn



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turned the chance down. He had higher ambitions: he wanted to be a teacher or a writer. He even had some gifts as an actor. He joined a correspondence course in literature offered by the Moscow Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and History, and soon the strong-willed puritan went on to Moscow itself. The rest is well known. In Moscow, he and two friends called themselves "the three musketeers," and were soon talking about their heroes, Marx and Lenin, and the fatal inferiority of mind and character of Stalin, the betrayer of the revolutionary Messiah. And there was something else: the strict young innocent who had shown no interest in girls suddenly fell in love with an elegant and pretty student. More remarkable than the fact that he won her from one of his two friends was the rigid and ruling manner of his courtship. It was his system to work in the university library until ten at night. If she turned up at nine-fifty-five, she was firmly told to wait. There was another rule when they eventually married. On no account were they to have children; children would interfere with his work. Almost immediately, the Second World War began. He was eager to emulate the heroic father he had never known. He had some trouble enlisting, but at last he was a soldier, and a very good one, in the long struggle against the German invasion. He was soon an able officer—proud of his rank, and even showy, and with a ready tactical skill in battle. But he was also an officer with a notebook. He was going to write. He was sending letters home not only to his wife but to the two other musketeers, letters containing easily deciphered satirical references to Stalin. The censors, a friend told him, were only silly young girls and wouldn't notice. They were not young girls. They were the political police.

All this is familiar from his autobiographical writing. We read again the bestial scenes of arrest and interrogation, the sentence to eight years in the Gulag, and then exile; and we see him in the portrait of Nerzhin in "The First Circle" and again in the hospital in "The Cancer Ward." Mr. Scammell's book becomes more revealing on the hardening of Solzhenitsyn's character and on his resourcefulness. One way of keeping his mind from going to pieces was to memorize poetry he had read and poems he was writing. He learned the prisoner's skills in intrigue but added to that the habit of "speak-



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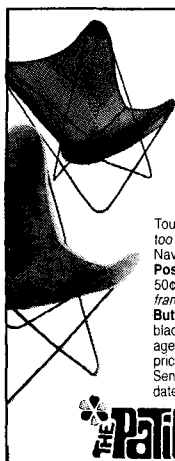
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ing from strength" to the guards. He began to reflect on his aunt's religiosity and the traditions of the Orthodox Church, on the bonds of the traditional culture that Stalin's collectivism was destroying.

After eight years of prison, there was the sentence of perpetual exile. He supported himself by working in a co-operative store and also by teaching peasant children, but all his spare time went into writing and (something that was to become habitual and necessary to him) hiding his writing—a skill he had learned from other convicts. His young wife had divorced him, and as he began to look for a new wife the qualification he above all demanded was a devotion to copying and hiding his manuscripts. At thirty-five, he had virtually no experience of women and almost no sexual life. Mr. Scammell reports that he would begin negotiations with a prospective bride by making her read Chekhov's "The Darling"—approved by Tolstoy, who admired the heroine for being a devoted echo of the men in her life and, finally, of her lodger's son. The story had no appeal to the girls Solzhenitsyn approached.

We jump forward from what we have derived from Solzhenitsyn's own autobiographical and vivid pages to the Khrushchev period and the fame that came to him when "A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" was published, and to the crucial battles about the possible publication of "The Cancer Ward" and "The First Circle" in *Novy Mir*, the struggles on his behalf by its editor, Alexander Tvardovsky, and the divided factions of the Writers' Union. The portrait of the courageous but hampered Tvardovsky is one of the most enlightening things in the book. Solzhenitsyn was hard to manage, no man to compromise; he was determined to challenge authority. His powers of conspiracy and his genius for timing, surprise, and publicity were born. The struggle ruined Tvardovsky and *Novy Mir*, and it must be said that Solzhenitsyn showed little gratitude to the man who had done his utmost for him. By the time of the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the circulation of unpublished works in samizdat had begun, and dissident writers were publishing abroad. It is noticeable that Solzhenitsyn for the most part kept aloof from his fellow-dissidents and their internal wars. He felt he was strong enough and had become a shrewd and natural outsider. These chapters, which also spill over

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to his fame abroad and to the tragedy-comedy of the intrigues around the awarding of the Nobel Prize, take one deeply into the endemic and, one must say, traditional Dostoyevskian fogs of Russian life.

The long tale of Solzhenitsyn's ingenious hiding of his manuscripts and the material of his researches with trusted friends is extraordinary. His friends were indeed courageous, since the K.G.B. watched them closely. At a country retreat, Solzhenitsyn kept a pitchfork in his room, for there had been attempts at murdering his helpers. He did not flinch from going to the top and accusing the K.G.B. by letter; he taunted its agents for reading his correspondence and for their anonymous telephone calls. Mr. Scammell suggests that there was a holy innocence as well as calculation in his playing hide-and-seek with the unfortunate Tvardovsky and other friends. Khrushchev had gone. The reaction under Brezhnev had begun. The authorities were anxious to get hold of the material Solzhenitsyn had gathered for a new book on the Gulag. They had been unable to stop the publication of "The Cancer Ward" and "The First Circle" abroad, but they wanted to seize any version, complete or not, of the new manuscript. In the end, they got wind of a copy hidden by one of his secretaries. The K.G.B. raided her house. She held her own for hours during the long terror of the interrogation but at last was worn down and confessed. When the police left, she committed suicide. The affair was directly responsible for Solzhenitsyn's deportation.

When we come to Solzhenitsyn's years of freedom in Western Europe and America, he is even more the holy innocent and rhetorical prophet. At first, he was very much at sea. He was soon making polemical—indeed, Spenglerian—utterances on the decline of the West, and denouncing American materialism. Mr. Scammell, who reports the lectures and speeches faithfully, writes:

The success and impact of *The Gulag Archipelago* carried a lesson for Solzhenitsyn that he was most unwilling to learn—namely, that the power of the written word issuing from the pen of Solzhenitsyn the creative artist was out of all proportion to the power he wielded as a publicist and journalist. There are indications that he was at least aware of this dichotomy. . . . He did not seem to realize that direct political statements like his *Letter to the Leaders* and his somewhat strident views on *détente* were doing him more

harm than good, and undoing his reputation as a writer.

Lenin was no longer Solzhenitsyn's hero. Had he turned to religion? When Mr. Scammell visited the family in Vermont—Solzhenitsyn has children now—everyone wore a cross. Lent and Easter were strictly observed. The family was sent to the Orthodox church, but Solzhenitsyn did not go: a priest had to come to visit him at the house, and he was not thought to be devout. The most that can be said is that he believes in God in the manner of a Deist. In fact, a passionate and profound love of Russia seems the deepest emotion in his life. His second marriage is very happy, and when he spoke of the breakdown of his first marriage he made a touching remark: "In our Orthodox religion the old men are always furiously trying to pray away their sins, because old age has caught up with them and is beginning to strangle them. There is a wonderful Russian proverb: You are born in a clear field, but you die in a dark wood." Mr. Scammell felt during their conversations that for Solzhenitsyn "the Orthodox religion and the Russian proverbs were a form of consolation, and it would be difficult to say that one was more important than the other."

Solzhenitsyn and his wife are ready to return to Russia at a moment's notice. The prospect must strike us as remote, but Mr. Scammell thinks that Solzhenitsyn's works undoubtedly will return. The Walrus loves the cold Vermont winter. It is in character that he obdurately refuses to use a power mower for cutting his grass there but goes out, like another Tolstoy, with his primitive scythe. There is no need for the defense of that sinister garden fork near the door, but he does have an eight-foot-high fence with an electronic gate. —V. S. PRITCHETT

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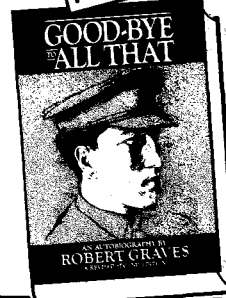
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eared, bald imp in a yellow night-shirt—grinned up at the *World's* readers from a non-stop brawl in Hogan's Alley in the eighteen-nineties. (Outcault later gave his readers a new cartoon, starring Buster Brown.) In making his fiction spring from facts—including the rivalry between Pulitzer and the upstart William Randolph Hearst—Mr. De Haven squeezes this Age of Invention (as one of his inventions, an inventor, dubs it) and its capital city onto his page, and thereby Outcaults, to coin a word, Outcault.

LOOSE CONNECTIONS, by Maggie Brooks (St. Martin's/Marek; \$11.95). "German-speaking woman. Must be mechanically-minded driver. Preferably vegetarian. Non-smoker." Sally's fellow-feminists predict at least thirty responses to her classified, from which she can select the ideal companion for a trip in her homemade jeep from London to a women's international conference in Munich. What she gets is Harry, who hopes that the issue of sex is negotiable. Misfortunes involving cuckoo clocks, concrete gnomes, a castle, and a toothbrush machine alternate with episodes that Sally's co-conferes would not condone; the time, say, that Sally, pfennig-less and petrol-less and huddled by a milestone, steels her heart against the "disruptive quotient" (who is happily teasing a frog that reminds him of his postman) and a moment later falls asleep with her head against his shoulder. "Loose Connections" is Maggie Brooks' first novel. It has been made into a movie, for which she wrote the screenplay.

PENANCE FOR JERRY KENNEDY, by George V. Higgins (Knopf; \$16.95). Mr. Higgins has now, with this second accounting of the troubles and occasional triumphs of the Boston criminal (small-time) lawyer Jeremiah Kennedy, just about mastered the novel in which almost every action takes place off-stage and is related by or related to the principal character. This is not a deprecation. He is almost uniquely blessed with a gift for voices, each of them—judge, car thief, district attorney, wayward daughter, devoted but combative wife, drug pusher, wife beater, tricky accountant, I.R.S. investigator, clerk, secretary, flunky—as distinctive as a fingerprint, and the events they relate il-

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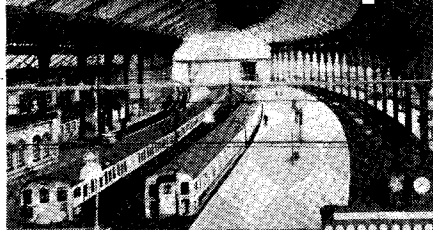
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GENERAL

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE, chosen and edited by Roger Lonsdale (Oxford; \$25). Anonymous, unanthologized, female, or living poets need not apply: thus did eighteenth-century English anthologists of eighteenth-century English verse simplify their task. About a quarter of the five hundred and fifty-two selections in this provocative anthology would not have passed inspection. Mr. Lonsdale insists that his aim has been only to supplement the standard anthologies; but to leaf through the table of contents is to realize that the Age of Reason—of Johnson, Swift, and Pope—was also the age of John Gay, Isaac Watts, Christopher Smart, Joseph Addison, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Robert Burns, not to mention Frederick Forrester ("St. Anthony and his Pig. A Cantata"), Moses Browne ("The Shrimp"), Edward Chicken, and Stephen Duck. The Englishman's penchant for chronicling seasons of the year and hours of the day (especially winter and night) proves perennial, as does his soft spot for animals ("An Elegy on the Death of Dobbin, the Butterwoman's Horse") and for even lower orders ("To a Fly, Taken out of a Bowl of Punch") as well as for women and punch. Meanwhile, more than one Englishwoman compares marriage with slavery. The fact that speakers include a sow and a chimney sweep and that subtitles include "A Soliloquy in the Suburbs" and "Compost" helps to dispel the notion that these poets were afraid to look up, down, or ahead. Among other appendixes is an index of first lines, where the reader will find "Chicken blessed and caressed." No index of last lines, however, and so no way to look up the verses that conclude, "You choke the pretty harmless chickens."

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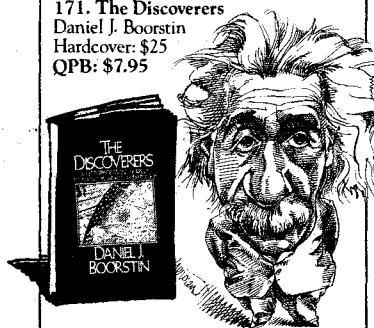
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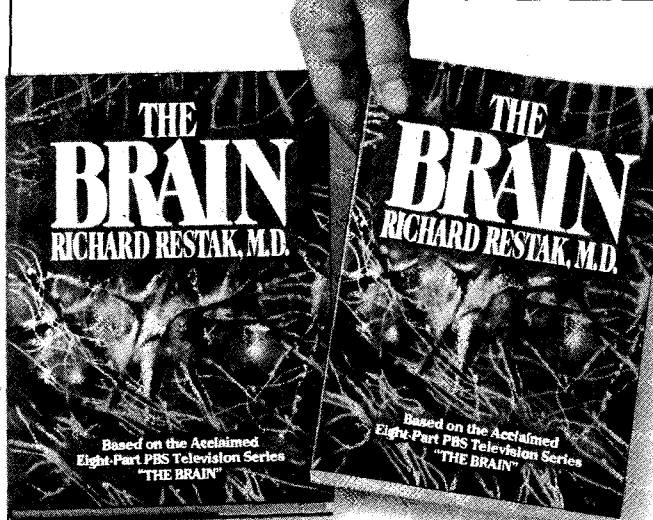
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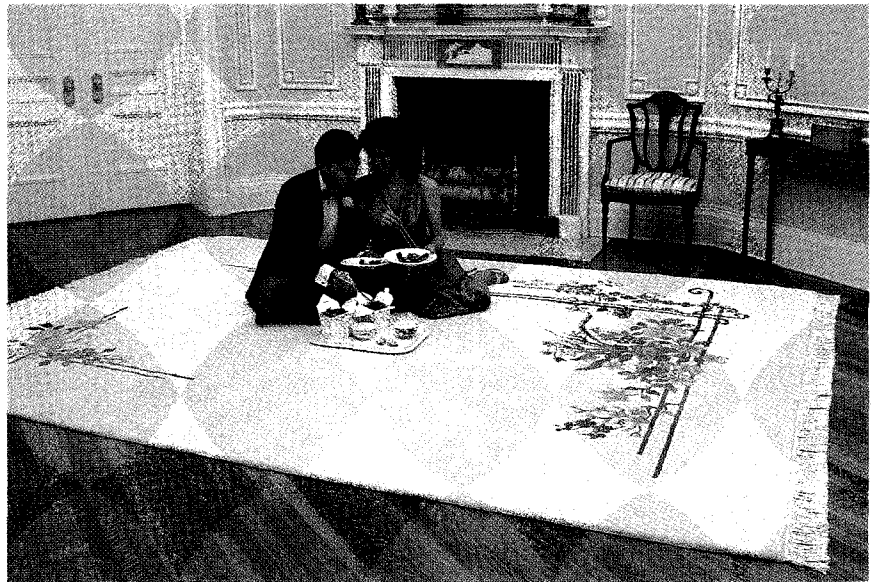
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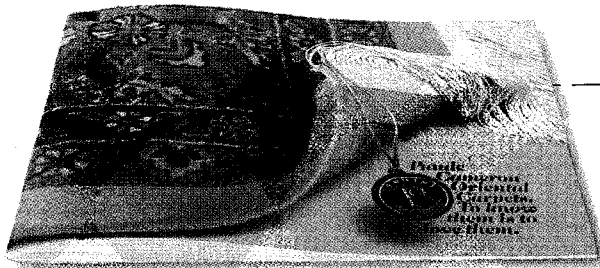


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